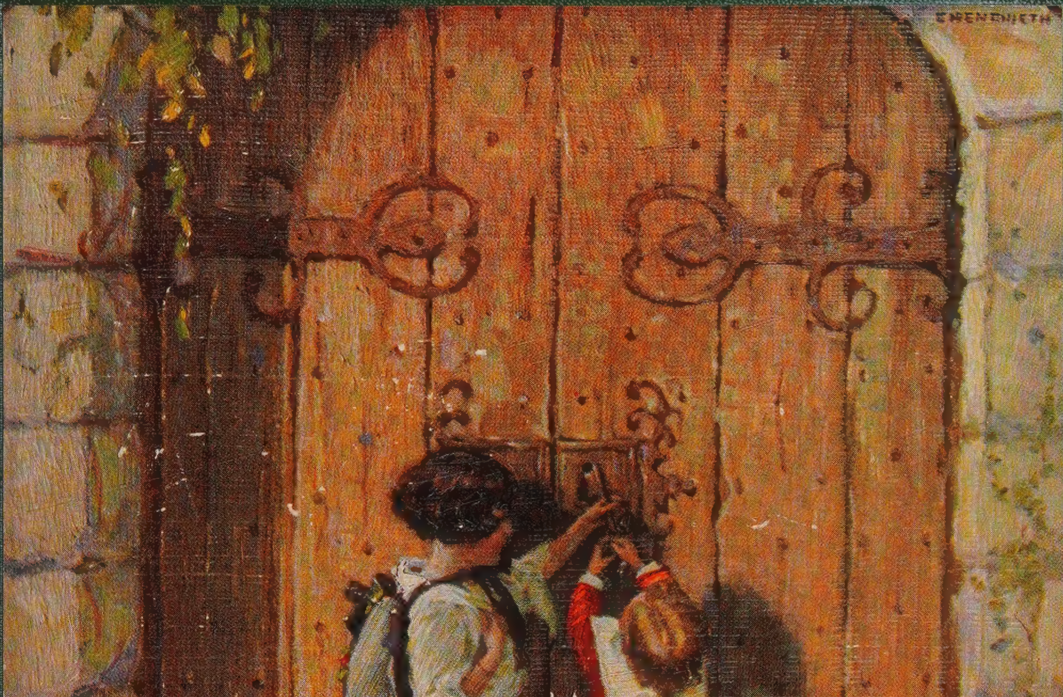
My BOOKHOUSE



THE LATCH KEY

MARIEL
ILHOITE

6 vol.

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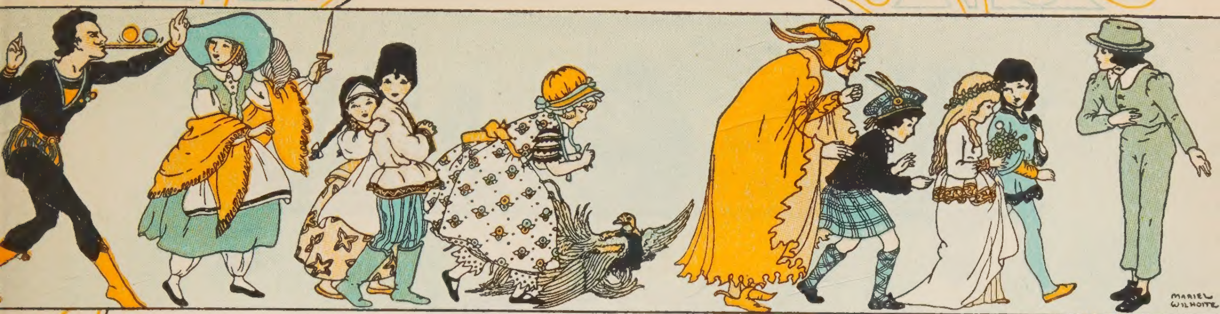
MY BOOK HOUSE
The Latch Key

The Latch Key

HERE stands a house all built of thought,
And full to overflowing
Of treasures and of precious things,
Of secrets for my knowing.

Its windows look out far and wide
From each of all its stories.
I'll take the key and enter in;
For me are all its glories.


MARIEL WILHOITE

The
LATCH KEY
of
MY BOOKHOUSE

EDITED BY
Olive Beaupré Miller

PUBLISHERS
The BOOKHOUSE for CHILDREN
CHICAGO TORONTO

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Three Volumes

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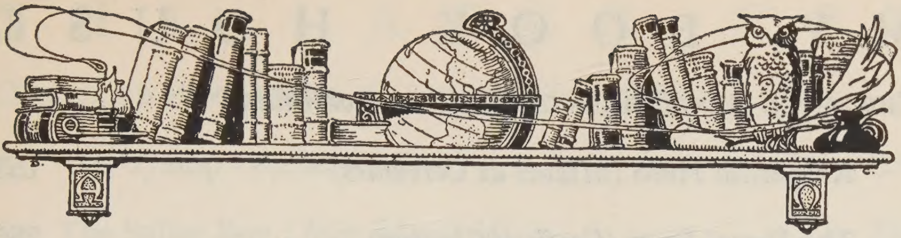

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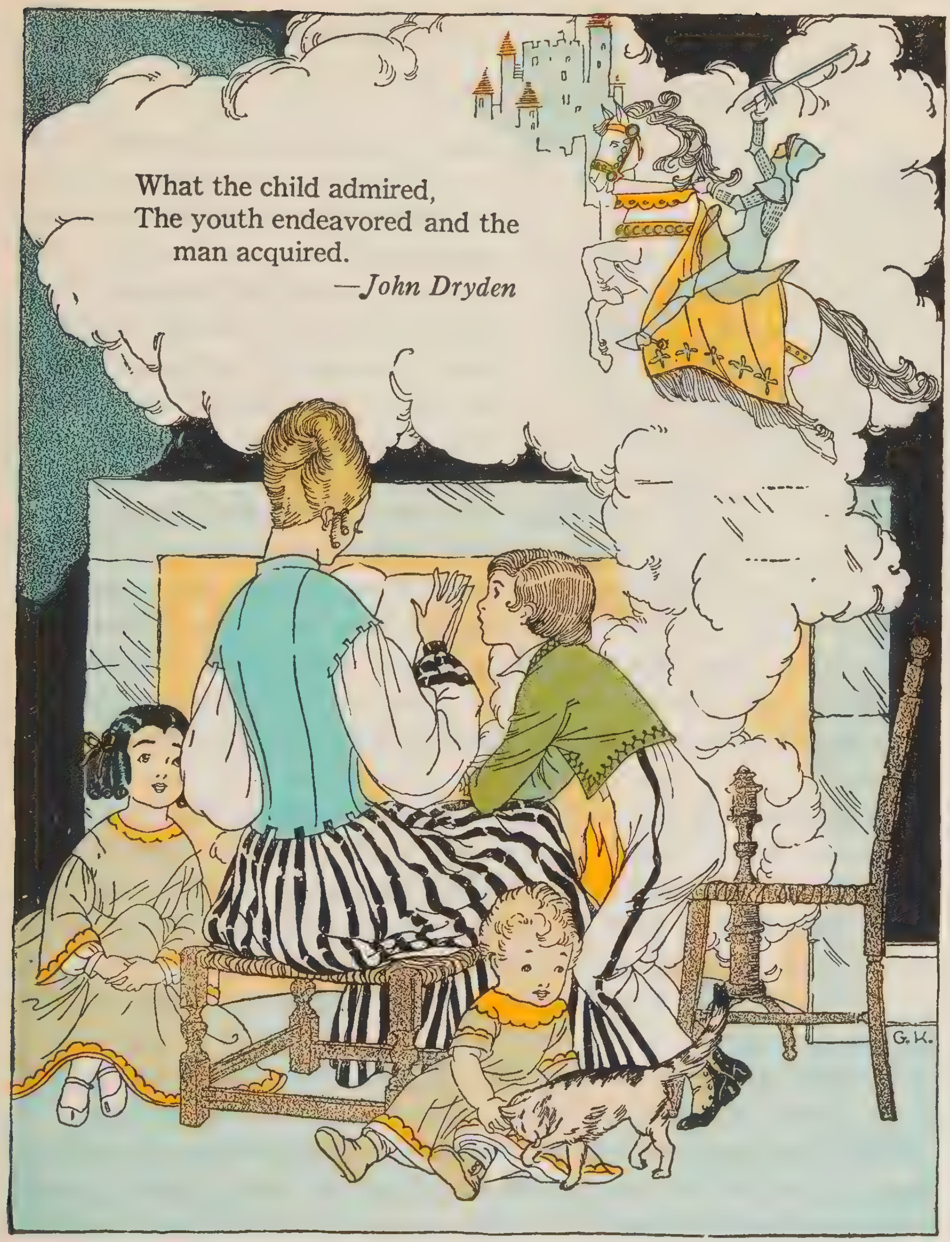
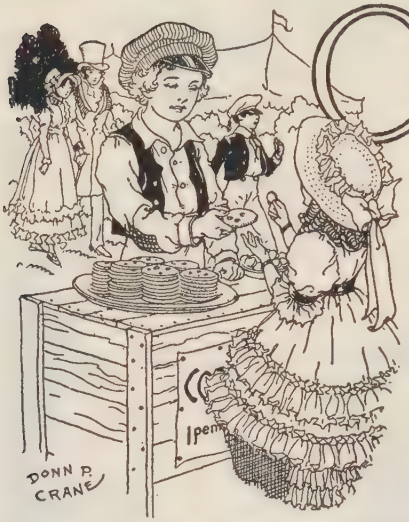
THE LATCH KEY



What the child admired,
The youth endeavored and the
  man acquired.
—*John Dryden*

The Circus Man

PHINEAS T. BARNUM (*American*, 1810-1891)



ON ANY week day in the year 1819 or thereabouts, a barefooted boy might have been seen beneath the great shade trees in the quiet old town of Bethel, Connecticut, driving the cows to pasture, shelling corn, weeding the garden, or riding the horse which led the ox-team in ploughing. But as young Phineas Barnum rode the horse, or shelled the corn, his mind was busily occupied in figuring out what he could do to bring him in a few pennies. Money was scarce in the Barnum home. The father was a tailor, a farmer, and sometimes a tavern-keeper, and the greatest adventure that could come into the boy's life was the carrying out of plans for the earning of small bits of money.

On holidays all the country folk for miles around came into town and stood about in throngs, gaping at the soldiers who marched out and trained on the village green. Those were days when the other boys of Bethel were busy riotously spending all their hoarded coppers. Not so with Phineas! No, indeed! Those were days when Phineas was busy riotously taking in the coppers!

"Here's where you get your home-made gingerbread, molasses candy and cookies!"

With bustling industry he peddled goodies among the crowd, thus generally finding himself richer at the end of the holiday by many a pretty penny.

But as time passed and Phineas went adventuring into the real business world he found himself hardly so successful. He was twenty-five years old, had a wife and daughter to support and was keeping a country store. The store was a jolly place enough. There in the evenings and on rainy days, all the wits and wags of the village gathered to sit around the stove and talk or play jokes on each other, but, though Phineas was the most successful of all at the playing of jokes, he was by no means so successful when it came to keeping a store. He did not seem to be able to make it bring him in the pennies.

Now how could a man who had been born on the fifth of July, his coming into the world heralded by skyrockets and fire crackers, by a mighty thundering of cannon, a rattling of drums and all the other noises of Independence Day, be content with so quiet a life? It was not to be. Phineas Barnum was to make more noise and stir in the world than all the fireworks of Independence Day put together. And so it happened that, to begin his career, he heard the interesting tale of that remarkable negro woman, Joice Heth.

Joice was said to be one hundred and sixty-one years old. Furthermore, she asserted that it was she and none other who had been the nurse of George Washington, and dandled on her knee the infant Father of His Country. She was a dried up, little old creature, looking almost like a mummy, with a head of bushy, thick gray hair. Day in and day out, she lay stiff on a couch, unable to move her limbs, but she was pert and sociable, and would talk as long as any one else would converse with her. It was said that she had lain for years in an out-house on the estate of a certain John S. Bowling in Virginia, having been there so long that nobody knew or cared how old she was. And then one day Mr. Bowling accidentally discovered an old bill of sale describing this woman as having been sold by Augustine Washington, father of George, to his half sister, Elizabeth At-wood. When Barnum heard of Joice Heth he was filled with excitement and interest. Said he to himself:

"I will turn showman and exhibit this queer old woman."

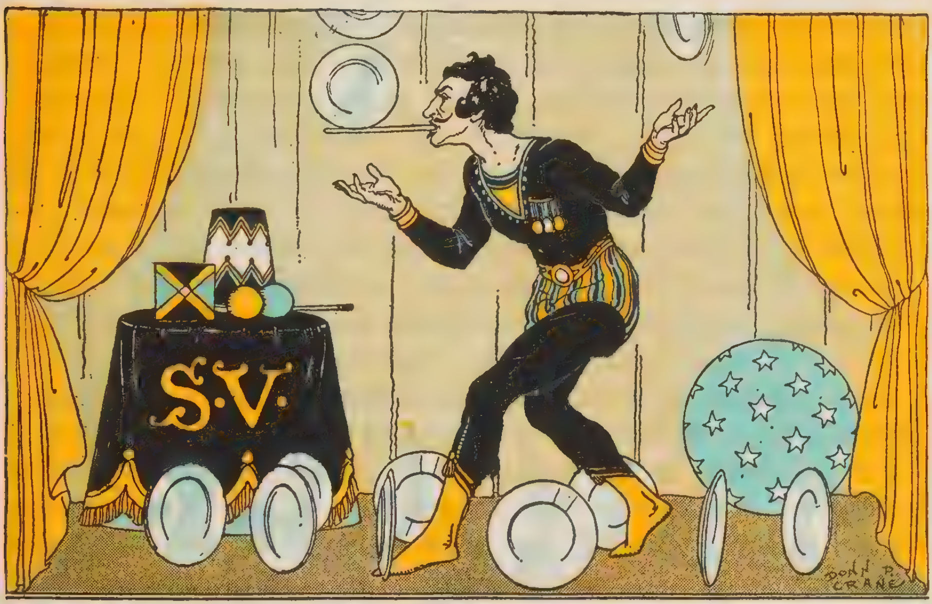
Goodbye at once to the store. He sold out his stock for $500.00 and with this little capital was off to travel about with Joice Heth and exhibit her to the public.

"Everything," declared young Barnum, "depends on startling the public interest, on getting people to talk and think of what I have to exhibit." And he wrote up such advertisements in the newspapers that the name of Joice Heth was on every tongue, and his showrooms in New York, Boston, Albany and elsewhere were thronged with crowds so large that he earned a vast return on his money.

Joice would prattle away garrulously about her "dear little George." She would tell how she had been present at his birth, and had been the one to put the very first clothes on the dear little infant. Often people would ask her questions about the Washington family, and she would answer them all, and was never caught in a single contradiction. When interest in the old woman appeared to be dying down, Barnum fanned it once more to white heat. He secretly caused the newspapers to raise the question whether she was not, after all, a mere automaton and no living woman.

"It is said on good authority," the newspapers declared, "that she is merely a wooden image talking and moving by means of machinery and springs." Thus curiosity was aroused anew, and people came in greater crowds than ever, to find out the truth about Joice.

By the time the old woman died, Barnum had made up his mind that his proper business in life was to be a showman and furnish the public with clean and harmless amusement. Accordingly, he set about at once to provide himself with another interesting individual to exhibit, and soon he fell in with a cer-



tain Italian juggler who could spin plates, perform remarkable feats of balancing, and walk on stilts in a truly marvelous manner. This man called himself Signor Antonio, and he had once traveled in Italy with a hand-organ and a monkey. Barnum induced this worthy, as a first necessity to advancement, to take a bath and then to assume the much more imposing name of Signor Vivalla. By dint of a great deal of advertising he soon brought Vivalla to the very forefront of popular favor.

One evening it happened, however, when the Signor made his appearance, that there greeted him from the audience a scornful hiss of derision. The Signor himself was somewhat taken aback at this ugly sign of mockery, but not so Phineas Barnum. His policy was to turn everything, even criticism, to good account, so he sought out at once the man who had made the contemptuous noise, and he found him to be one Roberts, a circus performer, who insisted that he could do all Vivalla had done and more. Thereupon, Barnum publicly challenged

Roberts to prove his boastful statements by holding a series of contests with Vivalla at a certain future date, and he offered a prize of a thousand dollars to the one who should be declared the winner. He then advertised this trial of skill far and wide, and so aroused public interest that he drew packed houses for every evening of the contest. Thus from a contemptuous hiss he won his greatest success with Signor Vivalla.

In April, 1836, Barnum contracted for himself and Vivalla to join Aaron Turner's Traveling Circus Company. Barnum, himself, was to act as ticket seller, secretary and treasurer. Mr. Turner was an old showman, but to Barnum this traveling and performing in canvas tents was altogether new.

For centuries, in England, dwarfs, giants and wild men had been popular, and there had been shows of jugglers, performing horses, dancing bears, feats of horsemanship, acrobats, rope-dancers, etc., at fairs and elsewhere. Indeed, an ancient hand-illumined Anglo-Saxon manuscript shows an audience in an arena or amphitheatre built during the Roman occupation of Britain, diverted by a musician, a dancer and a trained bear, while Shakespeare, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, refers to a famous performing horse of his day. Rope-dancers threw somersaults over naked swords and men's heads in the days of Charles II, and Joseph Clark, the original "boneless man," appeared in the age of James II, while George Washington and his staff attended a circus performance in Philadelphia in 1780. But the regular tenting circus that traveled about with wagons, had not come into being either in England or America until sometime between the years 1805 and 1830. At first, these circuses were very small and modest exhibitions, met only at fairs, and they performed only in the daytime, because no means had been discovered for lighting the tent at night. But when in 1830, the method of lighting the ring with candles in a frame around the center pole was devised, the circus began to grow.

Turner's Circus, with which Barnum first traveled, was a moderate sized show, and they set forth with quite a train of wagons, carriages, horses and ponies, a band of music and about twenty-five men. Their tour was very successful for all concerned, but in the fall Barnum took friendly leave of Turner to begin a little traveling exhibition of his own. He provided himself with several wagons and a small canvas tent and engaged as performers Vivalla, James Sandford, a negro singer and dancer, several musicians, and Joe Pentland, one of the cleverest and most original of clowns.

In Camden, South Carolina, Sandford suddenly deserted the company. Alas! Mr. Barnum had advertised negro songs at his performance! What was he to do? He was obliged to black his own face and hands, go on the stage and sing the advertised songs himself. To his surprise he was roundly applauded. But when, in his negro black, he hurried out after one of these performances to uphold some of his men against a white man who was abusing them, the fiery Southerner, taking him in truth for a negro, drew his pistol and shouted:

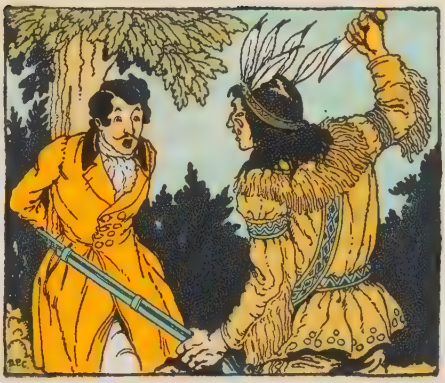
"You black rascal, how dare you use such language to a white man!"

Only the greatest presence of mind, which prompted Barnum to roll up his sleeve in a twinkling and reveal his own white skin, saved him from a bullet.

In going from Columbus, Georgia, to Montgomery, Alabama, Barnum's Company was obliged to cross a thinly settled, desolate tract known as the "Indian Nation," and as several persons had been murdered there by hostile Indians, it was deemed dangerous to travel the road without an escort. Only the day before the stage coach had been held up in that region. The circus men were all well armed, however, and trusted that their numbers would seem too formidable to be attacked, but they said quite openly that they earnestly wished there were no need to run the risk. Vivalla, alone, declared himself to be fearless, and loudly boasted that he was ready to encounter fifty Indians and drive them all into the swamp. Accordingly, when the party had safely passed over the entire route to within fourteen miles of Montgomery, and were beyond the reach of danger, Joe Pentland, the clown, determined to test Vivalla's much boasted bravery.

Pentland had secretly purchased an old Indian dress with a fringed hunting shirt and moccasins, and these he put on, after coloring his face with Spanish brown. Then, shouldering his musket, he followed Vivalla and his party, and approaching stealthily, he leaped into their midst with a terrific war whoop. Barnum and Vivalla's other companions were all in the secret and they instantly fled, leaving the doughty hero alone with the foe. Without more ado, Vivalla took to his heels and ran like a deer. Pentland followed him, yelling horribly and brandishing his gun. After running a full mile, the hero, out of breath and frightened nearly out of his wits, dropped on his knees before his pursuer and begged for his life. The Indian levelled his gun at his victim but soon seemed to relent and signified that Vivalla should turn his pockets inside out. This he did, handing over to Pentland a purse containing eleven dollars. The savage then marched Vivalla to an oak, and with his handkerchief tied him in the most approved Indian manner to the tree.

After this, Pentland joined Barnum and the others, and as soon as he had washed his face and changed his dress, they all went to the rescue of Vivalla. The little Italian was overjoyed to see them coming, but the very moment that he was released he began to swagger about again, swearing that, after his companions had fled, the one Indian who had first attacked them had been reinforced by six more. He had defended himself stoutly, he said, but the superior force of the seven huge braves had at last compelled him to surrender! For a week the party pretended to believe Vivalla's big story, but at the end of that time they



told him the truth, and Joe Pentland showed him his purse, desiring to return it. Inwardly, Vivalla must have been deeply chagrined, but outwardly he flatly refused to believe the story, and stubbornly said that he would not take back the eleven dollars, insisting that the money could not possibly be his, since his purse had been taken, not by one Indian, but by seven!

Now, at length, Barnum began to long earnestly for some more settled and worth-while phase of the show business. He wanted to amuse the public, but with a more valuable entertainment. It happened at just this time that the American Museum in New York City was for sale at a moderate price, for the reason that it had not been run for some time past so as to make any money. It was a fine collection of curiosities and Barnum determined to buy it, though the price, low as it was, was enormous in comparison with the small amount of capital which he had been able so far to lay by. He had the most eager confidence, however, that he could manage the Museum so as to make it pay large returns, and he had the courage to stake all that he had on his own enterprise, wit and ability. He offered to pay down all he possessed and to make enough out of the Museum to pay the rest within a set space of time, agreeing that if he could not do so, he should forfeit not only the Museum, but the whole amount that he had thus far paid.

So he found himself, at last, in possession of a valuable and instructive, as well as amusing, collection, well worthy that he should devote to it all his wonderful energies. There were all sorts of rare beasts and remarkably trained animals, from performing dogs to performing fleas, these latter only to be seen with their tiny carriages and outfits, through a magnifying glass. There were giants, dwarfs, jugglers, ventriloquists, rope-dancers, gypsies, Albinos and remarkable mechanical figures. Mr. Barnum banished all the poor and vulgar things which so frequently disfigured other performances of this kind, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to giving the public the best and cleanest performance to be found for twenty-five cents anywhere in the city.

He had such a remarkable understanding of human nature, and so keen and merry a wit, that he was always able to startle the public attention and keep people thinking and talking about his performances. Once he employed a man to go very solemnly and lay down three bricks at certain distances apart in front of the Museum, then to pass as solemnly with a fourth brick in his hand from one of the three to another, picking up each and exchanging it for the one he held in his hand. In no time at all the mysterious doings of the brick-man had attracted a huge crowd of curious humanity trying to find out what he could possibly be about, and when at the end of every hour, according to Barnum's directions, the man walked as though still intent upon this strange business of his, into the Museum, quite a little crowd of the curious would march up to the ticket office and buy tickets just to enter the building and learn, if they could, the secret of his strange doings.

Not only could Barnum use his wit to attract people into the Museum, but he also used the same wit on occasion to get them out again. Sometimes people would come and bring their luncheons and stay all day in the building, so crowding it that others who wished to come in, had to be turned away and their twenty-five cent pieces thus were lost to the coffers of the Museum. Once, on St. Patrick's Day, a crowd of Irish people thronged the place, giving every evidence, one and all, of intending to remain until sundown. Beholding an eager crowd without, pressing to come in, and the ticket seller forced of necessity to refuse their quarters, Barnum attempted to induce one Irish lady with two children to leave the place by politely showing her an egress or way out of the building through a back door into a side street. But the lady haughtily remarked that she had her dinner and intended to stay all day. Desperate by this time, Barnum ordered a sign-painter to paint on a large sign the words,

TO THE EGRESS.

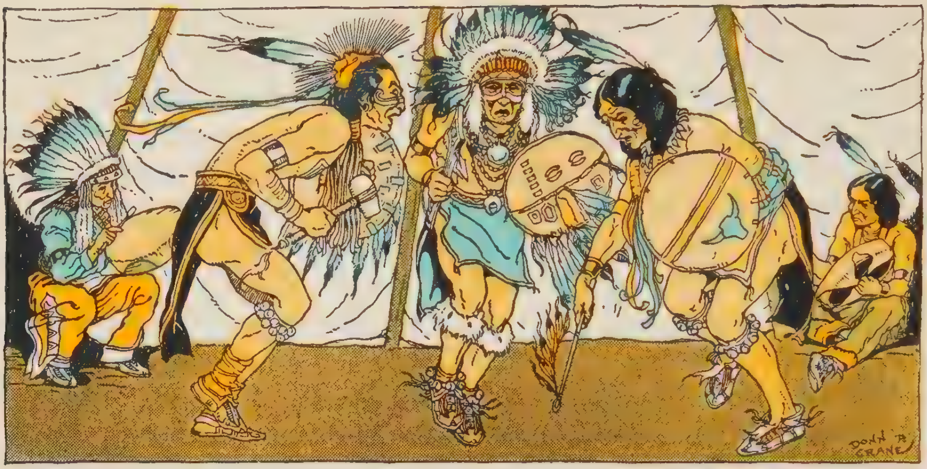
This sign he placed over the steps leading to the back door where the crowd must see it after they had once been around the whole building and seen all there was to see. Plunging down the stairs, they read TO THE EGRESS, and knowing not at all the meaning of the word, but doubtless thinking that it sounded a good deal like Tigress, they shouted aloud:

"Sure that's some new kind of animal!"

Eager to take in everything, they crowded out the door, only to find that this wonderful new curiosity was the back street!

Once Barnum engaged a band of wild Indians from Iowa for the Museum. The party consisted of a number of large, noble savages, beautiful squaws and interesting papooses. The men gave war dances on the stage with a vigor and enthusiasm that delighted the audiences. Nevertheless, these wild Indians considered their dances as realities, and after their war dance it was dangerous to get in their way, for they went leaping and peering about behind the scenes as though in search of victims for their knives and tomahawks. Indeed, a rope fence had to be built at the front of the stage to make certain that they should not, some night, plunge down upon their audience after one of their rousing war dances.

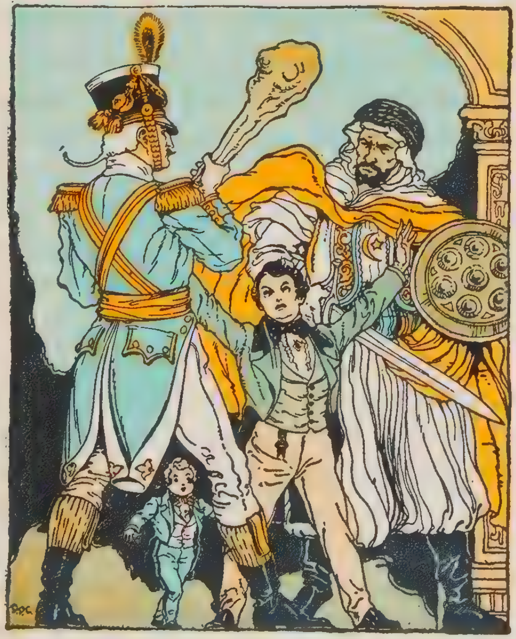
Finding the responsibility of thus protecting the public to be rather heavy, Mr. Barnum decided to ask them to change their bill by giving a wedding dance instead of a war dance. But the Indians took the wedding dance as seriously as they had the



war dance. At the first afternoon performance, Mr. Barnum was informed that he was expected to provide a large new, red woolen blanket at a cost of ten dollars for the bridegroom to present to the father of the bride. He ordered the purchase made, but was considerably taken aback when he was told that he must have another new blanket for the evening's performance, as the old chief would on no account permit that his daughter should be approached with the wedding dance unless he had his blanket as a present. Mr. Barnum undertook to explain to the chief that no blanket was required since this was not a real wedding. The old savage, however, shrugged his shoulders and gave such a terrific "Ugh!" that Barnum was glad to make his peace by ordering another blanket. As they gave two performances a day he was out of pocket $120.00 for twelve wedding blankets that week!

At another time, Barnum had at the Museum some powerful Indian chiefs who had come on a mission from the west to Washington. Some of these were fine, dignified, splendid types of the race, but one was a wiry little fellow known as Yellow Bear. He was a sly, treacherous, bloodthirsty savage, who had killed many whites as they traveled through the far west in early days. But now he was on a mission to the Great Father at Washington, seeking for presents and favors for his tribe, and he pretended to be exceedingly meek and humble, begging to be announced as the "great friend of the white man." He would fawn upon Mr. Barnum and try to convince him that he loved him dearly. In exhibiting these Indians on the stage, Mr. Barnum explained the name and character of each. When he came to Yellow Bear, he would pat him familiarly upon the shoulder, which always caused the old hypocrite to give the most mawkish grin and stroke his arm lovingly. Then, knowing that Yellow Bear did not understand a word he said, and thought he was complimenting him, Mr. Barnum would say in the sweetest voice:

"This little Indian, ladies and gentlemen, is Yellow Bear, chief of the Kiowas. He has killed, no doubt, scores of white persons and he is probably the meanest, blackest hearted rascal that lives in the far west."



Here Mr. Barnum patted him pleasantly on the head, and Yellow Bear, supposing that his introducer was sounding his praises, would smile and fawn upon him and stroke his arm while the other continued:

"If the bloodthirsty little villain understood what I was saying he would kill me in a moment, but as he thinks I am complimenting him, I can safely state the truth to you, that he is a lying, thieving, treacherous, murderous monster."

And Mr. Barnum brought his remarks to a close by giving Yellow Bear another patronizing pat on the head, whereat the little chief with a final simpering grin, bowed to the audience as much as to say that his introducer's words were quite true and he thanked him for the high praises so generously heaped upon him!

Giants and dwarfs were always a great feature of Mr. Barnum's establishment. At different times he had the celebrated dwarfs, General Tom Thumb, Lavinia and Minnie Warren, Commodore Nutt, and Admiral Dot. In the darkest days of the Civil War he took Commodore Nutt to Washington, and President Lincoln, sad and overburdened, left a cabinet meeting to come out for a moment's relief and joke with the little fellow. Mr. Barnum had also the famous Nova Scotia giantess, Anna Swan, and, early in his career, a French giant, named Monsieur Bihin, and the Arabian giant, Colonel Goshen. One day Bihin and Goshen had a terrific quarrel. The Arabian called the Frenchman "a Shanghai" and the Frenchman called the Arabian "a Nigger!" From words the two were eager to proceed to blows. Running to the collection of arms in the Museum, one seized the murderous looking club with which Captain Cook was said to have been killed, and the other snatched up a crusader's sword of tremendous size and weight. Everything seemed ready for hopeless tragedy, but once again Barnum's quick and ready wit saved the day. Rushing in between the two enormous and raging combatants, he cried:

"Look here! This is all right! If you want to fight each other, maiming and perhaps killing one or both of you, that is your affair, but my interest lies here. You are under engagement to me, and if the duel is to come off, I and the public have a right to participate. It must be duly advertised and must take place on our stage. No performance of yours would be a greater attraction!"

This proposition, apparently made with such earnestness, caused the two huge creatures to burst into laughter, after which dose of healthy humor, they were unable longer to retain their anger, but shook hands and quarreled no more.

The American Museum was now tremendously successful, and in the year 1849, Mr. Barnum left it under the management of others, while he attended to the enterprise, of which before all other exhibitions, he was most proud. This was the bringing over to America of the famous Swedish singer, Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," as she was called, an enterprise quite different in character from any other that Mr. Barnum had ever undertaken. By his genius for awakening public interest, he made the Nightingale's visit a never-to-be-forgotten success, and everywhere throughout the United States and Cuba she was received with almost riotous attention, while President Fillmore, General Scott, Daniel Webster, and many famous men delighted to pay her homage.

Barnum's well earned success had made him very rich, and the year before Jenny Lind came to America, he had built himself a beautiful home at Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he lived. This place he called Iranistan. The house was built in an elegant, airy, oriental style, with domes and slender minarets that looked, when seen by moonlight, like a fairy palace, taken bodily from some Moslem garden across the Bosphorous, and set down there by wizardry, amid such different surroundings. At Iranistan he lived with Mrs. Barnum and his daughters.

He was now a very public-spirited man, engaged in all sorts of activities valuable to Bridgeport, always expanding the city, making it more beautiful, and using his means unsparingly for the benefit of the town. He often encountered old fogies who opposed all progress because they had not his far reaching vision and could not see with him what would be for the final good of the city. But he always managed either to win them over or to get the obstacles they raised out of the way, so that the improvements he intended could be carried through, whether it were a new seaside park or a new bridge across the river.

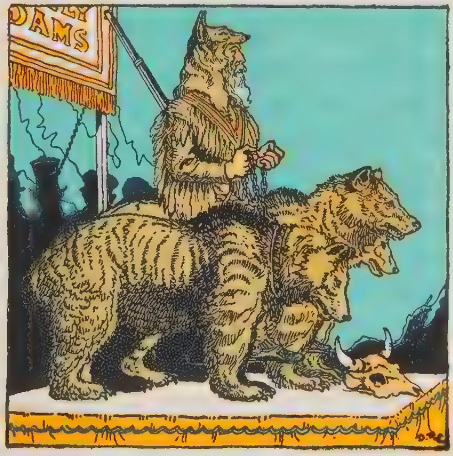
His chief interest was in East Bridgeport, which lay on the opposite side of the river from Bridgeport proper. From pure farm land he turned this region into a thriving city, with factories, shops, and houses, and he lent money on very generous terms to workmen who wished to build homes over there. But in order to make East Bridgeport still more prosperous, he once undertook to induce the Jerome Clock Company to move there with all its employees and their families. He was assured that this concern was a sound and flourishing one, but its officers deliberately deceived him. In the belief that he was signing notes which should make him responsible for a moderate sum of money which he was willing to risk to repay the company for moving, he was tricked into signing notes for many times more than that amount, and so one day he awoke to find that the Jerome Clock Company had failed and he himself was a ruined man, responsible for their miserable debts, to an amount many times greater than the whole of his fortune. Thus, for a stranger concern, with the running of which he had had nothing to do, he had lost every penny and had, besides, a mountain of debts on his back.

Iranistan had to be given up and even the American Museum likewise. But in the face of this, his first misfortune, Barnum spent not a moment in complaint, discouragement or self-pity, although petty enemies hounded him and many whom he had thought his good friends in his high fortunes, now turned him a cold shoulder. He set to work at once to rebuild his fortunes, and rejoiced, instead of repining, because this affair had separated for him his real friends from those who had only fawned upon him for what they could get out of him.

Tom Thumb was one of his real friends who offered to help him in any way, and after moving his wife and daughters into humble quarters, Barnum set out to exhibit Tom Thumb for a second time in Europe. For four years now, he worked incessantly, lecturing and exhibiting various curiosities, sending every penny he could earn back home to pay up his debts.

During this time, too, occurred a second misfortune, the burning of beautiful Iranistan to the ground. But Barnum never let anything turn him from his purpose, and so, in 1860, he found himself free from debt at last and able to buy back once again his beloved American Museum. When he appeared on the stage of the Museum, and it was publicly announced that he was free of his troubles and once again Manager there, the public received him with the most tremendous shouts of applause, which showed clearly how they respected him, and how through his years of honest attempts to bring them happiness, he had endeared himself to them. Such a huge demonstration of affection nearly broke Barnum down. His voice faltered and tears came to his eyes as he thought what a magnificent conclusion this was to all the trials and struggles of the past four years.

Soon after Barnum entered again upon his duties at the Museum, there came to him a most interesting man, usually known as Grizzly Adams, from the fact that he had captured a great many grizzly bears at the cost of fearful encounters and perils. He was emphatically a man of pluck, and had been for many years a hunter and trapper in the Rockies and Sierra Nevada Mountains. He came to New York with his famous collection of California animals captured by himself. These consisted of twenty or thirty immense grizzlies, several wolves, buffalo, elk, and Old Neptune, the greatest sea lion of



the Pacific. They had come from California on a clipper ship, sailing around Cape Horn. Old Adams had patiently trained these animals, and at terrific cost, for although all of them were docile with him now, there was not one of them but at times would give him a sly hit, and some of the bears had struck him so many times with their fearful paws that they had broken his skull. Old Adams was dressed in a hunter's suit of buckskin trimmed with the skins and bordered with the hanging tails of small Rocky Mountain animals; his cap consisted of the skin of a wolf's head and shoulders, from which depended several tails, and under this his bushy hair and long, white beard appeared. In fact, the man was as much of a show as his beasts.

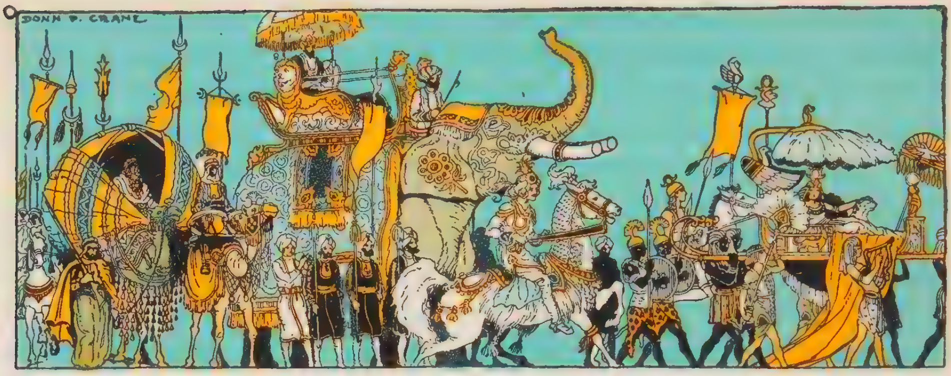
Barnum bought a half interest in Adams' menagerie and erected a canvas tent for him. On the morning of his opening, the old man, preceded by a band of music, had a fine procession down Broadway and up the Bowery. At the head of a train of cages bearing his animals, he rode on a platform wagon, dressed in his hunting costume and holding two immense grizzly bears by chains, while he sat astride of one larger still, the famous General Fremont. It was General Fremont who had given Old Adams the last fearful blow on his head, from which doctors said he could not recover. Since then, however, General Fremont had become so docile that Adams had used him as a pack bear to carry his cooking and hunting apparatus, and had even ridden on his back for hundreds of miles through the mountains. The old man pluckily insisted on living for months and exhibiting his bears, in spite of his broken skull.

In 1861, Barnum heard of some white whales that had been seen in the lower St. Lawrence, and he set out at once to capture one. On a little island in the great river, inhabited by French Canadians, he engaged twenty-four fishermen to capture for him two white whales alive and unharmed. Scores of these creatures could at all times be discovered by their spouting within sight of the island. The men made a V shaped pen in the water, leaving the broad end open. When a whale got into this pen at high water, the fishermen closed the entrance with their boats making a tremendous noise and splashing to keep the whale in until low tide. Then the huge creature was left high and dry with so little water that he could not swim, and so he was easily captured. A noose of stout rope was slipped over his tail and he was thus towed to a large box lined with seaweed and partially filled with salt water. When two of these creatures were captured, Barnum went back to New York, sending out word in all directions at what time they were to pass through various towns on the line. Thus he drew tremendous crowds to the train to see the whales.

During the Civil War Barnum was too old to fight, but he sustained his part loyally at home, and in 1865 was elected to the Connecticut legislature. He soon discovered in Hartford that the rich railroad interests had long had undue influence with the legislature, and were getting bills passed very advantageous to themselves, but wholly unfair and detrimental to the people. Being no politician, but an honest man, Barnum set himself at once to remedy this evil, defeat the railroad interests, and restore justice to the people. He was making a great speech to this effect in the legislature after weeks of determined work to line-up voters against the railroads, a speech intended as his crowning effort to induce the passage of bills that would defeat their unjust schemes, when the following telegram was handed to him:

"American Museum in flames. Its total destruction certain."

Barnum read the telegram containing this terrific news without a sign of discomposure. Then he laid it calmly and coolly on his desk and continued his speech, speaking so logically and eloquently that he carried his point and won the legislation against the railroads. It was not until this was accomplished that he made known the calamity which had befallen him and



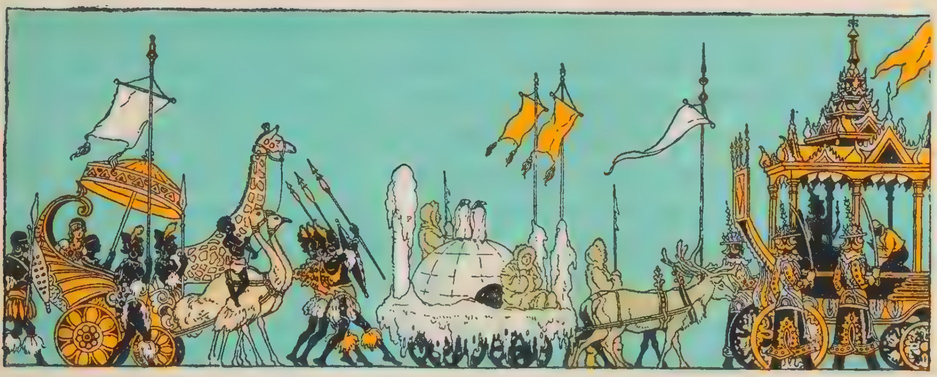
returned to New York. The destruction of the Museum was complete. In a breath had been wiped out the accumulated results of many years of incessant toil. Barnum had lost another fortune. Moreover, he was now fifty-five years old and might well have thought himself too old to start out life anew, but he did no such thing. He set about at once to establish a new American Museum, sending agents all over Europe and America to gather curiosities for him. Thus at the end of four months he was able to open Barnum's New Museum.

Three years later, Mr. Barnum was sitting with his wife and a guest at breakfast one cold winter morning, and carelessly glancing over the newspaper, when he suddenly read aloud:

"Hello! Barnum's Museum is burned!"

"Yes," said his wife, with an incredulous smile, "I suspect it is."

He had read the announcement so coolly and with so little excitement that his wife and friend did not believe it, and yet it was true. A third disastrous fire had wiped out his new museum. When he returned to New York he found its ruined walls all frozen over with water from the fire hose, the entire front with its ornamental lamp posts and sign one gorgeous framework of transparent ice, that glistened like diamonds in the sun. Despite his loss, Barnum was not too sorrowful to note the beauty of it all.



Now, at last, the celebrated showman decided to retire from active business and live on the remnant of his fortune. He tried hard to content himself with such a life of leisure, traveling about the United States, hunting buffalo with General Custer on the plains of Kansas, and for several years endeavoring in every way to amuse himself. But this experience only showed him that a life of inactivity was absolutely unendurable. He decided conclusively, once and for all, that the only true rest is to be found in useful activity, and by 1870 he had bigger plans than ever.

He now determined to devote himself entirely to a great traveling circus, far larger and better than anything that had ever been done before. On this circus he labored unremittingly, confident that if he devoted his best energies to the public, the public would liberally repay him. Perceiving that his show was too gigantic to be moved in the old way by wagons, he now for the first time arranged with railroads to transport it, using seventy freight cars, six passenger cars, and three engines. The circus was a tremendous success. People crowded to the various places of exhibition, coming not only from the towns where the show was held, but from neighboring towns as well, some on excursion trains, and some by wagons or on horseback, often camping out over night.

Two years later, on the day before Christmas, Barnum was sitting at breakfast in a hotel, thinking comfortably how he had arranged for his circus to be shown in New York in order that his vast host of men should not be thrown out of employment during the winter, when once again a telegram was handed him saying that a fourth fire had completely destroyed this circus. This time Barnum had no thought of giving up again.

"There need be," said he, "no real misfortunes in the world, since even that which seems an overwhelming misfortune can be turned into an opportunity for rising to greater accomplishments."

Therefore he merely interrupted his breakfast long enough on this occasion to go out and send immediate cables to his European agents to duplicate all his animals within two months. He then went back and finished his meal.

By the first of April he placed on the road a combination of curiosities and marvels far surpassing anything that he had ever done before.

But great as this circus was, Barnum was never satisfied to rest on his laurels. He aimed to do something greater still. In 1874 while he still continued the traveling circus, he opened in New York a great Roman Hippodrome. This gorgeous spectacle began every evening with a Congress of Nations, a grand procession of gilded chariots and triumphal cars, conveying Kings, Queens and Emperors, each surrounded by his respective retinue, and all in costumes made with the greatest care to be historically correct. This vast pageant contained nearly one thousand persons and several hundred horses, beside elephants, camels, llamas, ostriches, elands, zebras and reindeer. The rich and varied costumes, armor and trappings, gorgeous banners and paraphernalia, as well as the appropriate music accompanying the entrance of each nation, produced an effect at once brilliant and bewildering. The entire press said that never before since the days of the Caesars had there been so grand and interesting a public spectacle.

Most of Mr. Barnum's competitors in the circus field in those early days were men of very inferior aims and abilities, content with poor, even vulgar shows, aiming only to make money, and inspired with little of that desire to give the best and finest entertainment possible, which made Mr. Barnum so different from the others. But in 1880 he found a rival worthy of his mettle in the person of Mr. James A. Bailey. The very moment that Mr. Barnum perceived Mr. Bailey to be a man with the same big aims and ambitions as himself, as well as the same solid business sense, far from feeling any jealousy and trying to drive him out of the field, he entered at once into negotiations with him and took him into partnership. This partnership with Bailey lasted throughout the remainder of Barnum's life. They opened their combined show with a street parade by night in New York, all beautifully illumined by calcium lights.

This huge circus now had its own cars when it traveled. No longer were the trains hired as of old from the railways. Advance agents and advertising cars, gorgeous with paint and gilding, containing paste vats, posters and a force of men, would pass through the country weeks ahead of the circus, pasting up the billboards and arousing the interest of the community. The circus itself was packed up in the smallest possible space, its men trained with military promptitude and precision to work like clockwork and make every move count in erecting or taking down the huge canvas city. The performers slept in their cars and ate in the canvas dining tent. Hundreds of men were employed and the expenses of the concern were four or five thousand dollars a day.

One of the most interesting feats of Barnum's later years was the purchase of Jumbo, the largest elephant ever seen. Jumbo was the chief ornament of the Zoological Gardens in London, and a great favorite with Queen Victoria whose children and grandchildren were among the thousands of British youngsters who had ridden on Jumbo's back. Mr. Barnum never supposed that Jumbo could be purchased, nevertheless he made a liberal offer for him to the Superintendent of the Gardens and his offer was accepted. When it became publicly known that Jumbo had been sold and was to depart for America, a great hue and cry was raised in England. Newspapers talked of Jumbo before all the news of the day, and children wrote supplicating letters to the superintendent begging that he be retained. Nevertheless, the superintendent persisted and Jumbo had to go.

When the day of his departure arrived there came a great tug-of-war. As the agents tried to remove Jumbo, Alice, another elephant who had been for sixteen years Jumbo's companion and was called in fun his "wife," grew so excited that her groans and trumpetings frightened all the other beasts in the Zoo who set up such howlings and roarings as were heard a mile away. Midst such a grievous farewell, Jumbo was led forth into the street. But when the great beast found himself in such unfamiliar surroundings there awoke in his breast that timidity which is so marked a feature of the elephant's character. He trumpeted with alarm and turned to reënter the garden only to find the gates of his paradise closed. Thereupon he straightway lay down on the pavement and would not budge an inch. His cries of fright sounded to the uninitiated like cries of grief and attracted a huge crowd of sympathizers, many of them in tears.

Persuasion had no effect in inducing Jumbo to rise and force was not permitted, for Mr. Barnum always insisted strictly that his animals be governed by kindness, not by cruelty. And indeed it would have been a puzzle what force to apply to so huge a creature as Jumbo. In dismay Mr. Barnum's agent sent him the following cable: "Jumbo has lain down in the street and won't get up. What shall we do?"

Barnum immediately replied: "Let him lie there a week if he wants to. It is the best advertisement in the world."

After twenty-four hours, however, the gates of the garden were reopened and Jumbo permitted to go in again. Barnum's agents now decided to take the huge beast in another way. A great cage on wheels was provided and moved up close to the door of Jumbo's den. When the elephant had been induced to enter the cage the door was closed and the cage was dragged by twenty horses to a waiting steamer where quarters had been prepared for Jumbo by cutting away one of the decks. Thus he was brought to America, and later Mr. Barnum acquired Alice likewise.

In 1884 Mr. Barnum got the rarest specimen of all his zoo, a royal sacred white elephant from Burmah. The animal was not pure white as had been supposed in Europe, but was grayish. No European monarch had ever succeeded in getting one of these elephants into a Christian country, for the Siamese and Burmese people believed that if a sacred white elephant left their country some dire misfortune would come upon them. Barnum's agents many months before had purchased a white elephant, but on the eve of its departure, its attendant priests gave it poison rather than permit it to fall into Christian hands.

Finally, however, after three years of patient persistence, diplomacy and tact, as well as an outlay of a quarter of a million dollars, Barnum succeeded through his agents in getting from King Theebaw at Mandalay in Burmah, the sacred white elephant, Toung Taloung. He came to America in all his gorgeous trappings, accompanied by a Burmese orchestra and a retinue of Buddhist priests in full ecclesiastical costume.

Mr. Barnum built for his great show enormous winter quarters at Bridgeport. A ten acre lot was enclosed and in this enclosure numerous buildings were constructed. There was an elephant house, kept heated at just the right temperature naturally required by these animals, where thirty or forty elephants could be luxuriously housed and trained; another building held lions, tigers and leopards, which require a different temperature, and still another housed camels and caged animals. The monkeys had roomy quarters all to themselves where they could roam about and work their mischievous will unrestrained. The hippopotami and sea-lions had a huge pond heated by steam pipes, and here the elephants also were permitted their supreme enjoyment, a bath. There was a nursery department for the receipt and care of new-born animals, and in the various buildings many of the beasts were permitted to leave their cages and frolic at large.

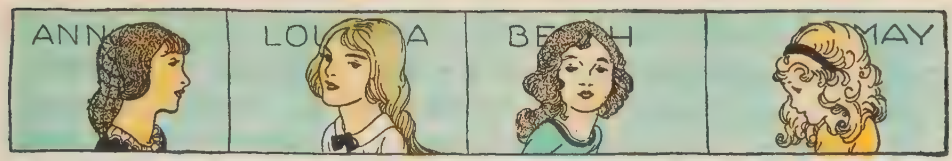
In 1887, when Barnum was fast asleep in the middle of the night, a telegram arrived, stating that a fifth great fire had totally destroyed these splendid winter quarters. His wife awoke him at two o'clock in the morning and told him of the telegram.

"I am very sorry, my dear," he said calmly, "but apparent evils are often blessings in disguise. It is all right." And with that he rolled back into his original comfortable position and in three minutes was once again fast asleep.

Barnum was now seventy-seven years old, but with the help of his partner, Mr. Bailey, he rose as triumphant from this last fire as from all the others and soon had a better circus than ever. To the end of his days his energy, pluck and healthy ambition gave the people a better, completer and cleaner performance than has ever been given by any other showman. With his kindly face beaming, he often said:

"To me there is no picture so beautiful as ten thousand smiling, bright-eyed, happy children, no music so sweet as their clear, ringing laughter. That I have had power, year after year, by providing innocent amusement for the little ones, to create such pictures, to evoke such music, is my proudest and happiest reflection."

Autobiography of Phineas T. Barnum



Little Women

*LOUISA MAY ALCOTT (*American,* 1832-1888)

IN THE historic old town of Concord, Massachusetts, there lived once a strong, sturdy, jolly girl named Louisa Alcott. Louisa's home was a shabby, dingy old house, but it was full of simple happiness, and its four bare walls rang often with shouts of merry laughter; for Louisa had the tenderest, most loving mother imaginable, a wise, devoted father and three lively sisters, Anna, Beth and May. Over the hills behind old Concord, whence the green meadows swept away to meet the golden sunset, and down by the rush-bordered river that went slowly meandering through the town, the little girls loved to romp and play.

They weren't very well off, so far as money goes, those Alcotts. Mr. Alcott was a school teacher with an immense love for children and a beautiful way of teaching them, but he believed very earnestly that people should lead simpler, truer, more useful lives than they do, and his opinions as to how they should set about doing this were so different from those held by others, that men laughed at him and said he was odd and would not send their children to his school. Moreover, he said plainly that the owning of slaves was wrong, and this made him still more unpopular in an age when, even in the North, men were not ready at all to agree with him. So he found it very difficult indeed to get along. But Mr. Alcott was the sort of man who was always loyal to the best ideals he knew and would cling to them with his whole strength, no matter what it cost him.

**Read the* LIFE OF LOUISA MAY ALCOTT *by Belle Moses*

Shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Alcott stood his brave wife, always upholding him, working day and night with her capable hands to make his burdens lighter, cooking, sewing, cleaning. And in spite of all the hard work she did, she was never too tired to be gay and jolly and interested in all that interested her daughters. So the four little girls were brought up from their infancy in a world of simple living and high thinking. They had plenty of joyous, carefree fun in which both mother and father joined, but they began to understand very early the necessity for being useful and bearing their share in the household tasks. Thus, though the house where they lived was poor and shabby, it was very rich in love and loyalty and simple homey joys.

Louisa was a strong, active, handsome girl with blue eyes and a perfect mane of heavy chestnut hair. She could run for miles and miles and never get tired and she was as sturdy as a boy. Indeed, her mother used sometimes to call her Jo in fun and say that Jo was her only son. Jo loved to climb trees and leap fences, run races and roll hoops, and when she was not playing with her sisters she liked best to play with boys. But beside all these lively sports, Louisa liked, too, to curl herself up in a chair and read or study. Sometimes she would go off alone into the garret, taking a pile of apples with her and her favorite book. There she would read and munch away in happy solitude. All day long she had interesting thoughts and often she made up stories with which she held her sisters spell-bound.

On occasion, little Louisa could be a turbulent miss and her high spirits often led her into paths of strange adventure. Once, when she was very small and lived in Boston, she ran away from home and spent the day with some Irish children. They shared a very poor and very salty dinner with her, after which they all went to play in the nice, dirty, ash heaps. Late in the afternoon they took a daring trip as far away as Boston Common. When it began to grow dark, however, Louisa's little Irish friends deserted her, and there she was left all alone in a strange place, with the dusky shadows deepening and the night lights twinkling out. Then, indeed, she began to long for home, but she hadn't the smallest idea which way to go, and so wandered helplessly on and on. At last, quite wearied out, she sat down on a welcome doorstep beside a friendly big dog. The dog kindly allowed her to use his back for a pillow and she fell fast asleep. From her dreams she was roused by the voice of the town crier who had been sent in search of her by her distracted parents. He was ringing his bell and calling out loudly:

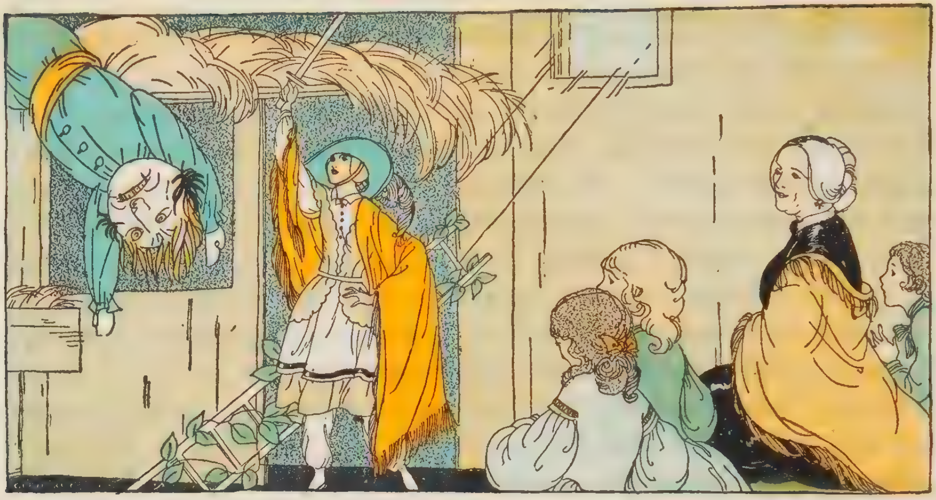
"Lost! Lost! A little girl six years old, in a pink frock, white hat and new green shoes!"

Out of the darkness a small voice answered him, "Why, dat's me!"

Next day the little runaway was tied to the arm of a sofa to cure her of her wandering habit.

When naughty traits of character got the better of Louisa, however, she always suffered intensely in her own little heart for the wrong she had done. In the intervals of working off steam in the liveliest adventures, she was often sadly troubled by her faults. Sometimes, then, she had a little game she would play. She liked to make believe that she was a princess and that her kingdom was her own mind. When she had hateful, self-willed or dissatisfied thoughts, she tried to get rid of these by playing that they were enemies of her kingdom. She would marshal her legions of soldiers and march them bravely against the foe. Her soldiers, she said, were Patience, Duty and Love. With these she fought her battles and drove out the enemy. When she was only fourteen years old she wrote a poem about this:

A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.

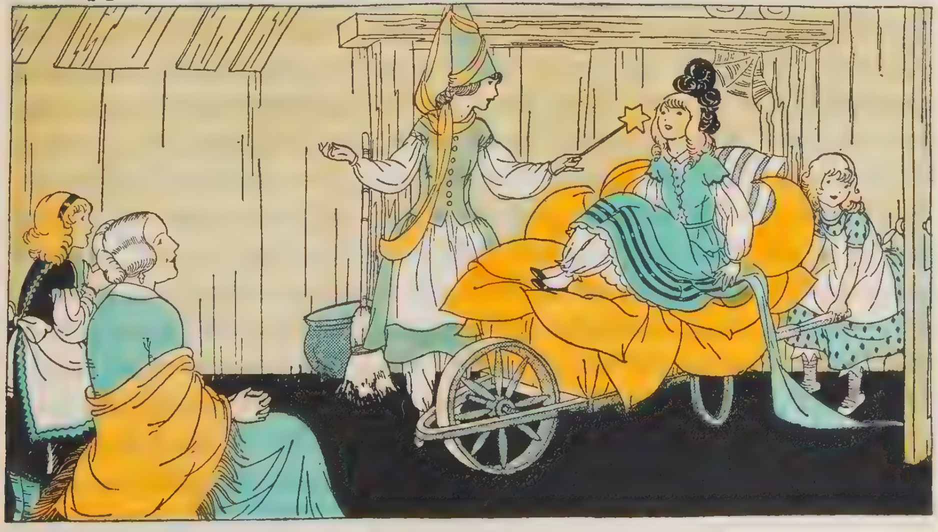


Nevertheless, after many a hotly contested battle, she did succeed in taking command and governing her kingdom like a queen.

The house where the four girls lived in Concord had a yard full of fine old trees and a big barn which was their most particular delight. Here they produced many marvelous plays, for Anna and Louisa both had a wonderful talent for acting. They made the barn into a theatre and climbed up on the haymow for a stage, while the grown people who came to see their plays sat on chairs on the floor. One of the children's favorite plays was Jack and the Beanstalk. They had a ladder from the floor to the loft, and all the way up the ladder they tied a squash vine to look like the wonderful beanstalk. When it came to the place in the story where Jack was fleeing from the giant and the giant was hot on his heels, about to plunge down the beanstalk, the girl who took the part of Jack would cut down the vine with a mighty flourish while the audience held their breath. Then, crashing out of the loft to his well-deserved end below, came the monstrous old giant. This giant was made of pillows dressed in a suit of funny old clothes, with a fierce, hideous head made of paper.

Another play which the children acted was Cinderella. They made a big pumpkin out of the wheelbarrow trimmed with yellow paper. Thus the pumpkin could easily become a golden coach in which Cinderella magnificently rolled away at a single stroke of the fairy godmother's wand. The tale of the foolish woman who wasted her three wishes was illustrated in a way to make the beholders scream with laughter, by means of a pudding which was lowered by invisible hands until it rested upon the poor lady's nose.

The costumes used in these performances were marvelous affairs; for Louisa, Anna and Mrs. Alcott had a wonderful knack for rigging up something out of nothing. A scrap found its use. A bright colored scarf, a table cover, a bit of old lace, a long cloak, a big hat with a plume stolen from some departed bonnet, would afford a regal costume in which to come sweeping on the stage. Furthermore, the children were never at a lack for scenery; for their ready wit was quite capable of providing castles, enchanted forests, caves or ladies' bowers, and barns offered splendid opportunities for a hero or a villain to make desperate but



safe leaps from the beams, or to sink out of sight at short notice.

There was one other beautiful and much more serious story which the Alcott children loved to play, though they did not give this to an audience in the barn, but played it alone for their own amusement. This story was Pilgrim's Progress, in which the pilgrim, Christian, loaded down with his burden of sins, finds his way through toil and danger from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. Their mother used to tie her piece-bags on their backs to represent Christian's burden. Then they would put on broad-brimmed, pilgrim hats, take a stick for a staff and start out on their journey. From the cellar, which was the City of Destruction, they mounted to the housetop where was the Celestial City, and they acted out on the way, in most dramatic form, every step of Christian's upward progress. Sometimes, instead of playing Pilgrim's Progress indoors, they played it out of doors, wandering over the hills behind the house, through the woods and down the lanes.

There could not have been a more beautiful place than Concord for four hearty, simple girls like these to live. It was a typical New England village, quiet and homelike, with its plain, white houses and its shady elm trees, nestling in its circle of peaceful hills. There were no very rich people there and none very poor. The inhabitants were honest and friendly, with simple occupations and amusements and very few worldly ambitions. In the winter the place rang with the happy voices of young people skating on the hardened snow in the pine woods. In the summer the river was alive with gay bathing or boating parties.

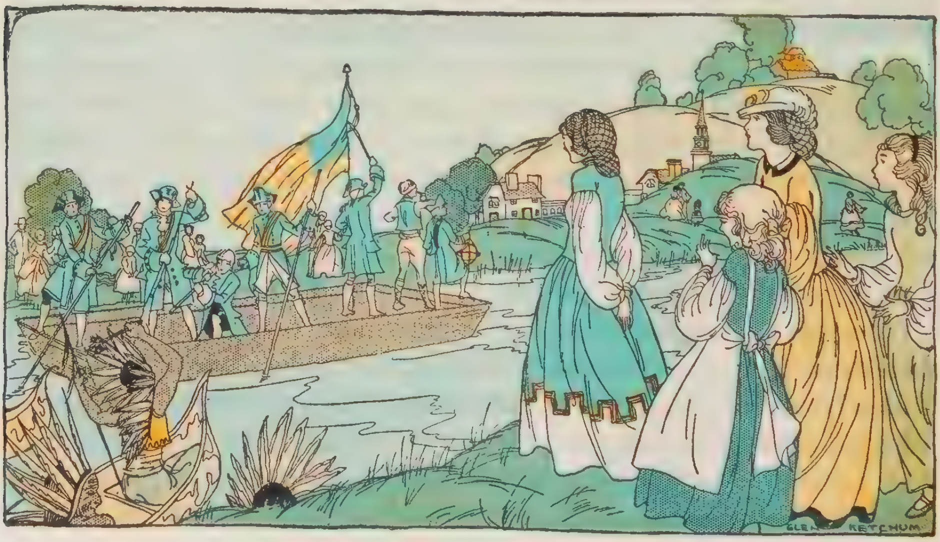
Concord was an historic old place, too, with its memories of the first gun-shots of the Revolution, and many a time in the days of the Alcott girls, there were masquerades on the river to celebrate the anniversary of that great event. Gay barges full of historic characters in costume glided down the stream, and sometimes savages in their war-paint darted from the lily-fringed river banks to attack the gay masqueraders. Hearty and healthy was the life in Concord, and it produced a fine race of people, among them three, at least, of most remarkable character. These three were Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau, and though these men were much older than Louisa, they were all of them her friends.

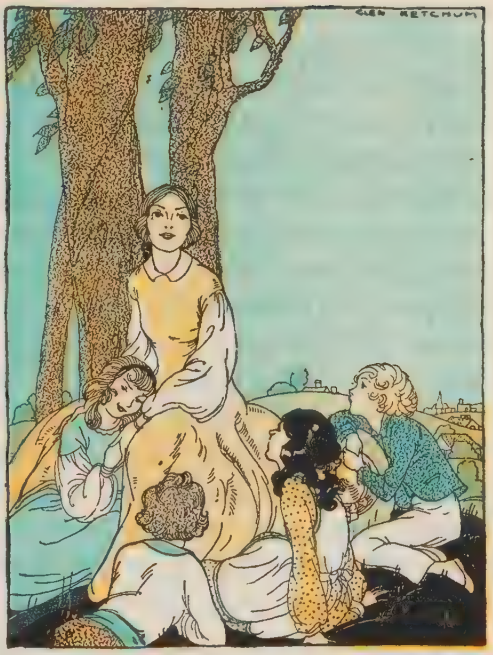
Ralph Waldo Emerson was one of the greatest men in the history of American literature. He was a thinker, a philosopher and a poet, strong, gentle and serene. He had stood by Mr. Alcott when everybody else laughed at him and deserted him, and from her earliest recollections Louisa had adored him. Once she went to school with the little Emersons in their father's barn; for in those days of no public schools, teachers used frequently to gather their pupils together in barns. The illustrious Mr. Emerson was often the children's playfellow. He would pile all the youngsters on a great hay-cart and take them off to picnic or go berrying in the woods. Emerson's friend, Henry Thoreau, who loved the tangled depths of the forests, had once gone off and lived by himself in a hut that he built on the edge of Walden Pond, to prove to himself and others the joy of utterly simple living, close to the heart of Nature. This hut was in a beautiful spot among fragrant pines, and overlooked the clear, green depths of the pond, which Thoreau, from its gleaming expressiveness, called the eye of the earth. About Walden Pond, encircling it everywhere, rose the tall, green hills. To this beautiful spot Emerson used to take the children. He would show them all the places he loved, all the wood people Thoreau had introduced to him, or the wildflowers whose hidden homes he had discovered. So, years later, when the children read Emerson's beautiful poem about the sweet rhodora in the woods, his "burly, dozing bumblebee," or laughed over the fable of the Mountain and the Squirrel, they recognized old friends of these beautiful woodland jaunts and thanked Emerson for the delicate truth and beauty he had seen there and helped them to understand.

To the turbulent, restless, half-grown Louisa the calm philosopher, with his gentle ways and practical common-sense, was an anchor indeed. In her warm little heart he was held so sacredly that he himself would have smiled at such worship. She went to him often for advice about her reading, and was at liberty to roam all around the book-lined walls of his library, there to select whatever pleased her most; for Emerson was never too busy to help her.

Hawthorne, too, handsome, shy man that he was, always steering away from the society of grown-ups, had much to do with Louisa and the Concord children. He was always at his best with children, and his stories never failed to hold Louisa spellbound. Doubtless she was one of the children to whom he first told the *Tanglewood Tales* and the stories in the *Wonder Book*. She pored over his books, and love and admiration for him grew with her growth.

Henry Thoreau was the last of those great Concord friends who had such an influence on Louisa's life. From him the Alcott





girls learned to know intimately the nature they already loved, and many a happy day was spent with him in the woods, studying the secrets of the wildflowers and the language of the birds. It was down by the river that Thoreau was most often to be found. There he would row his boat or paddle his canoe with Indian skill through the many windings, stopping now and then to gather some rare plant from among the grasses on the shore. In his company the girls took long, long walks, even tramping the twenty miles from Concord to Boston. There was not a single flower or tree that the gentle woodsman did not know; birds, squirrels and insects were his comrades. Hunted foxes would come to him for protection; wild squirrels would nestle in his coat; birds and chipmunks gathered about him as he sat at rest on the river bank; he seemed able even to coax the fishes up to the surface to feed out of his hand. And so for him all Nature had a voice, and the Concord children loved the simple friend who taught them the poetry of the woods.

As Louisa grew up into a tall young girl she began to come into prominence as a story teller. Her nature studies gave her material, and out in the Concord woods she would gather about her the little Emerson children, Ellen, Edith and Edward, and the three Hawthorne children, Una, Julian and Rose, and many another, too. Then, under the spreading branches of some great tree, with the sunshine filtering down on her head and lighting up all the eager little faces about her, she would tell stories that made the very woods alive—wood-sprites and water-sprites and fairy queens dancing in and out through the greenery of those cool forest glades.

But in spite of all the delights of Concord, Louisa was beginning to feel the weight of the family troubles. She saw her father struggling day by day, earning a little here and there by the work of his hands when his talents as a teacher were running to waste. She saw her mother carrying burdens too heavy for her and working far too hard. She had always helped her mother as much as she could with the housework, but the greatest need of the household now was for money. A splendid purpose took root in Louisa's heart. She would set out into the world, earn a living, and mend the family fortunes. She would give this dear devoted mother the comforts that had been denied her so long.

Once determined to accomplish this, Louisa never rested. True, she was only a girl, and there were very few lines of activity open to girls in those days. The way seemed dark before her and full of obstacles. But Louisa was never daunted. Full of energy and pluck, she set forth. First she went up to Boston and lived in a wretched little sky-parlor. There she wrote stories for various magazines and papers, taught in a kindergarten and did sewing or anything else that came to her hand. Only one thing mattered to her henceforth, to help her mother, father and sisters. Night and day she worked, never sparing herself, and every penny that she did not absolutely need for the barest necessities of life, she sent home to her mother and father. James Russell Lowell was the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in those days and he praised her stories and took them for his magazine. Yet, as the years passed, she wrote nothing that had any very lasting merit. She merely labored unceasingly and earned money enough by her own self-sacrifice to keep her dear ones in greater comfort at home.

Then one day Louisa's publisher asked her to write a book for girls. Louisa was very worn and weary, and she hadn't the smallest idea that she could really write an interesting book for children. All these years she had written for grown-ups only. But she had never yet said, "I can't" when she was asked to do anything. So in spite of her misgiving she answered the publishers simply, "I'll try."

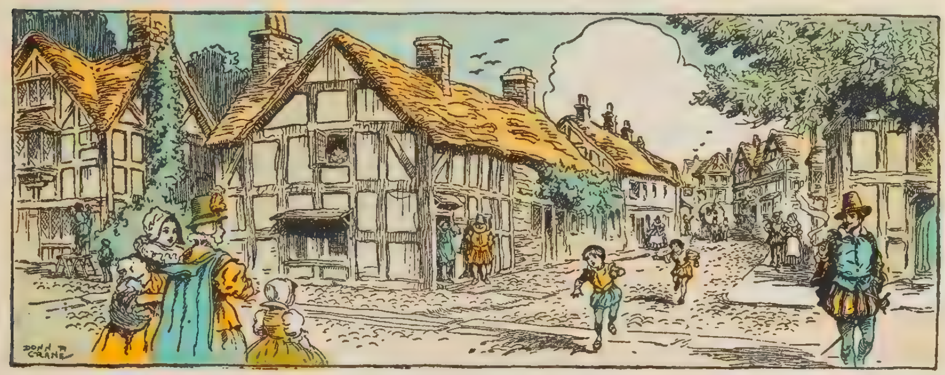
When she began to think about what she should write, Louisa remembered all the good times she used to have with her sisters in the big, bare house in Concord, out in the old barn, and over the hills. So she began to write the story of *Little Women* and to put in all those things. Besides the jolly times and the plays they had, she put in the sad, hard times too, the work and the worry and the going without things. It was a simple story of simple girls, of their daily struggles, their joys and sorrows, but through it all shone the spirit of that beautiful family affection that the Alcotts knew so well, an affection so strong and enduring that neither poverty, sorrow, nor death could ever mar it. And the little book was so sweet and funny, so sad and real, like human life, that everybody bought it and it brought in a great deal of money for Louisa.

There were Mr. and Mrs. March in the book, true as life to Mr. and Mrs. Alcott, and there were all the four sisters, too. Meg, the capable house-wifely one, was Anna; Jo (the old pet name for Louisa) was Louisa, herself, the turbulent, boyish one, who was always "going into a vortex" and writing stories; Beth was the sweet, sunny little home-body, Lizzie or Beth; Amy was May, the pretty, golden-haired, blue-eyed one, with the artistic tastes, whose pug nose was such a sore trial to her beauty-loving soul that she went about with a clothespin on it to train it into proper lines. There was a real John Brooke, too. He was a portrait of that gentle, kindly, lovable John Pratt, who really married Anna. And Laurie was a mixture of a handsome, polished, Polish boy whom Louisa had once met in Europe, and a certain New England lad who was her friend in girlhood. So, many of the good times in *Little Women* are true, and many of the sad times too,— the marriage of Meg and John Brooke, and the death of little Beth.

Louisa was hardly prepared for the immense success of this book. It made her almost rich, and besides that, she suddenly found herself so worshipped and idolized by young people and old alike, that crowds began haunting her path, hanging about the house to get just a glimpse of her—popping up in her way to bow reverently as she went for a walk or a drive, deluging her with flowers, and writing her sentimental verses. All this attention drove Louisa nearly distracted, so she had to run away from it for a year's rest in Europe. But ever after that the children considered Louisa their especial property and she devoted herself henceforth to writing for them entirely. She loved them very dearly, too, boys and girls alike, and no American author has ever held a warmer place than she in the hearts of American young people.

Thus, after so many years of the hardest, most devoted and unselfish labor, Louisa's dream came true. She was able to give her dear family all that they needed and wanted. She bought a comfortable home for them in Concord, she sent May to study art in Europe, she gave her father books, but best of all, she was able at last to give her beloved mother the happiness and rest which she had so nobly earned. Never again did "Marmee" have to do any hard work. She could sit from that time forth in a comfortable chair beside the sunny window, with beautiful work and beautiful things about her. A successful life was Louisa Alcott's, one of toil and effort, indeed, of joy and sorrow, and ceaseless self-sacrifice, but through it all, as through *Little Women*, ran the golden thread of a splendid family love.

LITTLE WOMEN
JACK AND JILL
LITTLE MEN
EIGHT COUSINS
JO'S BOYS
ROSE IN BLOOM
AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL
SILVER PITCHERS



Down by the River Avon

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*English*, 1564-1616)

BEYOND Sir Hugh Clopton's noble old stone bridge that spans the Avon with fourteen splendid arches, rise the quaint gables and cathedral spire of Stratford town. In the days of good Queen Bess the houses were ancient plaster buildings crossed with timber and each had at the sides or rear a gay little garden, bright with flowers. In one of the best of those houses on Henley Street lived Master Will Shakespeare, a high spirited lad with a fine, courtly bearing and pleasant hazel eyes. His father, John Shakespeare, once High Bailiff or Mayor of Stratford, was a well-to-do merchant, a trader in hides, leather-goods, wool, meats, and goodness knows what besides. His mother, Mary Arden, was a blithe and womanly matron, who shed a warmth of tenderness through the merry, little home circle.

Over in the old, old grammar school, with its jutting second story abutting on the street, Master Will and the other Stratford urchins learned their lessons. There they conned arithmetic, a bit of Latin and Greek, and the precepts of good manners, from six o'clock in the morning till five-thirty in the evening,

Read MASTER SKYLARK, *a story of Shakespeare's time, by John Bennett, and* WILL SHAKESPEARE'S LITTLE LAD, *by Imogene Clark.*

and the schoolmaster sitting over them was all too well versed in the use of the birchen rod.

But it was a gay and joyous life, in spite of lessons, that they led in Stratford town. Warwickshire in those days was divided into two well marked divisions by the river Avon. To the south lay the rich green pasture land of Feldon, stretching away to the blue line of the distant Cotswold hills, and dotted here and there by herds of cattle and flocks of snow-white sheep. Amid little clumps of protecting elms nestled cozy homesteads, and past the well tilled fields flowed placid rivers, their limpid waters overhung by alders and silverwillows. To the north of the Avon, however—Ah! there was no cultivated land, but the wild, free forest of Arden, sweeping out over hill and dale for twenty miles, the delight of all boyish hearts. When school time was over, then for Will Shakespeare and the other Stratford boys, it was Heigh the doxy over the dale! We're off for the Forest of Arden!

O, the sweetness of those woodland haunts, the exhilaration and breadth and joy! The boys raced through leafy covert and sunny glade, past giant oaks and tangled thickets, now skipping from stone to stone across the brawling brooks, now cleaving the woodland stillness with their shrill young voices. Sometimes a dappled herd of deer swept away before them across an open lawn or twinkled through the leaves amid the shadowy bracken, while groups of timid rabbits fed here and there on the tender leaves. In the air was the melody of birds, the warble of wren and throstle. Will Shakespeare talked with every keeper and woodsman in the forest till he knew intimately all the ins and outs of that glorious sylvan life and could carol a tirra-lirra with the merriest of the larks.

At times, too, young Will wandered through the picturesque towns and little forest villages round about, past the old gray castles and abbeys that loomed within their parks shut off by palings from the wilderness of Arden. Some of these castles had been abandoned and dismantled during the Wars of the Roses. Silent now as the surrounding forest they stood, half ruined, and haunted with shadowy memories of lords and ladies and all the stately revelry that had once held sway within their walls. It was a country full of interest, full of history, full of stirring border legends of the days when the English stood sturdily against the insurgents of Wales. Every hill and stream, every grim old abbey and castle had its heroic tale of long ago.

On market days and fair days there was great excitement in the town itself for Master Will, for Stratford was the center of a famous agricultural and grazing district. On a bright summer's day, Will would rise with the sun and make off from Henley Street to see the countrywomen come in, jogging along on horseback, their panniers laden with chickens, butter and eggs, or to watch the droves of slow oxen come crowding over Clopton Bridge, and the herds of Herefordshire cows, lowing anxiously after their skittish young calves. Then he would follow the cattle to Rother Market, where the cattle dealers gathered about Market Cross, and observe the humors of the ploughman and drovers, scarcely less stolid and deliberate of movement and speech than their oxen.

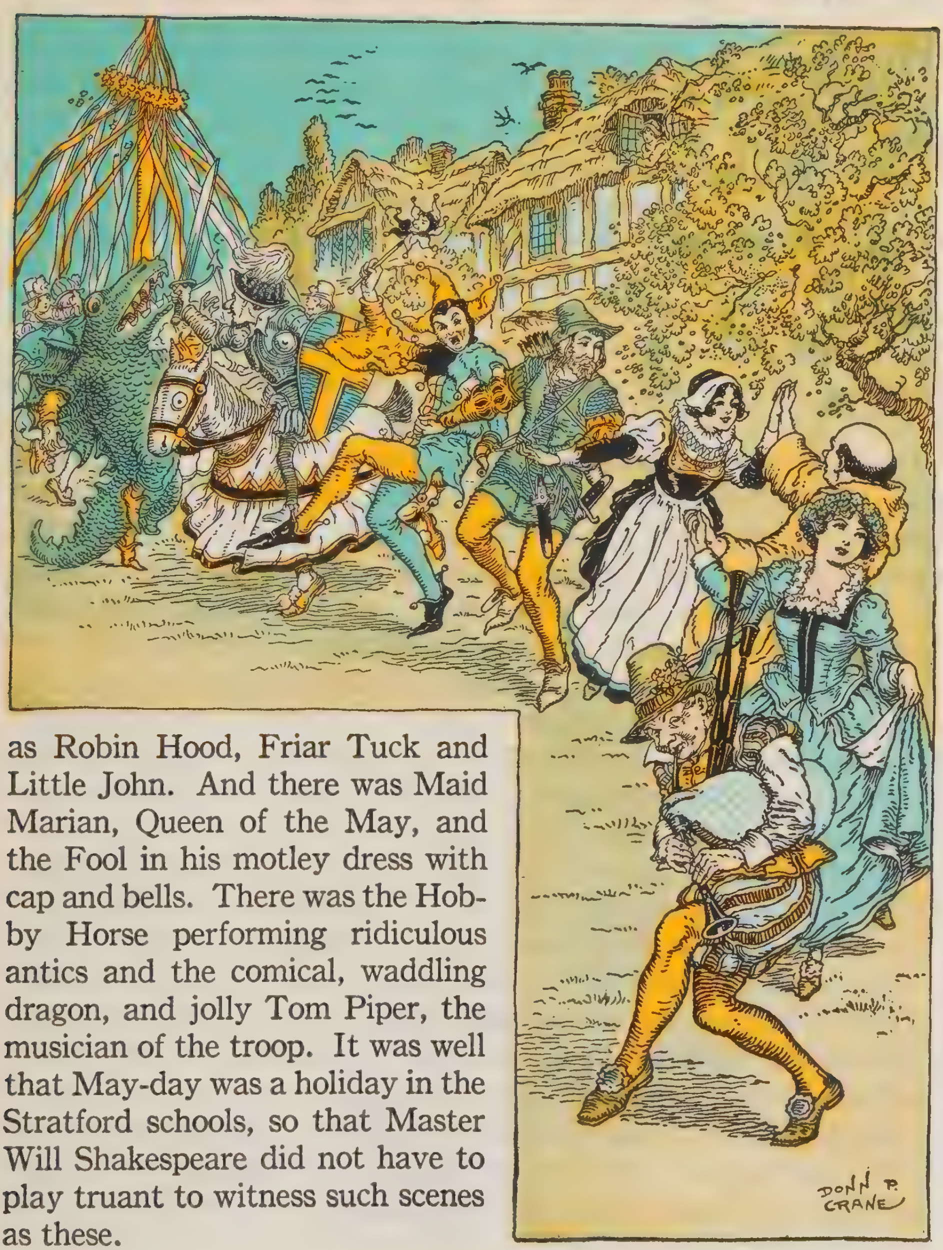
At the jovial Fair-season, the streets of Stratford were alive with jugglers and minstrels, harpers singing old ballads, and lads and lassies dancing their country measures. At such times it seemed as though the wealth of the world had been dumped into Stratford-town. There in the booths were wheat and wool, cheese and wax, clothes and stout linen napery. Besides all this, there was many a wandering peddler, carrying trinkets and trumpery such as country swains buy for their sweethearts—ribbons and gloves, masks and coifs, stomachers and bracelets.

Not far from Stratford lay the little forest village of Snitterfield, where Will's grandfather and Uncle Henry Shakespeare had their farms. Every boundary tree and stone, every pond and sheep-pool, every barn and cattleshed on the way to his Uncle Henry's farm, Will knew by heart, for he dearly loved the place and spent many a happy day there. At Snitterfield Will trotted around after his uncle, poking with eager interest into all the byres and barns and poultry yards. Now and again, from a safe nook on the bushy margin of a pool, he enjoyed the fun and excitement of the sheep washing, or watched the mysteries of the sheep shearing. Then he would remain to the shearing feast, eat the cheese-cakes and warden-pies, and see the young maid who was chosen Queen of the Festival receive her rustic guests and distribute among them her gifts of flowers. Indeed, Will Shakespeare's youth was passed amid the labors and pastimes, the recurring festivals and varying round of a rural community. Each incident of the year, seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, brought its own group of picturesque merry-makings in those forest farms and villages.

The best loved holiday of all was May-day, a spontaneous outburst of joy, a gladsome welcome to the re-awakening life and freshness of the spring. Very early in the morning, before dawn, lads and lassies went out into the woods and brought back branches of trees and garlands of flowers to build leafy bowers and arbors in the streets of the city. Then, with twenty sleek yoke of oxen, each one bearing a nosegay of blossoms on his horns, they dragged home the Maypole, all bound around with flowers. When the Maypole was reared in the center of the city with streamers and banners flying, men, women and children fell to dancing and feasting about it.

Hey ding-a-ding! Sweet lovers love the spring!

On May-day there were the Morris dancers, dancing their jovial measures, and masquerading



as Robin Hood, Friar Tuck and Little John. And there was Maid Marian, Queen of the May, and the Fool in his motley dress with cap and bells. There was the Hobby Horse performing ridiculous antics and the comical, waddling dragon, and jolly Tom Piper, the musician of the troop. It was well that May-day was a holiday in the Stratford schools, so that Master Will Shakespeare did not have to play truant to witness such scenes as these.

Christmas was merry, too, though it had a deeper note as well befitted the season. The great Yule log, like the Maypole, was dragged in with shouts and music and joyously laid on the hearth. On Christmas Eve, the waits, their noses red from cold, went round from door to door through the snow, singing their carols and hymns,—"As Joseph was a-walking, he heard an angel sing."

The great cross of Stratford was garnished with holly, ivy and bay, and in every household hospitality reigned. The manor house of the Cloptons among the trees overlooking the town, was a-bustle with preparations, its chimneys belching smoke, the sounds of pipe and trumpet issuing from its doors. Long tables were spread for the guests; the master and mistress took their seats at the head of the board with their friends and principal tenants about them; the Boar's head was brought in with solemn ceremony, and the Lord of Misrule with his jovial attendants became the master of the feast. Thereafter was dancing till curfew, then home through the moonlight to Stratford.

So went the joyous round of life in Stratford-town and each recurring holiday brought its own particular mumming and masking and playing of parts, but there were real players, too, sometimes to be seen in the city.

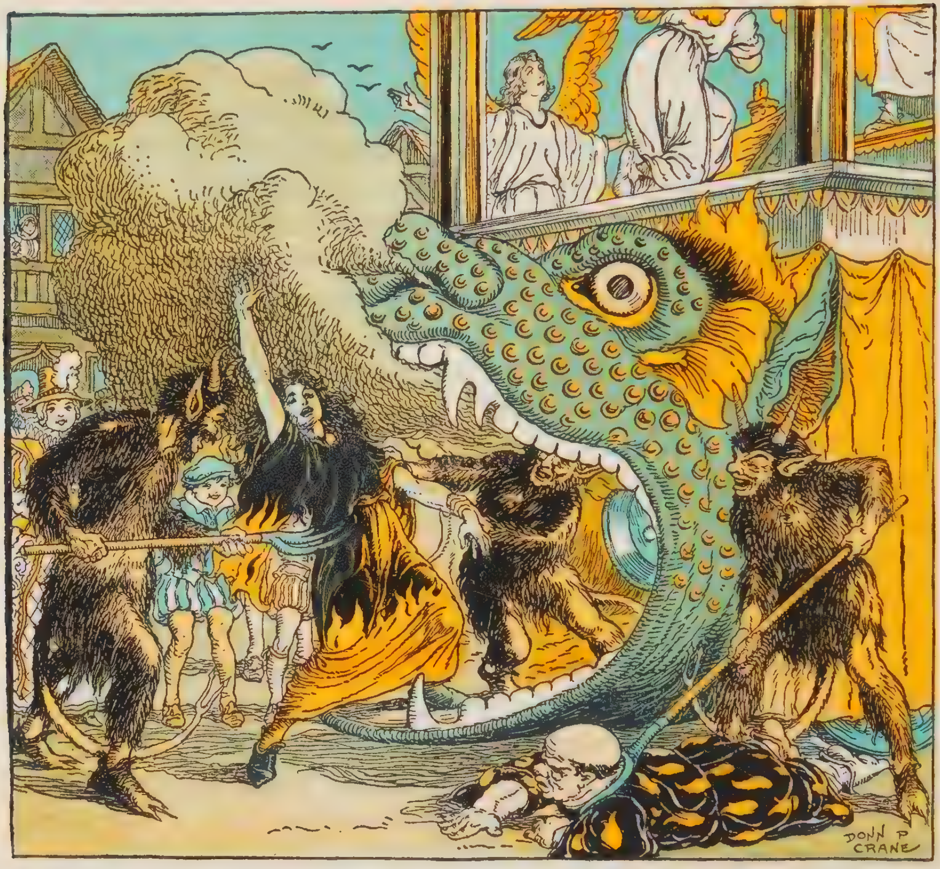
The very oldest form of play loved by the people in England was the miracle or mystery play, presenting some tale from the Bible. At first, long years before Shakespeare's time, these plays had been given in the churches by the clergy, but gradually they had moved out to the church yard. Then the actors had changed from the clergy to citizens, members of the various trade guilds of the towns. Later still they were presented on a pageant cart, which was moved about from place to place, and gave a performance wherever it stopped. The actors would play the story of Noah's flood, or Adam and Eve, or indeed any tale from Creation to the Last Judgment.

These carts had two stories, an upper one for the stage, and a lower one which was curtained to provide a dressing room for the actors. Over all was a canopy of carved and gilded woodwork cut into battlements and a-flutter with bright-colored banners. Usually men dragged these carts through the streets, but at times they were drawn by horses, and their approach was heralded by jesters and tumblers who ran along before them.

The action of the play took place on the upper platform, but sometimes the actors stepped down into the street, particularly if they wished to present such a scene as the grim and gaping jaws of Hell. This Hell-mouth was the most elaborate and costly theatrical property owned by the trade guilds. It was used in several plays but especially in the Last Judgment,—a huge and grotesque head of canvas with a vast gaping mouth armed with fangs. The jaws were made to open and shut, a light within gave the effect of flames, and whenever the devil carried off a lost soul, there was a great noise in the beast's interior made by the rattling of pans and kettles, while thick smoke issued from his mouth. The making and repairing of this Hell-mouth was a constant expense to the trade guilds, and frequent entries like the following appear in their books of accounts:

Paid for making and painting Hell-mouth..........	12 pence
Paid for keeping of fire at Hell-mouth.............	4 pence

Lost souls were dressed in black or yellow to represent flames, saved souls were robed in white. The Devil wore a grizzly mask, was shaggy and beast-like, with horns, cloven feet, and forked tail, and he carried a club with which he laid about him vigorously. He was attended by a company of little demons, their coats covered with horsehair to make them look like awesome monsters. Vice was likewise a constant attendant on the Devil, but he gradually became no more than a mere buffoon or clown to set the crowd a-laughing. Indeed, the plays themselves in time acquired parts that were all too hilarious. Noah's wife

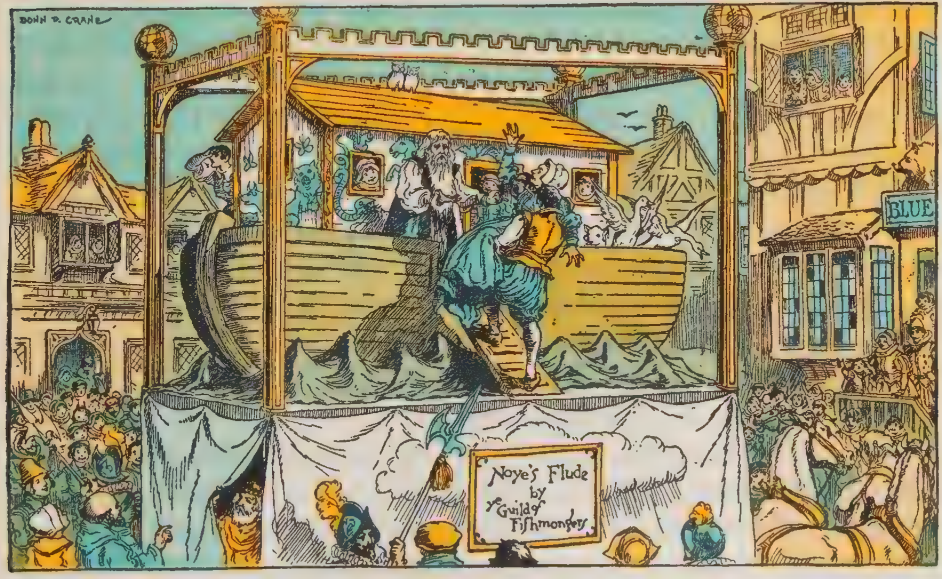


became a comic character, a shrew who laid about her with a cutting tongue and sent the audience into an uproar before she could be dragged off into the ark.

The representative of Jesus wore a gilt wig and a coat of white leather, painted and gilded. King Herod, who was a very important character and blustered about the stage in a manner that became proverbial, was dressed like a Turk and bore a sword and helmet. Herod and Pilate, Cain and Judas, Turks and infidels, as well as the Devil, were favorite characters of these mysteries.

In time, however, morality plays became even more popular than the mysteries. In the moralities, Bible stories were no longer presented, but all manner of Vices and all manner of Virtues were portrayed as persons who did battle with each other in order to gain possession of man's soul. It was some such performances as these that Will Shakespeare used to see as a boy, though in his day it was customary to draw the pageant cart up in the courtyard of some inn, rather than to leave it in the street. The common people then crowded around it, standing, while the richer ones paid a large fee to have seats in the balconies or windows of the inn that overlooked the yard.

Coventry, a town near Stratford, was one of the chief centers for the production of miracle plays, and Shakespeare must certainly have gone over there at times to see them. Moreover, the various trade guilds, plasterers, tanners, armourers, hosiers, etc., who presented the plays, were in the habit of visiting neighboring cities, and doubtless performed in Stratford.



When Will was only five years old, his father, then Mayor of Stratford, especially invited to the city some of the real stage players, who made a business of acting and were beginning to replace the old performers of the guilds. Later, the best companies in the kingdom came to Stratford, including the Earl of Leicester's Company from London. So young Will had plenty of opportunity to study the making and presenting of plays, to acquire a deep love for the theatre, and perhaps sometimes even to act himself and make friends with the strolling players.

But now when Will was still little more than a boy, his father began to have business failures and his affairs to go down, down, down in the world. Soon it became necessary for the lad to be taken from school and put to work to help out in his father's business. John Shakespeare had been imprudently extravagant in his prosperity, and now he lost his grip and let himself sink beneath misfortune. He would not go to church, he would not see his friends, he would not show himself at any public meeting. Sweet Mary Arden, however, bore up nobly under their troubles, her spirit as calm and serene in the dark days as it had been in the bright. How the boy loved and admired his mother! All his life long she lived in his heart as the very embodiment of every womanly virtue.

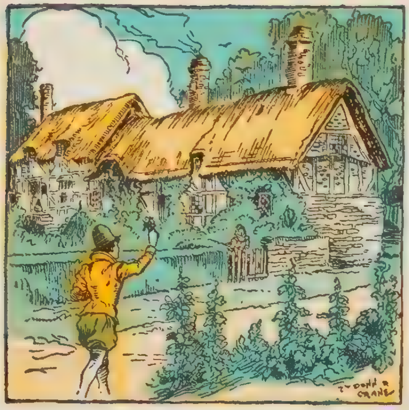
Will sympathized ardently with his parents in their troubles, and was willing to do any kind of work to help them. Moreover, those very troubles awakened his independence and taught him to be scrupulously honorable in his own business dealings with others, a trait which he never forgot. An open, frank, generous young fellow was Will Shakespeare in those days, innately courteous and wholly lovable.

When Will was only eighteen, he was many a day to be seen making off across the fields, with daisies pied, to the little hamlet of Shottery, which lay half concealed by aged elms, its cozy homesteads nestling amid blossoming fruit-trees and brilliant gardens. Here in a lovely old cottage, with a quaint thatched roof, lived Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a friend of Will's father, a maid whom he had known all his life. In the garden and through the primrose lanes the two lingered often together, and soon there was news of their wedding.

Boy that he was, Will was only nineteen when his first daughter, Suzanne, was born. Now what was there to do? He had a family on his hands to support and his father's business grew every day worse and worse. Two years later twins were born to him, a boy and a girl, Hamnet and Judith, and then an event occurred which made the young man decide that the only thing for him to do was to be off to London and seek his fortunes there.

He was out hunting one day with some comrades when they pursued a fine deer into Fullbroke Park, or perhaps across the shallow ford of the river to Charlecote Park. Now Charlecote Park was the property of a sour and gloomy old Puritan, Sir Thomas Lucy, a man of aristocratic pride and narrowness who hated all youthful frolics and merriment. Just as they had killed the buck, the youths fell in with one of Sir Thomas's keepers, who insisted violently that they had no right to hunt where they were and accused them of being deer-stealers. Master Will defended himself right spiritedly against the charge, indeed it is even said that he posted certain none too respectful placards on Sir Thomas Lucy's gate. Sir Thomas in high dudgeon complained to the authorities in Stratford. These honorable gentlemen, fearing to offend so rich and powerful a man, doubtless let it be known to Will that it would be better for him to leave town for a time. Accordingly, behold young Will, bidding his wife and babes farewell and off for London town.

It was about 1585 or 1587 when Will Shakespeare arrived in London. In those days players were just beginning to be recognized as respectable folk. Heretofore, they had been looked down upon as wandering, beggarly fellows. Certain writers of education,



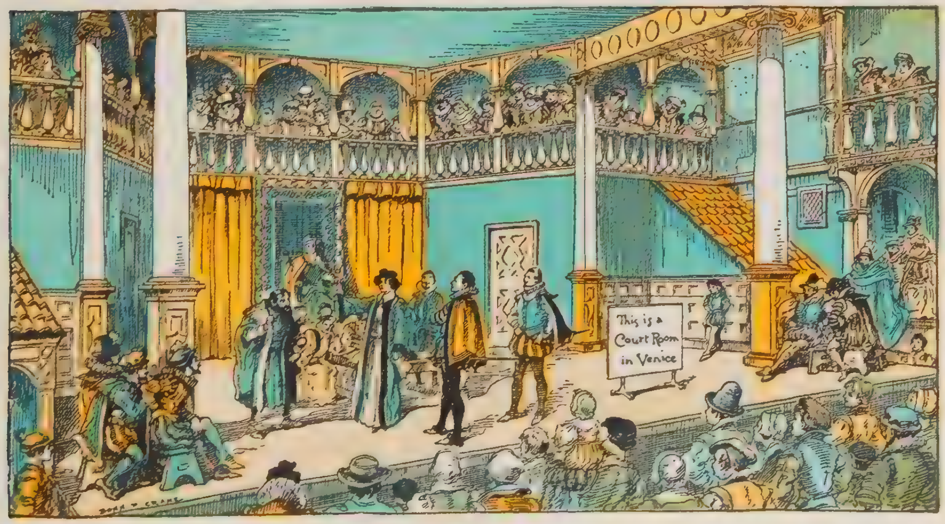
such as Greene and Peele and Marlowe, had been among the first to think the writing of plays a vocation worthy of their dignity, and were turning out dramas vastly more like our modern ones than the old moralities and mysteries. Ten years before, Queen Elizabeth had given the Earl of Leicester's players the first legal permit to act in certain places in London, and James Burbage, the leader of these players, had built *The Theatre* at Shoreditch, just outside the boundaries of the city, for mayor and common council still frowned darkly on the presentation of plays within the sacred precincts of the town.

In building his theatre, Burbage took his plan from the old courtyards of the inns where it had been customary to draw up the pageant carts. The square yard where poorer people stood, became the pit of the theatre, the pageant cart the stage, the balconies whence the wealthier class had looked on, the gallery or boxes. The stage and galleries were the only part of the building covered, which was none too comfortable for the people in the pit if a sudden storm came pelting down.

It was at *The Theatre* that Master Will first found occupation by holding the horses of the gaily dressed young gallants who attended the performances. There he stood before the door in all kinds of weather, with Hey, ho, the wind and the rain! But he soon advanced from this work to acting. Then he began to write over faulty old plays, and at last he took to writing splendid new dramas of his own. In a very short time he had surpassed all the dramatists of his day, Greene and Peele and Marlowe, and held the foremost place in the hearts of the play-going public.

Many a time in those days, however, amid the noise and babble of London, there flashed upon his inward eye, quiet pictures of willows "growing aslant a brook," of orchards when "the moon tips with silver all the fruit tree tops." Many a time he thought of the blue-veined violets, the cowslips and ladies-smocks that grew in the meadows by the Avon. He heard again the "throstle with his note so true, the wren with little quill," and the very notes of those songsters warbled their way into the music of his words. Indeed, he carried the meadows of the Avon, the forest of Arden, the sunburnt sicklemen and merry maidens of his homeland with him to London, and these came forever glancing out here and there in his plays. Aye, his home on the Avon was the beacon that loomed ever before him, beckoning, and the craving always lived in his heart for his beautiful native heath.

But, withal, young Will kept his head marvelously well in spite of his success, and he avoided the wild dissipations that were ruining his fellow-dramatists, though he loved life and mirth as well as any and had no smallest trace of harshness in



his blithe and genial nature. He worked hard, studying at French and Italian in his spare time, saving money for his family and making visits every year to his beloved Stratford.

He was first a member of the Earl of Leicester's players which later became the Lord Chamberlain's Company and the favorite company of the Queen. All the players in London in those days, save for certain bands of children, were divided into two companies, the Lord Admiral's and the Lord Chamberlain's, and many a time they went to perform before Queen Bess herself.

The theatres where Shakespeare's plays were given were *The Globe* erected outside the city, and *Blackfriar's* which was practically in the town. The actors played at *The Globe* in summer and at *Blackfriar's* in the winter. *Blackfriar's* was completely roofed in and lit by torchlight so performances could be given there in the evening, but at *The Globe* the pit was uncovered and performances were only given by day.

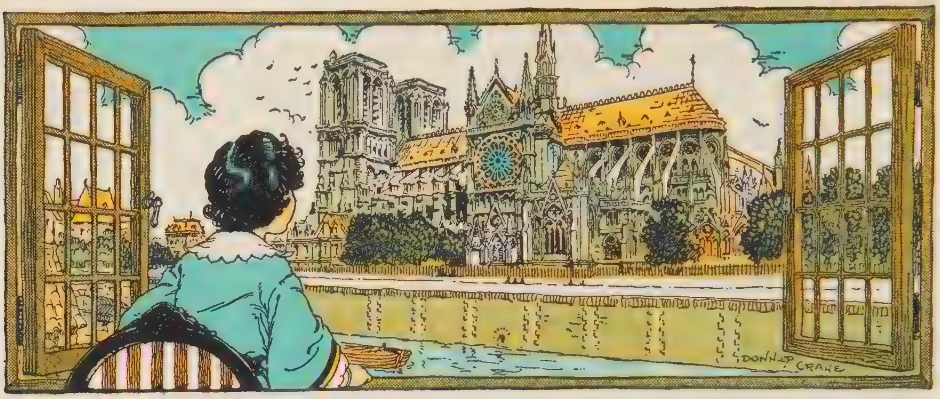
The common people had a merry time standing in the pit, munching apples and nuts, jostling and chaffing good-naturedly under the open sky, while the fine ladies and gentlemen, who did not wish to mingle with these "groundlings," had their own boxes in the covered balconies, the ladies occupying the seats, the gentlemen reclining at their feet. If they chose, they played cards during the performance and there were always pages ready to attend upon their needs. Whoever paid extra could sit upon the stage itself. There was no scenery on that stage and a simple printed placard announced the name of the place where the scene was supposed to be laid. Women's parts were taken by men. It was not until long after Shakespeare's time that women appeared on the stage. The hoisting of a flag and the blowing of a trumpet bade all be still to hear the play.

What an age of awakened national life and stirring spirit was that of good Queen Bess, when the minds of men had burst the bonds of the Dark Ages and were eagerly inquiring and adventuring everywhere. Along the river side and in noble houses on the Strand were the hardy mariners and adventurous sea captains, Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher, who had driven their dauntless keels fearlessly into the unknown seas of the new world, in order to push back the limits of man's knowledge. The greater number of eager and excited listeners who crowded the rude theatres from floor to roof had shared the adventurous exploits of the age and felt the keenest interest in life and vivid action. So the drama of the day became the mirror in which all these active forces were reflected.

But, besides the Americas, there was another new world which men were most anxious to explore in that age of awakened inquiry, that is, the world of human nature, heretofore left so little questioned and understood. All the traits and impulses of that nature, good and bad, its high hopes and aspirations, its fears and sorrows, its bigness and its littleness,—there was need of a map to point them all out. Into that unknown sea sailed the intrepid mariner, Shakespeare, and he charted it in his mighty dramas as none other has ever done, the great Columbus of the newly discovered world of man's heart and mind and spirit.

For twenty years he worked actively in London, twenty long years, but at last a great wave of home-yearning called him back forever to the primrose lanes of Stratford. He had already bought a fine house there for his family, and here he settled down, to spend his remaining years in peace and quiet, honored and loved by all. No other man ever knew the hearts of men and women as Shakespeare did. He still remains the greatest dramatist of all ages and all races, who wrote "not for an age but for all time."

Read TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE *by Charles and Mary Lamb.*



Adventures in Old Paris

JACQUES-ANATOLE THIBAULT (*Anatole France*) 1844-1924

IT was in a house on a sleepy old quay near the river Seine that little Anatole lived. From his casement window he could look out on the great gray palace of the Louvre, the tall towers of Notre Dame and all the beauty of old Paris with its jewels of carven stone. Below him flowed the river, spanned by nobly arching bridges. By day it mirrored the sky and bore boats on its bosom; by night it decked itself with jewels and sparkling flowers of light.

Now that was what lay outside Anatole's windows, but inside the house it was a different world altogether. Little Anatole slept on a cot in a big room with green-sprigged wall-paper. By day the cot stood in a corner, but at night his mother used to move it into the middle of the room, in order that it might be nearer her own great bed.

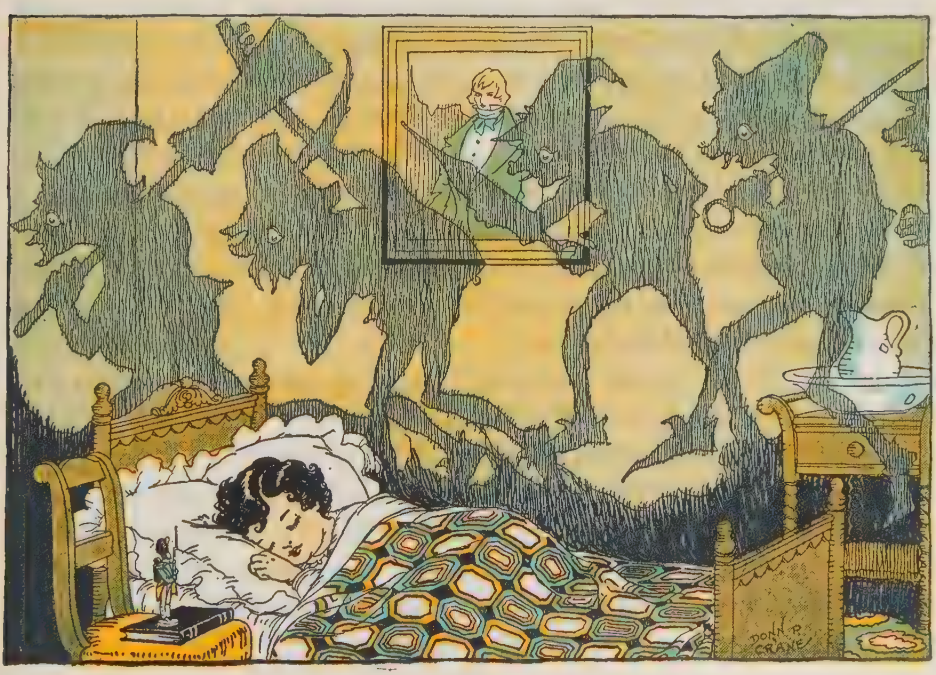
Putting Anatole to bed was quite a performance. Entreaties, tears and kisses all had to be gone through. Nor was this the whole of the matter. When he had everything off but his shirt, he would dart away like a young rabbit, till at length his mother

Told from the autobiographical material in MY FRIEND'S BOOK, LITTLE PIERRE, PIERRE NOZIERE *and* THE BLOOM OF LIFE.

would catch hold of him beneath a piece of furniture and lay him in his cot. It was fine fun.

But no sooner had he lain down than the most extraordinary adventures befell him. The strangest individuals, people whom his family knew nothing about, began to move in procession all about him. They were misshapen, hump-backed, crooked little personages, clad in very antique fashion. They had bandy legs, fat little bellies, bristling moustaches, and huge noses all blossoming with warts. One after another they came into the room, showing themselves in profile against the wall, each with one goggle eye in the middle of his cheek, and they were armed with brooms, skewers, guitars, squirts, and other remarkable household instruments.

Such ugly little monsters had no business to show themselves, but, at least, they swept noiselessly along the wall, and not one



of them, not even the littlest and the last, who had a pair of bellows sticking out behind him, ever so much as took a step towards Anatole's bed. It was clear that some power held them to the walls across which they glided. This reassured Anatole a little, but he never went to sleep. You can imagine one would not care to close one's eyes in such company as that, and so, of course, Anatole kept his wide open the whole night through. And yet here is another marvel. He would suddenly find the room flooded with sunlight, and no one in it but his mother in her pink dressing-gown, and he could not for the life of him imagine how the night and the weird folk had vanished.

"What a boy you are to sleep!" his mother would say with a laugh.

One evening while the lamp was still burning, Anatole's father came and stood by his bed, smiling at him, taking hold of his hand, and humming a little nursery rhyme—"I've got a cow to sell." Anatole was already half asleep but he did not see any cow, so he inquired like a sensible little boy, "Papa, where is the cow you've got to sell?" The next moment, however, he saw the cow. It was a tiny creature all red and white and it stood in the hollow of his father's hand. It was lively and spirited, too, frisking and skipping about and so much alive that its breath was warm and it smelt of the cow-shed.

But perhaps, after all, Anatole was dreaming when he saw the cow in his father's hand.

So long as he could not read, newspapers had a mysterious attraction for Anatole. He would watch his father spread out those big sheets covered all over with mysterious little black signs, and then read from those signs, tidings of crimes, disasters, adventures, of Napoleon Bonaparte escaping from the fort of Ham, of Tom Thumb dressed up like a general. And it seemed to him like magic. Moreover, Anatole's nurse, who invented all sorts of secret devices to make a better boy of him, used to pretend that she had discovered in the newspaper under "Paris Day by Day" an account of Anatole's own conduct on the day before.

"Yesterday," she would read, "little Anatole Thibault was naughty and would not do as he was told in the Jardin des Tuileries; but he has promised not to behave badly any more."

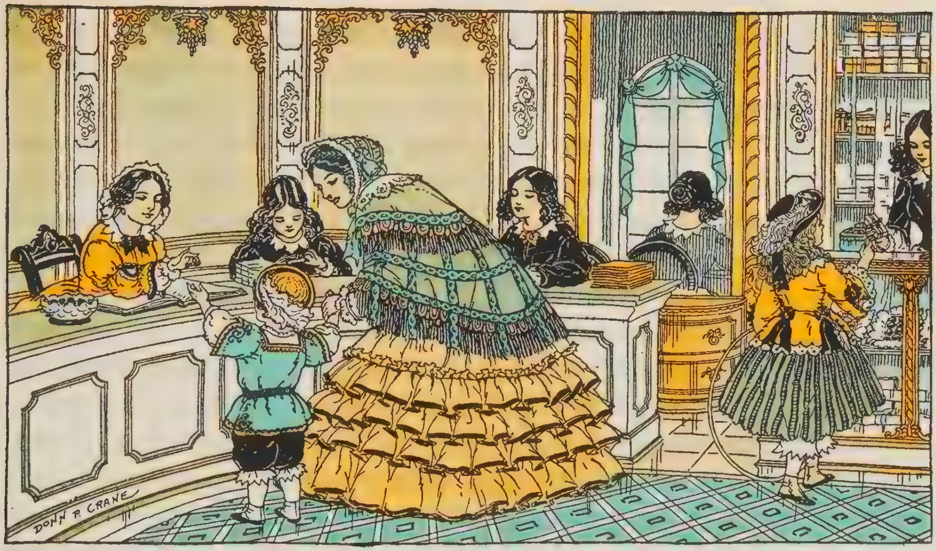
Now Anatole was wide enough awake when he was two years old, to feel a certain difficulty in believing that he was really mentioned in the newspapers like the Mister Duchesne who fell off a roof, or the Mister So-and-So, who picked up a purse and took it to the police. He noticed that his nurse who could read the news of the day quite readily, used to stammer in the most singular manner when she came to the items which had to do with himself. He was, therefore, obliged to suspect that they were not printed in the paper at all, but that she used to make them up as she went along without being quite equal to the task. Nevertheless, it was not without a pang that he gave up the glory of having his name in print. He preferred rather to believe that perhaps, after all, it was really there in the little black signs on the paper.

In those days, Anatole held that the Quai Malaquais on which his room looked out, was the centre of the world. According to his theory, the earth lay spread out in a wide circle round about his own home. Day by day, he used to see people passing to and fro in the streets. There seemed to be a great number of them—more than a hundred, perhaps. And they seemed to be going about down there as part and parcel of some great spectacular show. Truth to tell, he did not look on them as being quite so real as himself. He was not thoroughly convinced that they had any flesh and blood existence at all, and when he gazed down on them from his window and saw what tiny little things they looked as they made their way across the bridge, he thought them more like toys than men and women. Thus he was nearly as happy as the baby giant in the story who sits on a mountain and plays with the pine trees and the chalets, the cows and the sheep, the shepherds and shepherdesses. In brief, he held the world to be a big box of toys, the sort of thing they make at Nuremberg, the lid of which is shut down every night when all the nice little men and all the nice little women have been carefully packed up within.

In the third year of his age, and in the eighteenth and last of the reign of Louis Philippe, King of France, Anatole's greatest pleasure in life was going for walks. His mother, taking his hand in hers, would lead him along the streets of the city with their countless sounds and throngs of passers, and when she had any purchases to make, she would take him with her into the shops.

These shops seemed to him to be unsurpassable in extent and splendor. They seemed immense and full of treasures. It was there, perhaps, that he acquired that love for sumptuous things which never left him. The sight of the stuffs, the carpets, the embroideries, the feathers, the flowers threw him into a kind of ecstasy, and with his whole soul he used to admire those affable gentlemen and gracious young ladies who smilingly offered these marvels to hesitating customers. When an assistant who was serving his mother, measured out some cloth by means of a yard stick fixed horizontally to a copper rod hanging from the ceiling, it seemed to Anatole that his calling was splendid and his destiny glorious.

Then there were the tailor shop and the grocer shop, and, best of all, the house of Debeauve and Gallais, chocolate-makers to the Kings of France. Whenever Anatole went into that shop, he felt as though he were entering a fairy palace. The windows were high and arched; there were glass cabinets and long mirrors about, and the far end of the room was rounded like a little temple, with the semi-circular counter following the curve of the room. There sat certain young ladies in black gowns, while in their midst a lady of riper years made entries in registers and



handled pieces of money. On either side of her, other young ladies were busily engaged, some in covering the cakes of chocolate with a thin metal leaf of silvery brightness, others in enveloping these same cakes, two at a time, in white paper wrappers with pictures on them and then sealing these wrappers with wax which they heated in the flames of a little tin lamp.

When Anatole's mother had completed her purchases, the matron who presided over this assembly of wise virgins extracted from a crystal bowl that stood beside her, a chocolate drop which she offered him with a watery smile. And this solemn gift, more than anything else, made him love and admire the establishment of Messrs. Debeauve and Gallais, chocolate-makers to the Kings of France.

Being fond of all that had to do with shops, it was quite natural that when he got home, Anatole should try to imitate in his games the scenes he had seen. Thus he became, all to himself, in turns a tailor, a grocer, a fancy-goods man and, no less readily, a dressmaker and a chocolate salesman.

Now it befell one evening in the little drawing-room with the rosebud wall-paper, where his mother was sitting with her needlework in her hand, that he was applying himself with more assiduity than usual to the task of imitating the fair ladies of Messrs. Debeauve and Gallais' establishment. Having collected as many pieces of chocolate as he could lay hands on, together with some bits of paper and even some fragments of silver paper, considerably the worse for wear, he seated himself in his little chair.

All of this paraphernalia represented in his eyes the elegant semi-circle of the chocolate shop. Being an only child, accustomed to amuse himself, and always deep in some day dream, it was easy enough for him to summon up to his imagination the absent shop with its panelling, its glass cabinets, its mirrors and even the purchasers flocking thither in crowds,—women, children and old men,—so great was his power to evoke at will both scenes and actors. He had no difficulty in enacting all in his own small person, the young lady customers, the young demoiselles of the counter and the highly respectable dame who kept the books and looked after the cash. He could change his nature at will. But then, he had long been capable of assuming the strangest and most extraordinary shapes whenever he chose. He could become by magic a King, a dragon, a demon, a fairy, nay, he could even change himself into an army or a river, a forest or a mountain. What he was attempting that evening was therefore a mere trifle and offered no difficulty whatever. And so he wrapped up and he sealed and he served customers without number—women, children and old men. Filled with the idea of his own importance, he spoke very curtly to his imaginary companions, chiding their slowness, and taking them unmercifully to task for their mistakes. But when it came to playing the part of the aged and respectable dame who had charge of the cash, he became suddenly embarrassed. He had seen the old dame open her drawers and stir the money about but he had not the smallest idea what she really was doing with it. In this crisis, he left the shop and went to ask his dear mamma to clear up the point.

Kneeling down at his mother's feet,—she was embroidering a handkerchief in her deep easy chair—he asked:

"Mamma, in the shops, is it the people who sell or the people who buy that pay the money?"

His mother looked at him in wide-eyed surprise, raised her eyebrows and smiled at him without replying. Then she grew thoughtful. At that moment his father came into the room.

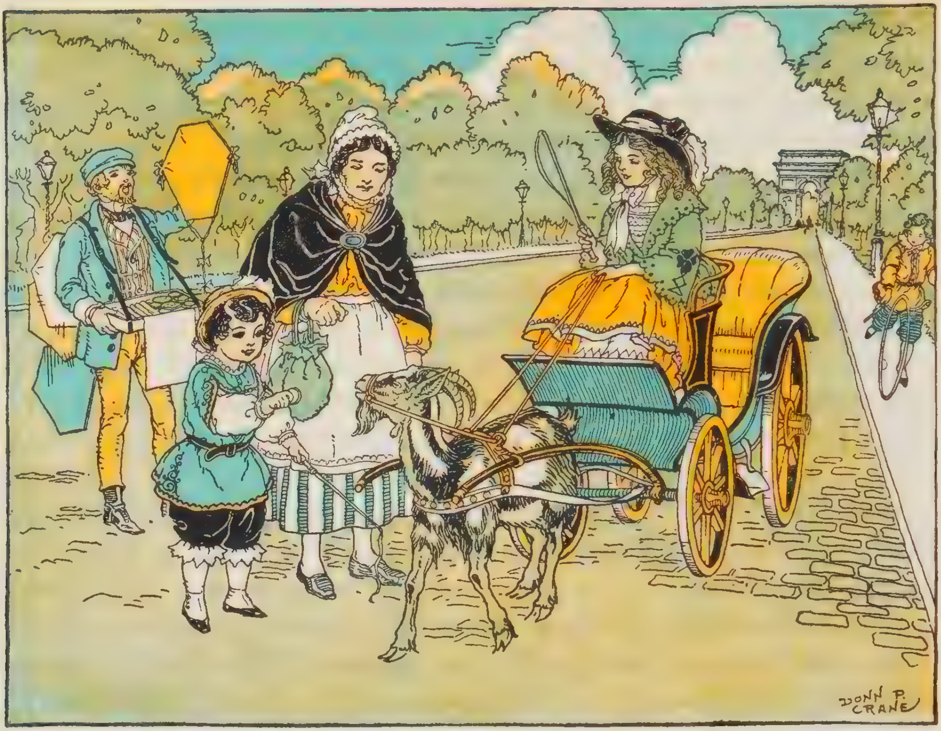
"What do you think Anatole has just asked me?" she said. "You will never guess. He wants to know whether it is the people who buy or the people who sell that pay the money!"

"Oh, the little duffer!" said his father.

"It's not just ordinary childish ignorance, that," said his mother. "It's a sign of character. Anatole will never learn the value of money."

His dear mother in those words had read his character aright. It was never given to Anatole to understand the world's valuation of money.

Every day when lunch was over, little Anatole's nurse went up to her attic, tied the strings of her white lace bonnet before her glass, wrapped her little black shawl across her chest and fastened it with a pin. Then she took him out for a walk. Sometimes they went to the Tuileries, sometimes to the Luxemburg. When the weather was mild and fine they went as far as the Zoological Gardens. Often, too, they walked down the Champs-Elysées, that long avenue bravely bordered by shops, where men sold gingerbread, sticks of barley sugar, penny whistles and paper kites. There were goat carriages, too, and merry-go-rounds with wooden horses revolving to the sound of the steam organ, and Guignol, in his theatre, doing battle with the Devil. The Arch of Triumph seemed to little Anatole the end of the known world. He was quite certain in his own mind that China



lay just beyond it, but he could never get his nurse to take him so far.

Sometimes as they walked they would find themselves on dirty wharves with cranes busily unloading cargoes of stone, while on the towing path horses tugged away at heavy barges. Scene followed scene, landscape succeeded landscape.

Now little Anatole had not yet learned to read. He was still going about in baby knickerbockers, and he cried when his nurse wiped his nose. Nevertheless, he was consumed with a thirst for glory. Yes, at the very tenderest age he was possessed by a longing to win immediate renown and to live on eternally in the memory of mankind. His mind was exercised as to the best means to accomplish this end, even as he played with his soldiers on the dining room table. Had he been able he would have gone forth to win undying glory on the battlefield. But it was not given him to possess a horse, a uniform, a regiment and enemies, and all these things are needful to military glory. It therefore occurred to him that he would become a saint. His mother was a devout woman, and her piety—gentle and grave like herself, deeply impressed him. She often read him passages from the Lives of the Saints. He listened with delight and his heart was filled with awe and admiration. Accordingly, remembering the example of St. Simeon Stylites, who spent his life on a pillar, he climbed up on top of the kitchen cistern intending to live there.

But alack, the cook promptly pulled him down!

Though he had been thus ousted from his cistern, he pursued with undiminished ardor the way of perfection, and next decided to imitate St. Nicholas of Patras who gave all his riches to the poor. His father's study window looked out on the quay, and from it he proceeded to fling down a dozen coppers or so which had been presented to him because they were new and bright. These he followed up with marbles, humming tops, whip-top and eel-skin whip.

"The child is crazy!" exclaimed his father as he shut the window.

Anatole felt angry and mortified at hearing this judgment passed upon himself. But he remembered that his father was not, like himself, a saint.

Nothing daunted, he next determined to afflict himself like the brothers of St. Francis by wearing a hair shirt next his skin. To accomplish this he pulled the hair padding out of an old arm chair and stuffed it down his back. But here fresh trouble awaited him, for the cook came in and caught him in the act, and seeing merely that he had damaged an arm-chair without seeking the hidden motive, she whipped him in sheer ignorance.

Looking back over these painful incidents Anatole at length came to the conclusion that it was very difficult to be a saint with one's people about one. He understood how it was that St. Anthony and St. Jerome had gone forth into the desert among the lions and the Satyrs, and he resolved to withdraw the very next day into a hermitage. He selected as his place of retirement the maze in the Zoological Gardens. There it was that he made up his mind to live a life of contemplation, attired after the manner of St. Paul the Hermit, in a mantle of palm-leaves.

"In this garden," thought he, "there will be roots which will serve me for food. There, too, a hut is to be found on a summit of a mountain. In this spot I shall live amid all the beasts of creation."

Anatole's resolve will seem less strange when it is explained that for a long time past, the Zoological Gardens had been a place hallowed in his eyes as the earthly paradise, pictures of which he used to look at in his old illustrated Bible.

"The Garden of Eden," his mother had told him, "was a very pleasant place with beautiful trees and all the animals of creation in it." Now the Zoological Gardens tallied exactly with the Garden of Eden as depicted in his Bible, and as his mother had described it to him, save that the animals had been confined behind iron bars as the result of the progress of civilization and the loss of innocence. And the Angel who guarded the entrance with flaming sword had given place to a soldier in red breeches. It did not even shock Anatole to behold nursemaids in his Paradise and soldiers and cocoa-nut sellers. On the contrary, he felt happy at being near these lowly folk.

So Anatole fell asleep fully resolved to go and dwell in this garden, in order that he might become meritorious and achieve equality with the saints. Next morning his resolution was firm as ever and he disclosed the matter to his mother. She began to laugh.

"Whatever put it into your head to become a hermit and dwell in the Jardin des Plantes?" she asked, combing his hair and laughing all the while.

"I want to be famous," said Anatole, "to be able to put on my visiting cards 'Jacques-Anatole Thibault, Hermit and Saint of the Calendar,' just as father has on his, 'Noel Thibault, Secretary of the Anthropological Society.' "

At this his mother dropped the comb with which she was combing his hair and cried: "Anatole! Anatole! how foolish and how wicked!"

Then, turning to his father, she said:

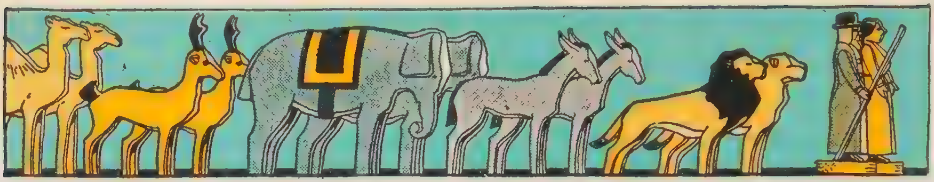
"You heard that? He is seven and he wants to be a celebrity."

"My dear," replied his father, "mark my words, when he is twenty, he will have grown sick of fame."

And his father was right. When little Anatole grew up he cared no more about glory than that merry old King of Yvetot who had himself crowned with a night cap.

One day, a bright shiny day when the sparrows were twittering on the housetops, Anatole was suddenly seized with an irresistible desire to do something out of the ordinary, something that should, if possible, partake of the nature of the miraculous. The means at his disposal for the carrying out of such an enterprise, were very limited. Having an idea that he might discover something to the purpose in the kitchen, he went there and found the room glowing, fragrant and empty. Just as she was going to dish up lunch, Mélanie the old cook, had gone off in her usual fashion to the grocer's or the fruiterer's for some herb or grain she had forgotten.

On the stove stood a sizzling casserole of jugged hare. At the sight of it, Anatole was seized with a sudden inspiration. He took the jugged hare off the fire and went and hid it in the cupboard where the brooms were kept. This move was successfully carried out save that four fingers of his right hand and both



his knees were burnt, his face was scorched, his pinafore, stockings and shoes were entirely spoilt, and three-fourths of the sauce with some pieces of bacon and a lot of little onions were upset all over the floor.

Having accomplished this much, little Anatole rushed away to fetch the Noah's Ark his aunt had given him for Christmas, and poured all the animals it contained into a magnificent copper saucepan which he put on the stove in place of the hare.

This fricassee very pleasantly recalled to his mind what he had learned from picture books of the giant Gargantua. For if the giant spitted a whole ox at one time on his fork, here was little Anatole, greater still, compounding a dish of all the animals in creation from the elephant and the giraffe down to the butterfly and the grasshopper. He reveled in anticipation over the amazement that would be Mélanie's when she, good, simple soul, thinking to find the hare which she had prepared, discovered in its stead, the lion and the lioness, the he-ass and the she-ass, the elephant and his lady—in a word all the animals that had been saved from the flood, not omitting Noah and his family whom he stewed up with the rest. But the thing did not turn out as he had hoped.

Soon a most intolerable smell proceeded from the kitchen, a smell wholly unexpected by little Anatole. His mother, coughing and choking, went running to the kitchen to find out what had happened and there discovered poor old Mélanie, gasping for breath, with her basket still on her arm, just taking hold of the saucepan in which the charred remains of the occupants of the Ark were smouldering hideously.

"My 'castrole,' my lovely 'castrole'!" cried Mélanie, in accents of despair.

Anatole had come to triumph over the success of his plot; he remained to feel the crushing weight of shame and remorse. And it was in quavering tones, that, at Mélanie's summons, he revealed that the jugged hare was to be found in the broom cupboard.

He was not scolded. His father, paler than usual, pretended not to see him. His mother's cheeks were very flushed and she looked at him askance. But the most deplorable spectacle of all was presented by his godfather who chanced to be present at the meal. The corners of his mouth, usually framed so jovially within a pair of round cheeks and a fat chin, drooped most ruefully. Behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, his eyes, so lately beaming, had ceased to twinkle.

When Mélanie brought in the hare, her eyes were red and tears were streaming down her cheeks. Anatole could bear it no longer, and, getting up from the table, he rushed to his poor old friend, hugged her with all his might and burst into a flood of tears.

From the pocket of her apron she drew her chequered handkerchief, gently wiped his eyes with her knotted hand all smelling of parsley, and said in a voice broken with sobs:

"Don't cry, Master Anatole, don't cry!"

Turning to his mother, his godfather said:

"Anatole is not really a bad boy at heart; but he's an only child. He is lonely and doesn't know what to do with himself. Put him to boarding school. He will be under a healthy discipline and will have little friends to play with."

Hearing these words, Anatole wished with great longing for a little brother, in order that he might be a better boy. And one day not long after, when he saw a little chimney-sweep as black as an imp come stepping out of the chimney in the drawing room, he decided to adopt him. So he went up to him with an affectionate gesture and said: "Will you be my brother?"

The little chimney-sweep rolled a pair of wondering eyes within his soot-blackened face, grinned from ear to ear and nodded his head in assent.

Thereupon, in a frenzy of affection, Anatole ran to the kitchen and brought him back a cheese, which the little fellow began to gobble down with such alacrity that he never stopped for breath.

At this point Anatole's mother came on the scene.

"Mamma," said Anatole, "this is my brother. I have adopted him."

"That is very nice," said his mother, smiling. "But he will choke himself. Give him something to drink."

And Anatole's mother was very kind to Anatole's new brother until the little sweep had to return to his own home in the mountains of Savoy, and Anatole found himself an only child once again.

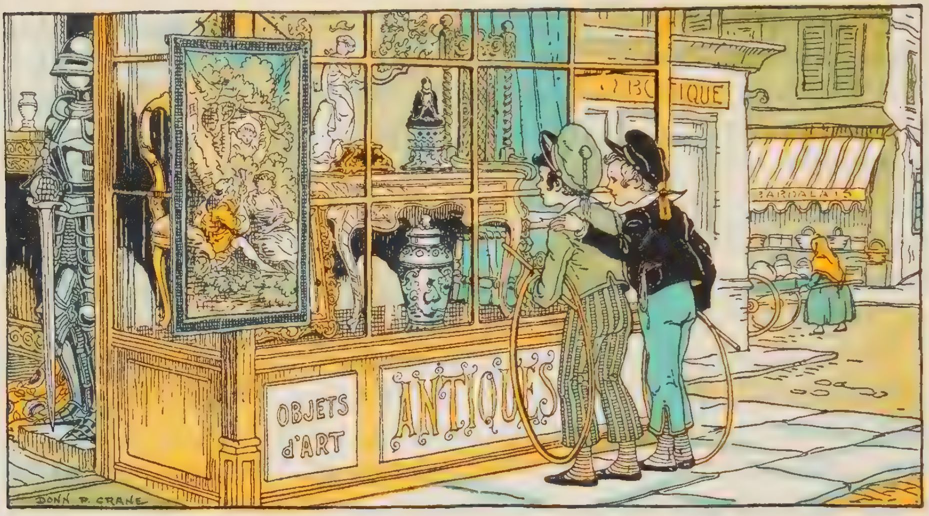
Then Anatole was sent for the first time to school. There he beheld a room full of mischief-loving youngsters, all laughing and making grimaces. This room was presided over by an absent-minded spinster with pallid side-curls hung down each side of her face like willow boughs drooping mournfully over the edge of a stream. If the truth must be told, Anatole learned nothing in that school except how to raise silk-worms in his desk. This remarkable accomplishment was taught him by a little boy named Fontanet who became his bosom friend. Fontanet and Anatole were withdrawn from the establishment at the same time and sent to a real school, the College Stanislas in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs.

And now Anatole was no more a child but a little boy, and he learned many things. Every year in October he started off through the Luxemburg Gardens on his way to school, his heart the least bit heavy because the holidays were over. A vague hint of sadness made the gardens lovelier than ever, for it was the time when the leaves fall one by one upon the white shoulders of the statues. But the little fellow trotted along with his hands in his pockets and his satchel slung over his shoulder, hopping about merry as a sparrow. He was thoughtless, very thoughtless, but his heart was gentle; his ideas were expanding with that sweetness and strength which freedom bestows, and hatred had no place in his thoughts. If he was eager and curious to know the ins and outs of things, it was that he might love them the better.

Every day he saw the streets. He saw the milk-women, the water-carriers, and coalmen on their morning rounds. He peeped into the grocers' shops where boxes of candied fruits long continued to excite his admiration. He saw the butchers' and wine-merchants' shops, he saw a regiment of soldiers pass down the street with its band playing, and through all these sights there was implanted in him a love of manual toil and of those who practice it. He felt the law of labor to be a divine law, and that everyone must perform his appointed task in this world of ours.

Indeed, he owed to those morning and evening walks to and from school an affectionate curiosity regarding shop-people and their trades which he retained all his life long. It must be confessed, however, that he liked some better than others. The stationers who exhibited illustrated story books in their windows were his earliest favorites, and times without number did he stand, flattening his nose against their windows, reading these pictured legends through from beginning to end.

In those days the shops of the booksellers, antiquaries and printsellers were full to overflowing of the fairest forms of art and the most curious relics of the past, in quaint and elegant confusion. There were old furniture, old prints, old books and old pictures. There were carved credence tables, china jugs, enamels, colored pottery, figured stuffs, tapestry and books hand illumined in beautiful colors.



Whenever they had a holiday, Anatole and Fontanet used to go and play in the Tuileries Gardens, together making their way along the learned Quai Voltaire. And as they went with hoops in their hands and balls in their jacket pockets, they used to look in the shops just as the old gentlemen did, and form their own ideas concerning all those strange things that had come down from the Past, the dim, mysterious Past.

They were deeply interested, too, in the armorer's shop. One day they saw the armorer, surrounded by lances, targets, breastplates, and bucklers, and wearing his green baize apron, get up and go off limping to the other end of his shop to fetch an antique sword, which he proceeded to fix in an iron vise on his bench in order to clean the blade and repair the hilt. And then they knew that they were witnessing a noble sight. They remained speechless with admiration, their faces glued to the window.

The recollection of what they had seen greatly elated them that evening and countless energetic plans began to take shape in their minds.

"Suppose," said Fontanet, "suppose we get some of that silver paper they wrap up chocolates with, and make some armor like that which Petit-Prêtre has in his shop."

It was a fine idea, but they were not so successful in carrying it out as they had hoped. Anatole made a helmet, but Fontanet took it for a wizard's cap. And so Anatole said, "Let's start a museum." The idea was excellent, but at the moment they had nothing to put in the museum save half a dozen marbles and a dozen tops or so.

It was at this point that Fontanet came out with yet a third plan.

"Let's compose a history of France," he exclaimed, "with all the details in fifty volumes."

This proposal fairly enchanted Anatole. He clapped his hands and shouted for joy. They arranged to begin the following morning.

"All the details!" said Fontanet once more, "we must put in all the details."

That was precisely Anatole's idea of the thing, they would have all the details. It was a sublime idea, writing a History of France in fifty volumes, with all the details.

Well, they began their history. For some reason or other it proved to be absolutely necessary to their plan that they should begin with King Teutobochus. Their very first chapter brought them face to face with this King Teutobochus who was thirty feet tall,—a fact anyone could demonstrate by measuring his bones, which had been accidentally unearthed. Fancy having to face a giant like that and furnish him with a history at the very outset of their labors. The encounter was terrible. Even Fontanet was staggered. Though they racked their brains and taxed all their ingenuity, they could not provide old Teutobochus with a story suitable to his bulk.

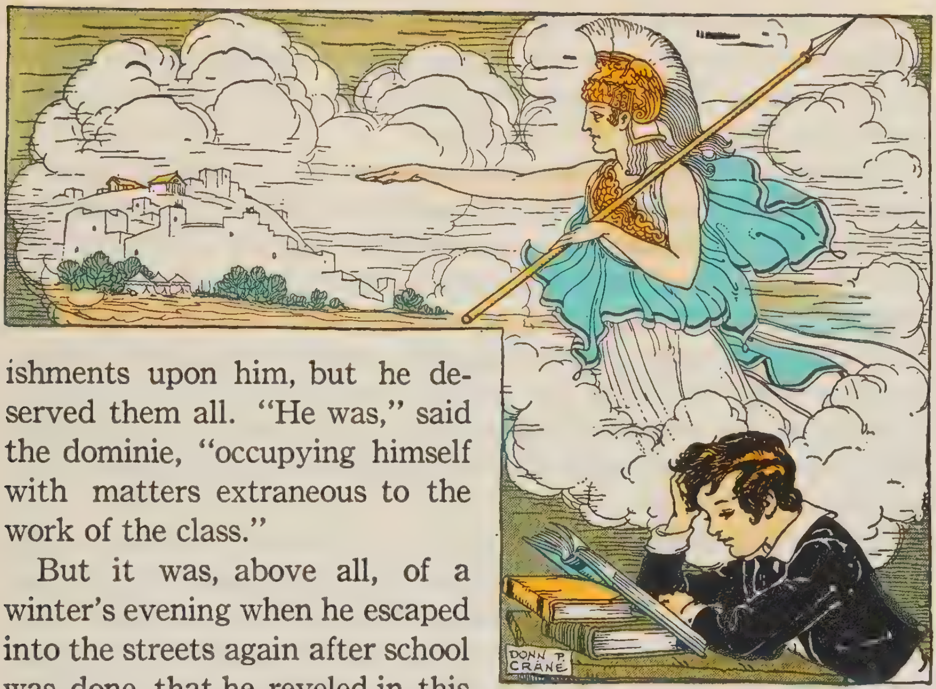
"We shall have to skip old Teutobochus," said Fontanet.

But Anatole did not dare to skip so important a gentleman. The History of France in fifty volumes stopped short at Teutobochus.

The School of the Streets taught Anatole much, but the home school was more profitable still. The family table, with its fair white cloth, its clear sparkling decanters, the tranquil faces of father and mother, the easy natural talk,—from all these things Anatole learned to love and understand the lowly and hallowed elements of human life. And then there was his father's bookshop, where he loved to linger and listen to the talk of men who knew books, queer characters, many of them, but book-lovers all.

Little fellow though he was, winding his way to school across the Luxemburg Gardens as merry as a young sparrow, he was still by no means indifferent to grace and elegance and the beauty of classic culture. He strove but little for glory and his name was rarely blazoned on the prize-lists, but when his old dominie used to read from the Latin of Livy, "The remnants of the Roman Army made their way to Canusium under cover of the night," he forgot everything else in the world and saw only a silent host passing by in the bare, moonlit country, along a road fringed with tombs, their ashen faces smeared with blood and dust, their helmets dented, their breast-plates battered and tarnished, their swords shattered at the hilt. And this ghostlike procession, as it melted slowly into the night, was so grave, so mournful and so majestic that his heart leapt within him for grief and admiration.

After that he studied the tragic poets,—Sophocles, Euripides. They opened the gates of an enchanted world to him,—a world of heroes and heroines. To them he owed the noblest dreams that ever visited a school-boy. As he sat at his ink-stained desk, his head buried in the dictionary, forms of Godlike beauty passed before his vision. He beheld arms of gleaming ivory falling upon snowy tunics; he heard voices sweeter than the sweetest melody moaning most musically. This brought down dire pun-



ishments upon him, but he deserved them all. "He was," said the dominie, "occupying himself with matters extraneous to the work of the class."

But it was, above all, of a winter's evening when he escaped into the streets again after school was done, that he reveled in this visionary glow, these soundless harmonies. He halted beneath lamp-posts; he stayed his steps by flaring shop-windows to con a line or two, and then recited them in an undertone as he pursued his way. The streets,—the narrow streets of the faubourg,—on which the shadows of the evening were beginning to fall, would then be filled with the bustle of a busy winter's eve. Often enough he collided with a pastry cook's boy with his hamper on his head, dreaming his dreams, as Anatole was dreaming his, or else he would suddenly feel on his cheek the hot breath of some unlucky horse tugging at his load.

Nor did reality mar the beauty of his dreams, because he loved those dear old streets of his, whose every stone had seen him growing into manhood. One evening he read some lines of the *Antigone*, by the lantern of a vendor of baked chestnuts, and years later, after a quarter of a century, he could never think of those lines without seeing the man of Auvergne blowing into a paper bag, or feeling his side grow warm with the heat of the stove, where his chestnuts were a-roasting.

This was how he learned a deal of poetry; this was how he made many a useful and valuable acquaintance. Slowly Anatole developed. He graduated from college, he taught a little, he did some work in journalism, but always he had plenty of time to read, to dream, to think and to scribble his thoughts in verse.

And now Anatole, instead of calling himself Anatole Thibault, took the name his father had used in putting forth lists of books. This name was none other than that of his country, and henceforth Anatole signed his writings, not Anatole Thibault, but Anatole France.

"Everything must be true to fact! This is a scientific age. Give us only the real!" was the cry of that generation. And so Anatole, when he began to write stories of Paris, wrote real stories, sometimes kindly, sometimes hard, now with a genial old scholar for a hero, now with some half-savage mulatto, drifting through all the gutters of the art-student's Bohemia.

But, as the years passed, he began to revolt against all this cry of "Give us only the real!" He was married now and had children of his own whom he dearly loved. All the poetry of a child's thought fired his fancy. He was sick of realism.

"It is not science, it is poetry which charms and consoles," he cried. "That is why poetry is more necessary than science." And he turned his back on realistic stories and took to writing fairy tales and romances and, best of all, the charming memories of his own childhood days in Paris.

"To know is nothing, to imagine is everything," he said. "It is imagination which sows all beauty, all virtue in the world. Only through it are we great." And in those days which were golden days, the romance of the past charmed him likewise.

All the visions conjured up in his boyhood by Livy and Homer, Sophocles and Euripides led him back to classic antiquity, and many a tale of ancient Greece or Rome appeared under the name of Anatole France.

But ah, there were other memories of his boyhood that moved him likewise in his later days. There was the love of his fellowmen born in his heart when he roved the streets of Paris. For them he must seek education, enlightenment, and justice. Everywhere he felt the need for reform crying out; and so he left the world of fairy-tale and romance and took to writing in serious vein, stories of real life once again.

When he was an old man Anatole France was so truly recognized as one of the world's greatest writers that he received the Nobel Prize for literature. Yet even then, though his beard was long and white, Anatole was only the grown-up boy who loved to flatten his nose against the windows of curio shops or trot along after his mother to the fancy-goods stores, for with the $50,000 of the Nobel Prize he bought tapestries, handsome old tapestries, to adorn his home in Paris.

In the beautiful little Villa Saïd with stained glass windows opening toward the cool green vistas of the Bois de Boulogne, Anatole lived as an old man, the quiet of his retreat broken only by the terrible years of the World War, when despite the fact that he had always loved peace and preached peace, he gave the best service of his pen to his country and countrymen. There in the Villa Saïd he lived amid books and works of art, a calm, serene old scholar.

The most French of Frenchmen was Anatole, the most Parisian of Parisians, and fit it is, indeed, that down through history, he should bear as his own the name of his country, France.

HONEY BEE (*a fairy tale*)   BOYS AND GIRLS   OUR CHILDREN   MY FRIEND'S BOOK   LITTLE PIERRE

Discoveries in Fairyland

*JEAN HENRI FABRE (*French*, 1823-1915)

THERE goes little Henri, barefooted, bareheaded, his soiled frieze smock flapping against his heels. He is coming home from the tiny hamlet of Malaval where he has been living with his grandam and his grandad, horny-handed folk who till the soil. A solitary place it is, the cottage of Malaval, standing lone amidst the broom and heather, with no neighbor for miles around. Sometimes thieving wolves come sneaking by, and the country round about is a wild solitude, mossy fens and quagmires oozing with iridescent pools. But the house itself is a cozy place, its barnyard swarming with lambs and geese and pigs, its big room glowing with lurid light from the fire, which brings into bright relief the eager faces of children, crowding around the table. Each child has a spoon and a wooden bowl before him, and there at one end of the table, his unclipped hair like a shaggy mane, sits Grandad, cutting with vigorous stroke an enormous rye loaf the size of a cart-wheel. Armed with a long metal ladle, Grandam is dipping the supper from a capacious pot that bubbles lustily over the flames. Um! how good it smells, the savor of bacon and turnips! After supper, Grandam takes up her distaff and spindle in the corner by the hearth and tells the children stories as they squat in the firelight before her, stories of dragons and serpents and wolves.

Little Henri loves those stories, but he loves something else better still, for which the others laugh at him. He finds a whole fairy world for himself by watching the queer insects that abound in that countryside. Little six-year-old monkey! He will stand

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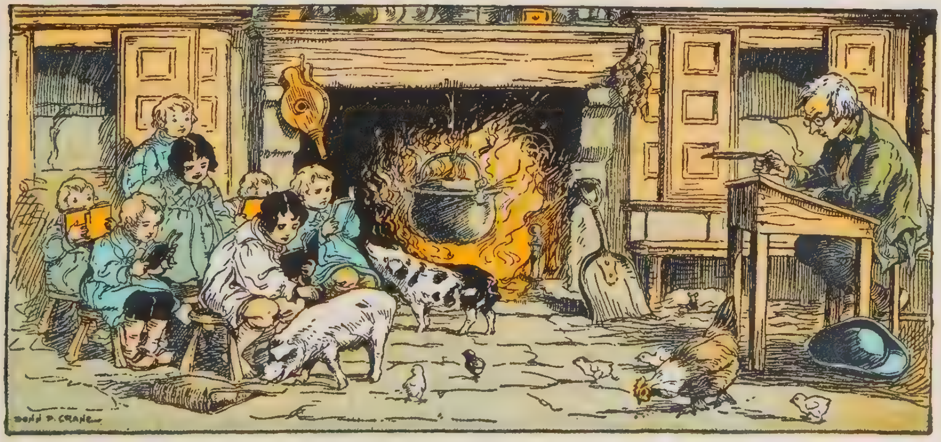
**Told chiefly from the autobiographical material in* THE LIFE OF THE FLY.

in ecstasy before the splendor of the gardener beetle's wing-cases, or the wings of a butterfly. All the dazzling beauty of their shimmering color is as magic unto him.

Once he heard a little singing, faint and soft among the bushes, at nightfall. What was it? A little bird? He must discover. True, he dares not venture too far away. There are wolves about, you know. Just there it is, the sound, behind that clump of broom. The boy puts out his hand. In vain! At the faintest little noise the brushwood jingle ceases. At last! Whoosh! A grab of the hand and he holds the singer fast. It is not a bird; it is a kind of grasshopper, and the boy knows now from his own observation that the grasshopper sings.

Ah, well-a-day! Now he is going back to the town of St. Léons in southern France where he was born. His father has sent for him to go to school. The schoolmaster of St. Léons is Henri's godfather, and what a man he is! He is not only schoolmaster; he is village barber as well and shaves all the notables, the mayor and parish priest. He is the bell-ringer who must interrupt his lessons to ring a merry peal for a wedding or a christening. He is choir-master and fills the church with his mighty voice at vespers. He is care-taker of the village clock and climbs every

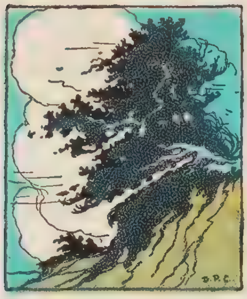


day to the top of the steeple, where he opens a huge cage of rafters and performs some miraculous windings amidst a maze of wheels and springs. He is manager of the property of an absentee landlord, directs the getting in of the hay, the walnuts, the apples and oats; he takes care of an old vacant castle with four great towers which are now but so many houses for pigeons. Such time as he has left from these duties he gives to his teaching! And the room where little Henri goes to school! It is at once a school, a kitchen, a bedroom, a dining room, a chicken house and a piggery! There is a ladder leading up out of it to the loft above, whence the schoolmaster sometimes brings down hay for his ass, or a basket of potatoes for the housewife. That loft is the only other room in the house. The school room has a monumental fireplace, adorned with enormous bellows and a shovel so huge that it takes two hands to lift it. On either side of the hearth are recesses in the wall. These recesses are beds, and each has two sliding planks that serve as doors and shut in the sleeper at night, so he may lie cozy and snug while the North-wind howls without. Over in the sunny nook by the window stands the master's desk, and opposite, in a wall-niche, gleam a copper water-pail and rows of shining pewter dishes. Well nigh every spot on the wall that is touched by the light is adorned with a gay-colored half-penny picture. There is the lovely Genevieve of Brabant with her roe, and the fierce villain, Golo, hiding, sword in hand, darkly in the bushes. There is the Wandering Jew with hobnailed boots and a stout stick, his long, white beard falling, like an avalanche of snow, over his apron to his knees. What a source of constant delight to Henri are these pictures! How they hold his eye with their color—great patches of red, blue and green!

On three-legged stools before the hearth sit the little scholars, and there before them, in an enormous cauldron over the flames, hangs the pigs' food, simmering and giving off jets of steam with a puff-puff-puffing sound. Sometimes the boys take care to leave the school room door open. Then the little porkers, attracted by the smell of the food, come running in. They go trotting up to Henri, grunting and curling their little tails, questioning with their sharp little eyes, and poking their cold, pink snouts into his hand in search of a chestnut or scrap of bread. The master flicks his handkerchief—snick! Off go the little pigs! All to no use! A moment later, behold, in the doorway, old Madame Hen with her velvet-coated brood! The boys crumble pieces of bread and vie with each other to call the little chicks to them. Ah! their backs are so downy and soft to tickle with your fingers!

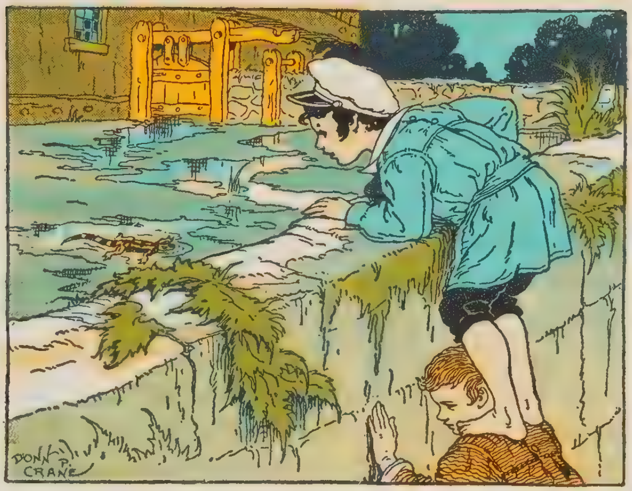
It was not much little Henri could learn in such a school. No! He held a book up in front of his face but he never even learned his letters! One day his father brings him home a gaily-colored print, divided into squares, in each of which an animal teaches the alphabet by means of his name. A is for Ass, and so on! Little Henri is overjoyed. Those speaking pictures bring him among his friends. Animals forever! The beasts have taught him his letters!

But now where shall he keep his precious print? He has a little sanctum that he has appropriated to himself in their humble home. It is a window in a cozy recess like the schoolmaster's. From there he can overlook the whole village as it straggles along the hillside. Way down in the hollow is the church with its three steeples and its clock. A little higher up lies the village square where a fountain falls from basin to basin beneath a high-arched roof. Sprinkled over the slopes above lie little houses with garden patches rising in terraces banked up by tottering walls. Between, are steep lanes cut out of the solid rock, lanes so steep that even the sure-footed mules, with their loads of branches, hesitate to enter them. High above all, standing out against the sky, a few wind-battered oaks bristle on the ridges. Those trees are Henri's friends and he loves them dearly. In stormy



weather they bow their heads and turn their backs to the wind. They bend and toss about as though to uproot themselves and take to flight. How often has Henri watched them writhing like madmen when the North-wind's besom raises the snow-dust; and then tomorrow they stand motionless, still and upright, against a fair blue sky. What are they doing up there, those desolate trees? He is gladdened by their calmness and distressed by their terrified gestures. They are his friends. In the morning the sun rises behind their transparent screen and ascends in its glory. Where does it come from? To the boy those trees seem the boundary of the world. In this cozy little sanctum, with such an outlook, Henri keeps all his treasures. It is not too many treasures that he is allowed to keep.

Once he was sent up the hillside by the path that climbed behind the chateau to the pond. He was to lead their twenty-four downy ducklings to the water. What a delight that pond was to him! On the warm mud of its edge, the Frog's baby, the little Tadpole, basks and frisks in its black legions. At the bottom are beautiful shells and little worms carrying tufts and feathers. Above, the reeds and water are swarming with busy life. It is a whole immense world for Henri to observe. What are all those little creatures about? What are they doing? What are their names? While the ducklings rummage delightedly, head-downward and stern-upward in the water, Henri looks carefully about. There are some soot-colored knots like strands of old yarn in the mud. He lifts one up. It slips sticky and slack through his fingers, but look! a few of the knots have burst, and out comes a black globule the size of a pinhead, followed by a flat tail. He recognizes, on a small scale, the Frog's baby, the Tadpole, and has found out that these are her eggs. Enough! he disturbs the knots of yarn no more.



When he goes home that night his pockets are bulging with treasures. He has found stones that glitter like diamonds, and something like gold-dust amidst the sand. On the alder trees he has found that beautiful beetle, the sacred scarab. It is of an unutterable blue, a living jewel that pales the azure of the sky. He puts the glorious one in an empty snail shell which he plugs up with a leaf. He will take it home to observe it at leisure. But when he reaches the cottage and mother and father see his pockets, like to be torn to pieces by their burden, his father cries:

"You rascal! I send you to mind the ducks and you amuse yourself by picking up stones. Make haste, throw them away!"

Broken-hearted, he obeys. Diamonds, gold-dust, petrified ram's-horn, heavenly beetle, all are flung on the ash-heap!

The brook that runs through the village is also a source of constant delight to Henri,—dear little brook, so tranquil, cool and clear. Half-way up the hillside a miller has dammed it to make a reservoir for his mill-wheel. The reservoir is shut off from the road by a melancholy wall, all darkly bearded with ferns, but one day little Henri hoists himself up on a playfellow's shoulders and peers over. Bottomless, stagnant water he sees, covered with slimy, green scum, and in the gaps of that carpet, there lazily swims a black and yellow reptile! Ha! the very serpent or dragon of his grandmother's fireside tales it seems. Henri loses no time. He slips down again in a hurry. Years later he knows he had seen a salamander.

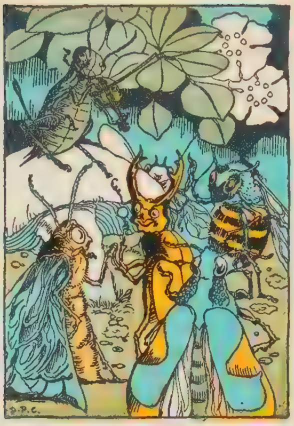
Below the reservoir, alders and ash bend forward on either side of the brook, a lofty arch of living green. At the foot of the trees the great twisted roots form watery caverns prolonged into gloomy corridors. On the threshold of these fastnesses shimmers only a glint of sunshine that sifts down through the leaves overheard. This is the haunt of the red-necktied minnow. Come along very gently. Lie flat on the ground and look. What pretty little fish they are with their scarlet throats. See them there clustering side by side and rinsing their mouths incessantly. No movement save the slightest quiver of their tails and the fin on their backs to keep them still in running water. On a sudden a leaf drops down from the tree. Whoosh! the whole troop disappears!

On the other side of the brook is a cluster of beeches with smooth straight trunks like pillars. In the shade of those majestic branches sit chattering crows. The ground below is padded with moss, and at Henri's first step on that downy carpet his eye is caught by what?—it must be an egg dropped there by some vagrant hen. No! It is that curious thing, a mushroom, not yet full spread. It is the first he has ever picked and he turns it about in his fingers inquiring into its structure. Soon he finds another differing in size and shape and color. Ah! what a great treat it is! This one is bell-shaped, that one is like a cup; others are drawn out into spindles, hollowed into funnels or rounded like hemispheres. He comes upon one that is broken and weeping milky tears. He steps upon another and it all turns blue in an instant. Ah! but here is one shaped like a pear with a little hole at the top like a sort of chimney. He prods the under side with his fingers. A whiff of smoke shoots up from the chimney! Amusing! How amusing! Henri has found a puff ball.

Plants and insects and animals,—on every side, what things of interest in the world! Among the golden buttercups of the meadows, the blue campanulas of the hills, the pink heather of the mountains, the fragrant bracken of the woods, what treasures Henri finds! And the birds! Once he was climbing the hill with an apple for his lunch, to visit his friends, the trees, and explore the edge of the world. But what is this at his feet? A lovely bird has flown from its hiding place under the eaves of a stone. Bless us! here is a nest made of hair and fine straw, and in it six eggs laid so prettily side by side. Those eggs are a magnificent blue, as though steeped in the blue of the sky. Overpowered with happiness, Henri lies down on the grass and stares, while the mother, with a little clap of her gullet—tack! tack! flits anxiously near by. It is the first nest which Henri has ever found, the first of the joys which the birds are to bring him.

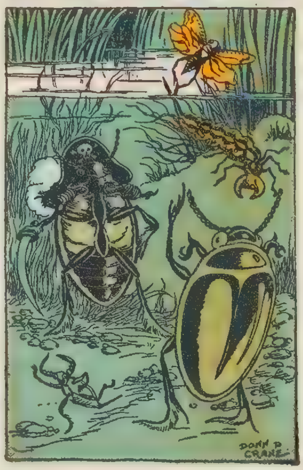
But when Henri is twelve years old his father moves away from the country and goes to the town to keep a café. Now Henri may go to school where he can really learn. His father, however, is never truly successful. He is always poor. Bad days come again when Henri must leave his lessons and earn his bread as best he may, now selling lemons under the arcades of the market at the fair of Beaucaire, or before the barracks of the Pré, another day enlisting in a gang of day-laborers to work on the road. Gloomy days those were, lonely and despairing, but in spite of all, the boy's love of nature and his passion for learning upheld him. Often, too, some creature kept him company, some insect never seen before. Today he is hungry, but he finds for the first time the pine-chafer, that superb beetle whose black or chestnut coat is sprinkled with specks of white velvet, and which squeaks when you capture him, with a slight complaining sound. Enough! Henri's hunger is forgotten.

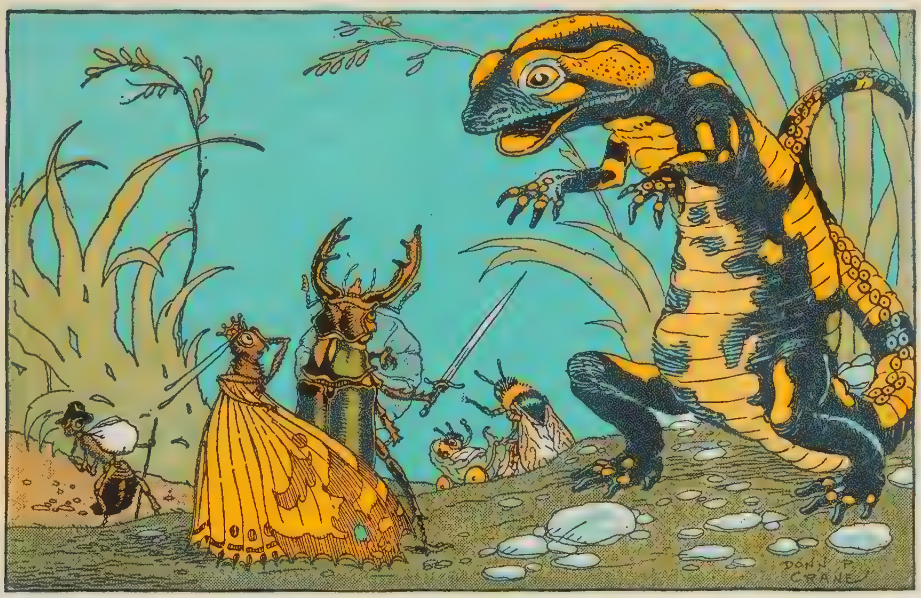
When he is nineteen Henri takes a competitive examination and enters the normal school of Carpentras. He finishes the very simple schooling there, and then, little as he knows, he begins to teach others. What a teacher he is, studying right along



with his pupils and learning through teaching them, puzzling out for himself, with passionate devotion, every branch of science, and teaching as he goes. Now he holds his chemistry class with rudest, home-made instruments, in the dusky, vaulted nave of an old, abandoned, Gothic church, which has once seemed to him like some wizard's den, with its rusty, old weather-cock creaking atop its steeple, the great bats flitting among the gargoyles and the owls hooting on the roof. Now he takes his pupils out among the fields to study nature "at the ineffable festival of the awakening of life in the Spring."

His pupils love him dearly, but alas! education is still held in little esteem in France. The salary paid Professor Fabre is but a paltry pittance. He is married, too, and has a family to keep. How can he make both ends meet? Only by teaching, teaching, teaching, and that leaves him so little time to study his precious insects. He is peculiar, too, is Professor Fabre, and finds little favor with his fellow teachers. In the simplicity of his heart he cares nothing for worldly honors, for the forms and ceremonies of the world. He cares only to study and to learn. He does not like to wear the long, slick, black coat and high silk hat befitting a Professor. Fie! There goes Professor Fabre in a little slouch hat! It is unseemly! He must be reprimanded! He must wear a "topper" like his fellows! And so it goes. For thirty years of patient struggle, so it goes. But now, at last, he has acquired a modest income from his





writings. He can leave off teaching and buy a little house at Sérignan. Glory be! he can doff his professor's coat and don the peasant's blouse again! He can plant a flower in his old silk hat, and when it has served its time as a flowerpot he can kick it into bits! He is free for his studies!

A pink house with green shutters, half hidden among trees, was the hermitage at Sérignan, and its garden a riot of verdure, the sweet air full of insects humming and heavy with perfume. Here those little creatures each told the student its secret and its history. How he loved them all, how tenderly he wrote of them, how accurately he observed them. Other scientists dissected insects and sought the secret of their life from death; Fabre observed his alive and sought the secret of their life from the marvelous instinct that directed all their ways. With reverence and awe he stood before the unerring Power that guides the wild bee and the wasp, though they may be carried miles away from home, back over vast and unknown spaces, surely to their nests. In instinct he saw the lofty evidence of God. How wonderfully those little creatures built their nests, how certain was the power that guided them, how surely each fulfilled his given task. True, the ugliness he saw in that little world troubled his tender spirit,—the cannibalism, the brutality of manners, the murders and assassinations. Here was something to wish done away. But far above all else, he marveled at the wonderful intelligence that directed there, and throughout nature he adored the great Eternal Power whose imprint is everywhere.

Studying in his sunny garden, Fabre not only loved insects himself, but he also taught others to love them. He was the first to cast away in his writing the long words and dry scientific phrases which other scientists used and which seemed to him like some barbarous Iroquois tongue. He wrote as the poet writes. For him the cricket was not some creature with a long Latin name, but "the brown violinist of the clods," and that voracious diving beetle that feeds on all the other insects of the water, was not the Dytiscus only, but the "pirate of the ponds." He tells us how at break of day "the bee pops her head out of her attic window to see what the weather is" and how "the timid spider of the thickets suspends by ethereal cables the branching whorls of his snare which the tears of the night have turned into chaplets of jewels." What fairy tale could equal to him the wonder of the butterfly bursting from the cocoon, or the marvelous unfolding of the locust's iridescent wings? He had his flesh-eating ogres too, his pirates and assassins, his modest and industrious little workers with their thousand curious callings, and his pigmy princes clad in gold and purple, dazzling with embroidery, adorned with lofty plumes, displaying their diamonds, their topazes and sapphires, gleaming with fire or shining like mirrors, magnificent of mien. To him, the best fairy book ever written could be read by simply upturning a stone. And so little Henri discovered the Fairyland of Science and revealed it to the world.

THE STORY BOOK OF SCIENCE THE LIFE OF THE SPIDER THE LIFE OF THE FLY

THE LATCH KEY

A Boy in Russia

Leo N. Tolstoy (*Russian*, 1828-1910)

DOWN the stately avenue of birch trees that led from the house at Yasnaya Polyana, Count Nicolay Tolstoy's country estate, went trotting a company of huntsmen. At the head of the cavalcade, on a dark gray Roman-nosed horse, rode the huntsman-in-chief. He wore a shaggy cap, had a huge horn slung over his shoulder and carried a knife in his belt, while about the heels of his horse ran the hounds, clustered together in a many-hued undulating pack. In the centre of the crowd rolled a carriage bearing four eager little boys. These were Count Nicolay's sons—Nicolay and Sergey, Dmitri and Leo. When they had passed the two small round brick towers which stood on either side of the entrance to the estate, Count Nicolay called to the huntsmen and the coachman:

"Keep to the road!" But he himself turned aside and rode through a field of rye.

The grain harvest was in full swing. Little Leo saw shining yellow fields extending farther than the eye could reach, and shut in on one side only by the lofty blue forest. All about were stacks of sheaves, while here and there amid the tall rye appeared the bended backs of the reapers. In a spot of shade a woman leaned over a cradle, and everywhere the stubble was strewn with the delicate blue of cornflowers. In another quarter peasants in their shirt-sleeves, standing on carts, were loading the sheaves, and raising a dust on the dry, hot fields. The overseer in boots, his long, wide coat thrown on without the sleeves, took off his felt cap, wiped his reddish head and beard with a towel, and shouted at the women.

All these sights and sounds little Leo saw and heard and felt—

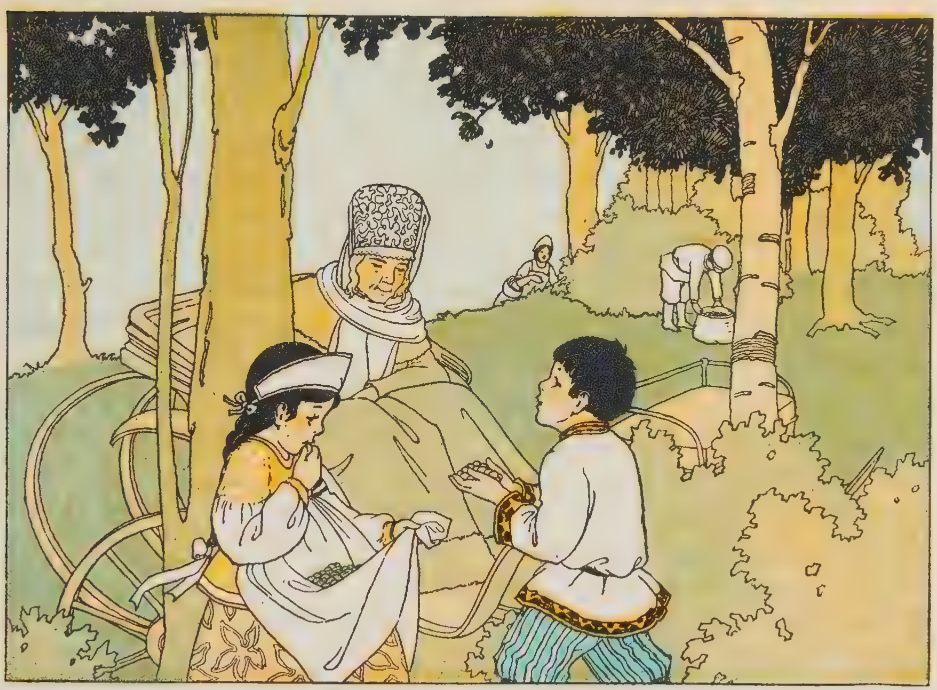
the talking of the people, the noise of the horses and carts, the merry whistle of the quail, the hum of the insects circling in motionless swarms about, the white spiders' webs, lying on the stubble or floating through the air, the thousands of varying tints and shadows which the glowing sun poured over the bright yellow stubble-field, the blue of the distant forest and the lilac of the clouds.

When they reached the woods the children found, beyond all their expectations, that a one-horse cart had arrived before them, in the midst of which sat the butler. At sight of the cart they shouted aloud with joy, for under the hay they caught glimpses of a samovar, a cask with a form of ice-cream and other attractive parcels. It was impossible to make any mistake. There were to be tea, ice-cream, and fruit in the open air. What a treat to drink tea in the woods on the grass and especially in a place where nobody had ever drunk tea before!

Scarcely could the children wait for the hunt to end. When the hounds had caught the fox, a cloth was spread under the shadow of the young birches, and the whole company seated themselves around it. The samovar was hissing with boiling water for the tea, and the butler, having trodden down the lush green grass about him, wiped the plates and emptied the baskets of the plums and peaches wrapped in leaves. Then he distributed to all, the fruits and ices, and the fragrant cups of tea.

The sun shown through the green branches of the young birches, and cast quivering gleams upon the patterns of the table cloth, on the children's feet, and even on the butler's polished, perspiring head. A light breeze fluttered through the trees and was very refreshing.

Now Leo and his brothers not only went out in this merry fashion to picnic and hunt at Yasnaya Polyana, but they often went nutting as well. One day their grandmother went with them. She was drawn out to the little coppice where the hazel-



nuts grew, in a yellow cabriolet on springs, the same in which the children used to go for a drive with their tutor, Feodor Ivanovitch. But it was not horses that drew the cabriolet when Grandmother rode in it a-nutting. It was Count Nicolay's two favorite house-serfs, handsome, clever fellows, named Petrusha and Matyusha. They dragged the carriage to the woods, thrust aside the dense bushes in the thicket, and pulled down to Grandmother's reach the fragrant branches thick with nuts. Grandmother herself gathered the nuts into a bag, and the children did likewise. They filled their pockets; they filled the skirts of their jackets. How hot it was in the open spaces; how pleasantly fresh in the shade; and how the nuts cracked on all sides under the teeth of the children and the girls who were with them! Without ceasing they chewed the fresh, full, white kernels.

Grandmother was a real personage at Yasnaya Polyana. She had been a grand lady in her day, an heiress and princess, wife of the governor of Kazan. She had lived in the midst of extravagant luxuries, with balls and musicals, theatricals and fêtes, and she had been thoroughly spoiled by both husband and son. But when she was an old lady, Leo found her most interesting because of the wonderful bubbles she could make when washing her hands with soap. Little Leo used to get himself taken to her room just to see those bubbles. It seemed to him that no one else but she could possibly produce anything so remarkable.

One night Leo slept in his grandmother's bedroom, and listened to the tales of old Lyof Stepanovitch, the blind story-teller. Stepanovitch was a serf belonging to Grandmother, and he had been bought merely because of his gift in story-telling. He lived somewhere in the house and was not seen the whole day through, but when evening came, he put on his long blue coat with puffs on the shoulders, and went up to Grandmother's bedchamber, a low little room, into which one had to enter up two steps. There he seated himself on a window-ledge, where supper was brought him from the master's table.

Little Leo was put to bed and the candles were blown out. There remained only one tiny light in front of the gilded icons with their sacred pictures. Then Lyof began his tale, and Grandmother, that wonderful Grandmother, all white, clothed in white, lying on white, covered with white, in her white night cap, lay high on white cushions. The child was absolutely absorbed by the mysterious appearance of the white grandmother, by her swaying shadow on the wall, by the slow, solemn words of the old man, resounding through the darkness of the little room, lighted only by the trembling of the image-lamp. It was a night he never forgot.

The house at Yasnaya Polyana was a huge wooden building with pillars and balconies. It had belonged originally to Leo's mother's father, the Prince Volkonsky. The place was surrounded by fields and woodlands, and there were four pretty ponds and a river on the estate. The household here now consisted of Leo's father, Count Nicolay Tolstoy, his grandmother, his aunt, Countess Alexandra Osten-Saken, his three brothers, Nicolay, Sergey, and Dmitri, all older than himself, and his little sister, Marie. His mother was dead—she had died when he was a mere baby—and it was a distant relative, called Aunt Tatiana, who brought the children up.

Everybody loved Aunt Tatiana dearly. She had jet black eyes, a vivacious, energetic expression, and crisp curling black hair which she wore in an enormous braid about her head. Like most Russian ladies of the upper class in her day, she spoke French better than Russian and played the piano beautifully. She was kind, too—always kind to the servants and she never spoke angrily to anyone. How the children loved to go to Aunt Tatiana's room, for she was fondly devoted to them, and there in various little dishes she kept sweets—dried figs, gingerbread and dates, especially to treat them. It was Aunt Tatiana who taught Leo the pure delight of loving. She taught him this, but not in words. By her whole being she filled him with love. He saw, he felt how she enjoyed loving, and so he understood.

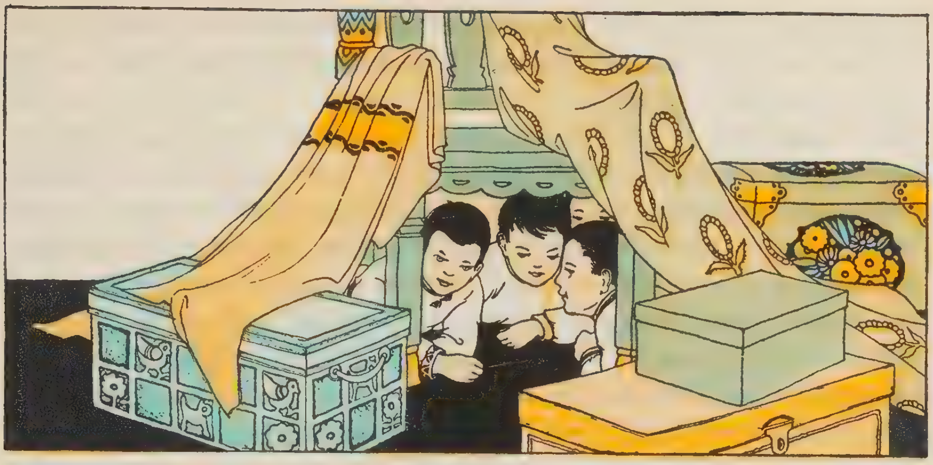
Aunt Tatiana and Aunt Alexandra were always welcoming to Yasnaya Polyana a queer crowd of travelers and wayfarers—poor pilgrims, half-crazy devotees, wandering monks and nuns, and in these odd people Leo was greatly interested. With the visitors and the vast number of serfs living in their little huts, Yasnaya Polyana was a community in itself, a veritable village, though it lay way off in the country, at a goodly distance from any town.

Count Nicolay, the children's father, was a lively man, well-built and with a pleasant face. Leo thought he presented a wonderfully fine appearance when he put on his frock coat and tightfitting trousers for a journey to town. The children used often to go for a walk with him, while the young greyhounds which followed him, gambolled on the unmown fields, the high grass flicking their sides and tickling their bellies. Count Nicolay spent most of his time managing the affairs of his great estate, in which business he was not very expert, though he exercised great virtue for his day and age. He was never cruel, and during his lifetime no bodily punishment was ever inflicted upon the serfs, whom, according to Russian custom, he owned like slaves.

Often of an evening Count Nicolay sat on a leather couch in his study, where the children would come to play or to say good night. Then he would caress them, or, to their immense delight, permit them to mount the couch behind his back, while he would continue reading or talking to the steward who stood by the door.

The pleasantest memory, however, that Leo kept of his father, was of his sitting with Grandma on the sofa and helping her to play Patience. Count Nicolay was polite and tender with everyone, but to Grandmother he was always particularly tender. There they sat, side by side, Grandmother in a very fine white cap with a ruche and a bow; and from time to time they took pinches from a gold snuff box. Close to the sofa in an arm-chair, sat Petrovna, a Tula tradeswoman who dealt in fire-arms. She was dressed in her military jacket and was always spinning thread, at intervals tapping her reel against the wall, in which she had already knocked a hole. The aunts were sitting in armchairs, one of them reading aloud. In another chair, wherein she had arranged a comfortable depression, lay black and tan Milka, Count Nicolay's favorite greyhound with beautiful black eyes. The children come to say good night, and sometimes they sit there for a while. Then they take leave of Grandmother and the aunts most formally, as they always do, by kissing their hands.

Leo was a shy, sensitive, thoughtful little boy, though he loved out door games and sports. He was not at all handsome—



his nose was too broad, his lips were too fat, and his gray eyes too small and too near together. Sometimes he imagined there could be no happiness in the world for such an ugly little fellow. But for his brothers, Nicolay and Sergey, he had the greatest admiration. Nicolay, who was six years older than Leo, had such an imagination that he could tell ghost stories or humorous tales during whole hours, and so vividly that the children forgot they were all invention.

One day, when Leo was five, Dmitri six, and Sergey seven years old, Nicolay said to his brothers:

"I know a secret which will make all men happy when it is disclosed. There will be no more diseases and no more troubles in the world. No one will be angry with anyone else, all will love each other, and all will become Ant-brothers." Doubtless Nicolay meant Moravian-brothers, for he had read of the Moravian brotherhood, and their ideals of peace and brotherly love had fired his generous soul, but in Russian, the word for Moravia is the same as the word for ant, so they became to Nicolay the Ant-brothers. Moreover, the thought of an ant especially pleased the children, as reminding them of ants busily at work all together on an ant-hill. The great secret of happiness Nicolay said he had written on a green stick, which he had buried by the road on the edge of a certain ravine.

He then proceeded to organize a game called Ant-brothers. This consisted in getting all the children to sit down under chairs, sheltering themselves with boxes, screening themselves with handkerchiefs, and thus crouching together in the dark, pressing themselves against each other. Leo remembered experiencing a special feeling of love and pathos in playing that game, and he liked it very much. But, though the Ant-brotherhood was revealed to the children, the chief secret was not revealed. They never found the green stick on which was written the way for all men to cease suffering any misfortune, to leave off quarreling and being angry, and to become continuously happy. Nevertheless, as Leo grew older, that was the secret he was ceaselessly striving to find, that he might disclose it to men.

Another of Nicolay's flights of fancy concerned Fanfaranof Hill.

"I know," said he, "where there is a magic hill called Fanfaranof. Whoever succeeds in climbing that hill shall have his dearest wish granted." And he promised to lead the children to Fanfaranof after they should first have performed certain conditions. Sergey said that he wished to be able to model horses and hens out of wax; Dmitri desired to draw all kinds of things on a large scale, like an artist, but Leo could think of nothing which he particularly wished for, except to be able to draw small pictures. When they had all announced their wishes, Nicolay proceeded to tell them the conditions on which they might climb Fanfaranof Hill.

"First," said he, "you must each stand in a corner and not think of the white bear."

This was a very difficult matter, indeed. Little Leo used to stand in the corner and try with all his might not to think of the white bear, but he simply could not manage it. The more he tried not to think of it, the more he thought of it. The white bear would not go out of his mind.

"Second," said Nicolay, "you must walk without wavering along a crack between the boards of the floor, and third, you must avoid seeing a hare either alive or dead or cooked, for a whole year, and you must swear not to tell these secrets to anyone."

Needless to say, no one ever fulfilled the conditions, and so no one was ever led up the Wishing Hill. Nevertheless, Nicolay became very important in the eyes of the younger children by means of these awful mysteries.

There was only one horse in the stables in those days which the boys were allowed to ride. This was a quiet old fellow called Blackie. One day their aunt gave them permission to have a ride, and they all ran with their tutor to the stables.

The coachman saddled Blackie, and the first to ride was Nicolay. Nicolay rode over to the threshing floor and around the park, and when he came back the children shouted:

"Now start him up!"

Then Nicolay began to kick Blackie and to strike him with his whip until he began to gallop.

After Nicolay had ridden, Sergey took his turn. He also had a long ride and whipped Blackie until he galloped down the hill. He wanted to ride even longer, but Dmitri begged to be given his chance as soon as possible.

Dmitri rode over to the threshing floor, around the park and along through the village, and then he came galloping down the hill toward the stable. When he rode up to the children Blackie was winded, and his neck and flanks were black with sweat.

But now little Leo's turn had come. He wanted to surprise his brothers. He wanted to show them how well he could ride, and he began to spur the horse with all his might. But Blackie would not stir from the stable. Then Leo grew angry with the horse and pounded him with all his might with his whip and legs. But still Blackie would not budge. Then Leo turned around, rode up to his tutor, and asked him for a heavier whip. But the tutor said to him:

"You have ridden him enough, sir. Come down. Why do you torture the horse?"

At these words Leo felt offended and cried:

"But I have not had a ride yet. Just watch me gallop. Please give me a good-sized switch. I will beat him up."

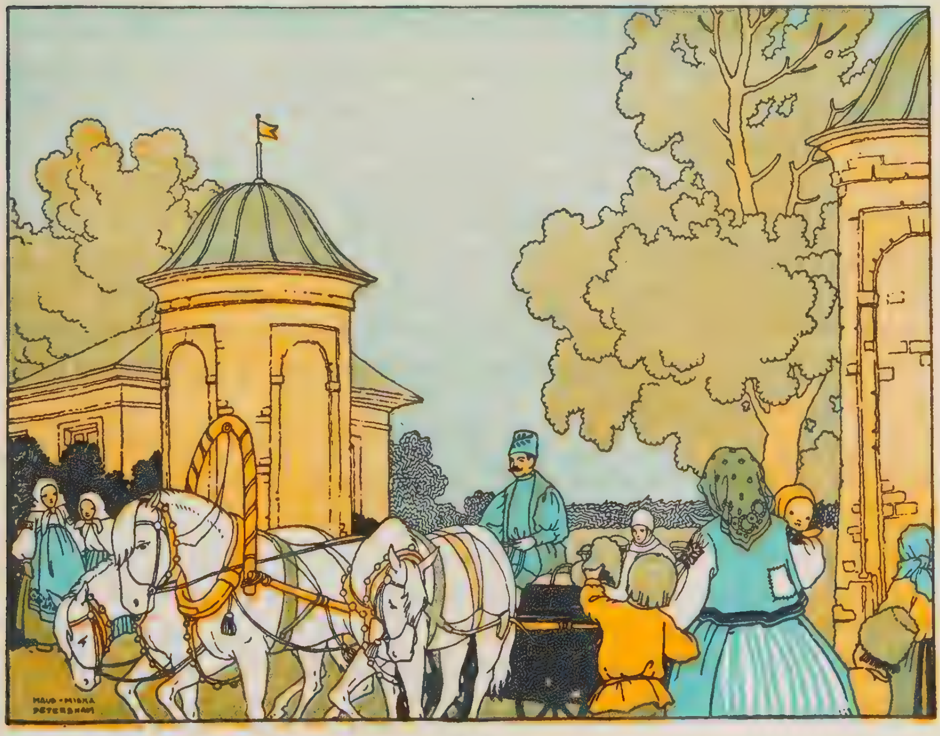
The tutor, however, only shook his head and answered:

"O, sir, you have no pity. Why should you beat him up? He is twenty years old, and he is tired out. Just think how old he is. He is like Grandpa Timofeyitch. You might just as well sit down on old Timofeyitch's back and urge him on with a switch. Now would that not be a pity?"

Leo knew well about Grandpa Timofeyitch. He was an old peasant who lived at his grandson's house on the estate, but he never worked any more. And when Leo thought of him, he listened to the tutor's words. Climbing down from the horse, he saw how his sweaty sides hung down, how he breathed heavily through his nostrils and switched his bald tail, and he understood for the first time that it was hard for Blackie. Then he was suddenly struck to the heart with remorse for what he had done; he felt so sorry that he began to kiss the old horse's sweaty neck, and beg his forgiveness for having beaten him.

Yuletide at Yasnaya Polyana was a happy time. Then the household servants—and there were about thirty of them—used to dress up, come into the great hall of the house, and play games or dance to the accompaniment of a fiddle. The masqueraders usually represented a bear with its leader, Turks and Turkish women, Tyrolese, or brigands. Sometimes Aunt Tatiana would dress the children up also, and each one especially desired to wear a certain belt set with stones, and a muslin towel embroidered with silver and gold. Little Leo thought himself very grand when he played the Turk and had black moustaches painted with burnt cork on his face. He would look at himself in the mirror and be quite unable to keep from smiling with delight, even while he was trying to force his features into the fierce expression of a Turk. Once a friend of Count Tolstoy's drove thirty miles through the snow and cold, with his three sons and his three daughters, and they all changed clothes in the village, in order to dress up in fancy costume, and come popping in to surprise the Tolstoys.

Thus time passed swiftly at Yasnaya Polyana, but little Leo was only eight years old when the family moved to Moscow. In



two elegant equipages they drove away from the old house with its row of pillars across the front, leaving behind them a crowd of staring bare-footed children, men-servants in coats and kaftans, and women in striped petticoats and striped dresses, with babies in their arms.

Moscow was a very large and beautiful city, the Mother of all the Russias, for it was from little Mother Moscow that the whole great Russian empire had grown. The children admired the city greatly, its crooked old streets, its great open spaces and boulevards, the scores of white churches, each crowned with a dome of brilliant color, gold, green, or blue with silver stars. They loved to see the white palaces that overhung the narrow winding banks of the Moskva River, the ancient monasteries with their high walls and round towers, and best of all, the historic old fort of the Kremlin, sacred in Russian history. When they were not in school, they visited these places of interest, and at such times they rode in a carriage drawn by four bay horses harnessed abreast, according to the custom of the time and country.

They had been only a few months in Moscow, however, when they suffered a great misfortune—their father suddenly died. And now they were total orphans with their Aunt Alexandra as their guardian. Count Nicolay disappeared so suddenly from Leo's life that the boy could not believe he was gone, but would scan the faces of passers-by, thinking to see him again somewhere in the streets of Moscow.

For a time the children lived with their grandmother, and Grandmother was as grand a personage as ever, though she mourned incessantly for the loss of her son. The strictest etiquette was maintained at her table, and when dinner was served, everybody had to assemble in the dining room in good time and wait for Grandmother to appear. Therefore, all were greatly surprised one day when Leo was found missing. Grandmother immediately inquired whether the boy was being punished.

The tutor in some confusion answered that Leo was not being punished. Doubtless he had been detained in making ready for dinner. Certainly he would be there soon. In a few moments, however, an assistant-tutor entered the room in great agitation. He whispered something into the ear of the chief-tutor, who jumped up at once and hurried out of the door. This was very unusual, considering the strict etiquette that was always maintained. What had happened? Everybody wondered.

The answer to the riddle was this—Leo had been suddenly seized with a great desire to do something extraordinary, which should surprise and startle everyone. To accomplish this he had conceived the idea of jumping from a second story window into the yard below, and in order to carry out this achievement unhindered he had remained in his room alone when everyone else went to dinner. Then he had climbed up to an open window in the attic and jumped out. The cook, standing by a window of the kitchen in the basement, saw him come flying by, and almost before she realized what had happened, he struck the ground with a thud. In great excitement she informed the steward, who stepped out into the yard and found the boy lying unconscious. Fortunately no bones were broken, and after a long sleep he woke up quite sound, but for the time being, his desire to startle the world was satisfied.

Soon after the death of Count Nicolay, Grandmother also died. Henceforth, the boys stayed in Moscow winters for school and went to Yasnaya Polyana for the summers. It was during those days that Leo learned for the first time that corporal punishment was being inflicted on the serfs at Yasnaya Polyana, a thing which had never been heard of when his father was alive. He and his brothers were returning from a walk with their tutor when they met near the barn the fat steward, Andrey Flyin. He was followed by the coachman's assistant, Squinting Koozma, as he was called. Koozma was a married man no longer young, and he wore just then a very piteous face. One of the children asked Andrey where he was going, and the steward quietly answered:

"We are going to the barn where Koozma must be punished."

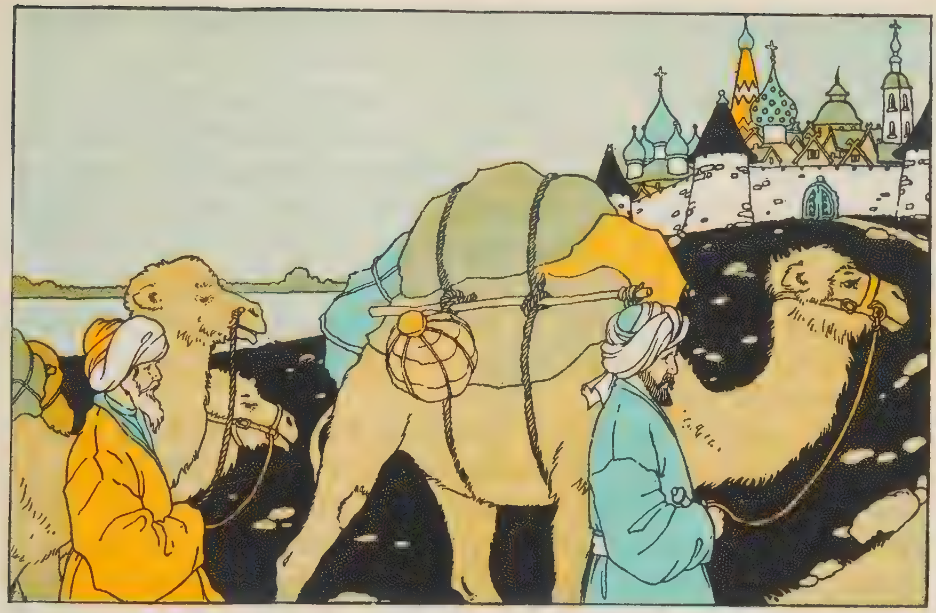
This meant that Koozma was to be whipped, and it was a terrible feeling that came upon Leo at sight of the good-natured, crest-fallen fellow on the way to such a punishment. In the evening he told his Aunt Tatiana what had happened. She was moved to the heart and said to the boy: "And why did you not stop it?"

And why did he not stop it? He had not even dreamed before that he could interfere in such an affair. Could he stop it? He never forgot the incident.

In 1841, when Leo was thirteen years old, Aunt Alexandra died, and now the children fell to the care of another of their father's sisters, Aunt Pelageya, the wife of Yushkoff, a rich landowner of Kazan. Aunt Pelageya came almost at once and took her niece and nephews from Yasnaya Polyana to Kazan. Ordering some boats, she loaded them with everything which it was possible for her to take away from her brother's estate. All the servants had to follow her, too—carpenters, tailors, blacksmiths, chefs, upholsterers. Moreover, she gave to each of the four brothers a serf of about his own age, to be forever attached to him as a man-servant.

When all was ready, Leo and his sister and brothers bade farewell to their beloved Aunt Tatiana, who went to live with a sister, and set out in numerous carriages and other vehicles for Kazan. It was a long journey and they crept along very slowly, but the time of year was autumn, the weather was fine, and they often camped out in the fields, or the woods, bathing when they came to streams of water and feasting on fresh mushrooms. Thus they traveled for four hundred miles east of Moscow.

They found Kazan a half barbaric city, one of the most interesting in Russia. It was the busy gateway to the East, and from its quays they saw ships floating out on the mighty waters of the



river Volga, bound for the distant Caspian Sea. They saw its marts crowded with picturesque caravans, arriving from Bokhara and other cities of Persia, or departing perhaps for India, while its streets were thronged with Greeks, Tartars, Persians, dark-skinned Armenians and wayfarers from the Caucasus, a motley multitude indeed.

At the house of his uncle Yushkoff, in Kazan, Leo grew to manhood, and he and his brothers attended the university of Kazan. But it was altogether too gay a life he led there as a youth. Balls, now at the house of the governor of the province, now given by the chief of the nobility, private dancing parties, masquerades in the Hall of the Nobles, private theatricals, living-pictures, concerts all followed each other in an endless chain. As a titled young man of good birth, grandson of an ex-governor of Kazan, Tolstoy, in spite of his awkwardness and shyness, was welcomed everywhere.

Aunt Pelageya, a worldly minded woman, thought that the greatest happiness for Leo would be to marry a wealthy bride who would bring him an enormous number of serfs, and to become adjutant to the Czar. This was the highest ambition she held for him. The youth himself, however, was torn between two states of feeling. At times he enjoyed the dancing and card-playing and gambling as much as the most roisterous of his companions. At other times he despised it all, and bitterly reproached himself for wasting his time in such junketing. Then he longed to break away from that useless, shameful foolery and to do something more worth while.

In such a mood as this, he did at last break away from Kazan. He left the university where he never did overly well, and went back to Yasnaya Polyana, for the estate had fallen to him, when the property of his parents had been divided among the brothers.

Now the young man, who as a boy had been so intensely moved at seeing a serf on his way to be whipped, was fired with a great desire to take up farming seriously and to better the condition of his peasants. He wished to clean up their houses, to give them better implements to work with, to found schools and educate them. He even put on a workman's blouse and labored by their side. But he found his attempts to help the serfs received by them with suspicion and distrust. They preferred the filthy huts where they had lived so long to any new or better housing. Neatness and improved sanitary arrangements were a nuisance to them. They chose to keep their primitive old wooden sokha which only scratched the surface of the soil, rather than learn to use a modern iron plow. It was a strange sight for them to see their master working with them and they lost their respect for him. Neither did he succeed in arousing in them the slightest interest in education. Indeed, matters turned out so badly that his worldly-minded Aunt Pelageya was well able to say, "I told you so."

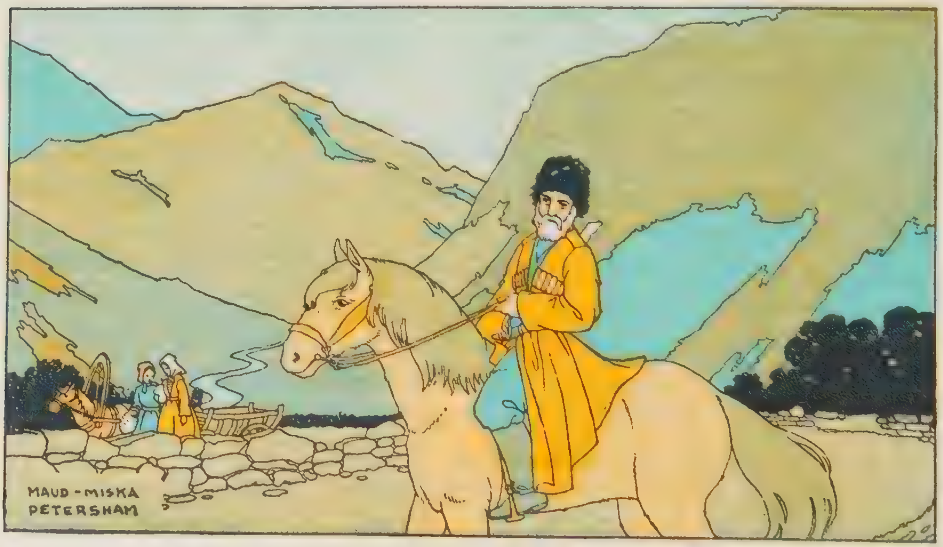
And so for a while young Tolstoy turned his back on the ideas for helping his people which had surged in him with such force. At this time his oldest brother, Nicolay, came home for a visit. Nicolay was with the Russian army in the wild mountain lands of the Caucasus, and when the day came for him to return to his duties, Leo left Yasnaya with all its wearisome problems and went off to seek adventure with him.

Years before, when the kingdom of Moscow became so strong as to make head against the Tartars, those barbarous half Mongol, half Turkish tribes that haunted its borderland, it gradually pushed them to the South East, and having conquered the kingdoms of Kazan and Astrakhan, it came into conflict with the wild tribes of Tartar mountaineers who inhabited the northern slopes of the Caucasian mountains. To keep these mountaineers in check, the Russian government had, about the middle of the nineteenth century, erected a whole line of palisaded forts as outposts. The Cossacks, who manned these forts were a warlike, pastoral people, particularly renowned as horsemen, and they furnished valuable contingents of cavalry to the Russian army. As time went on, the kingdom of Georgia on the southern slope of the mountains, became subject to Russia, and it was then absolutely necessary for Russia to subjugate those mountain tribes that separated her from her new domain. Thus the struggle went on for over fifty years, and it was to this scene of activity that Nicolay and Leo were bound.

The two young men traveled on horseback to Saratof, then in a fishing boat, rowing or drifting with the current, for a matter of three weeks down the river Volga till they came to Astrakhan on the Caspian Sea. From Astrakhan they journeyed in a post-chaise till they reached the Caucasus, and finally they came to the fortified camp of Stari Yurt. As they approached the place Leo suddenly saw a chain of snow-capped peaks rising directly from the flat prairie land of the steppes. The sun rose and glistened on the mountains and on the river Terek beyond the reeds. From a Cossack village came a native cart, and women, beautiful young women, walking. From that moment Leo understood the beauty and majesty of the mountains. From that moment everything he saw, everything he thought, everything he felt, assumed for him a new, severely majestic character, that of the mountains. All his Kazan memories with their shame and remorse vanished.

"Now life has begun," a solemn voice seemed to say to him.

At Stari Yurt, Nicolay and Leo lived in a tent. There were beautiful views about the place, in particular toward a spot where there were hot springs. There lay an enormous mountain of rocks all piled one upon another and intersected by torrents of boiling water, which in some places fell with much noise, and covered all the high part of the mountains with a steaming white vapor. In the middle of the valley, on the chief torrent, there were three water mills, one above the other, constructed in a peculiar and very picturesque way. All day the Tartar women



kept coming to wash their clothes above and below these mills. They washed them with their feet. To Leo, looking on, the whole scene seemed like an ant heap in continual motion. The women were for the most part handsome and well built, and notwithstanding their poverty, their oriental costumes were always graceful. The picturesque groups formed by the women, together with the savage beauty of the place, made a truly beautiful sight. Leo sometimes remained for hours admiring it all.

The manner of warfare in these wild outposts was barbarous. Cossack detachments attacked Tartar villages in the mountains, destroyed their pastures, drove off the cattle, captured as many inhabitants as possible and with such booty returned to the posts. The mountaineers made reprisals. They pursued the detachments on the way back, and with well-aimed carbine shots, inflicted great losses. They hid behind ramparts in the woods and narrow ravines, and sometimes even appeared suddenly at the very posts, where they massacred many and carried off men and women to the mountains.

Nicolay was an officer but for some time Leo remained merely a visitor and did not join the army. The wonderful beauty of the mountains, the wild Cossack and Tartar villages, the Cossack bravery, and the almost primitive simplicity of life, in sharp contrast with the stifling luxury of life in Moscow and Kazan, inspired him like a fresh clean wind blowing away an oppressive heat. He began to write, and sent back home for publication a novel called *Childhood*, for which he drew largely on his own memories of early days. But within a year, he, too, joined the army and took part in many a wild raid from which he more than once narrowly escaped with his life.

In 1853 Russia declared war against Turkey, and was fighting with great success both on land and sea, when France and England, fearing lest Russia should become too powerful, intervened against her and began what was called the Crimean War, which was marked by the long siege and heroic defence of Sebastopol, one of the most remarkable feats in history. At this time Leo got himself transferred from the Caucasus to the army of the Danube, which was bound for Sebastopol. He journeyed by sleigh the greater part of the way to Bucharest in Roumania, completing his journey in a wretched little cart, over terrible roads. On November 7, 1854, he reached Sebastopol. The spirit of the troops manning the batteries and the walls there, was beyond description.

"Such heroism," Leo wrote home to his aunt, "was never seen in ancient Greece." And he put his impressions of the whole in a series of Sebastopol sketches, which were published at home in Russia. But with the fall of Sebastopol and the close of the Crimean war, Leo had seen enough of fighting. He retired from the army and went home again to his beloved Yasnaya Polyana.

And now he fell to farming and the work of uplifting his serfs with a new and more serious enthusiasm. Though he traveled abroad a number of times, and lived occasionally in Moscow or Petrograd, his heart and soul were wholly in his work at Yasnaya Polyana,—his school there, his farming. He thought almost altogether of helping the people, of educating them. He dwelt continually on the real equality of man, and the terrible inequalities that human conditions presented. Often such things as these made him very miserable, but he forever persevered, seeking the real meaning of life, and the secret of how all men could be happy. Ah, could he but have found that little green stick which Nicolay had buried by the ravine so long ago!

Before he knew it, Leo was thirty-five years old, and very lonely, for he had no wife. And then one day he found that Sofiya Behrs, whom he had long known as a little girl, had suddenly grown to be a young lady. She was the daughter of Leo's first childish sweetheart, one of those Islenef girls who were neighbors of the Tolstoys and came in to surprise the family by masquerading at Yuletide. It took Leo but a very short time to realize that he wanted to marry Sofiya, and accordingly Yasnaya Polyana soon had a fair young mistress.

And now Leo thought that he could never again be unhappy. He loved Sofiya dearly. Children began to come, boys and girls, and they were a merry crowd. Leo played games and pranks with the merriest of them. His books, too, novels chiefly, were well received and his name was honored in Russia. And yet he could never wholly leave off thinking about the rich and the poor, neither could he save himself from being troubled at the injustice in human life, nor from trying to set it right.

When he grew too weary of himself and of the questions which were tormenting him, he would take his family and go for the summer to a great farm which he had bought at Samara, far off on the river Volga in the midst of the Russian steppes. That wide expanse of treeless prairie with its waving grasses has always had a great charm for the Russian, just as the desert has for the Arab. There Tolstoy had bought a herd of one hundred Bashkir mares, which he placed in charge of a Bashkir named Mahmud Shah. Mahmud came with his wife and set up his kotchovka, a conical tent made of felt stretched over a wooden frame and provided with a tiny painted door. This tent with its carpet and cushions and a beautifully decorated saddle hung up on one side, was so neat and luxurious, that Tolstoy called it the drawing room. When male visitors appeared, Mahmud's wife, not wishing to be seen of men, retired behind gay chintz curtains and handed out a wooden platter laden with glasses and bottles of kumys, the fermented mare's milk for which Samara was famous.

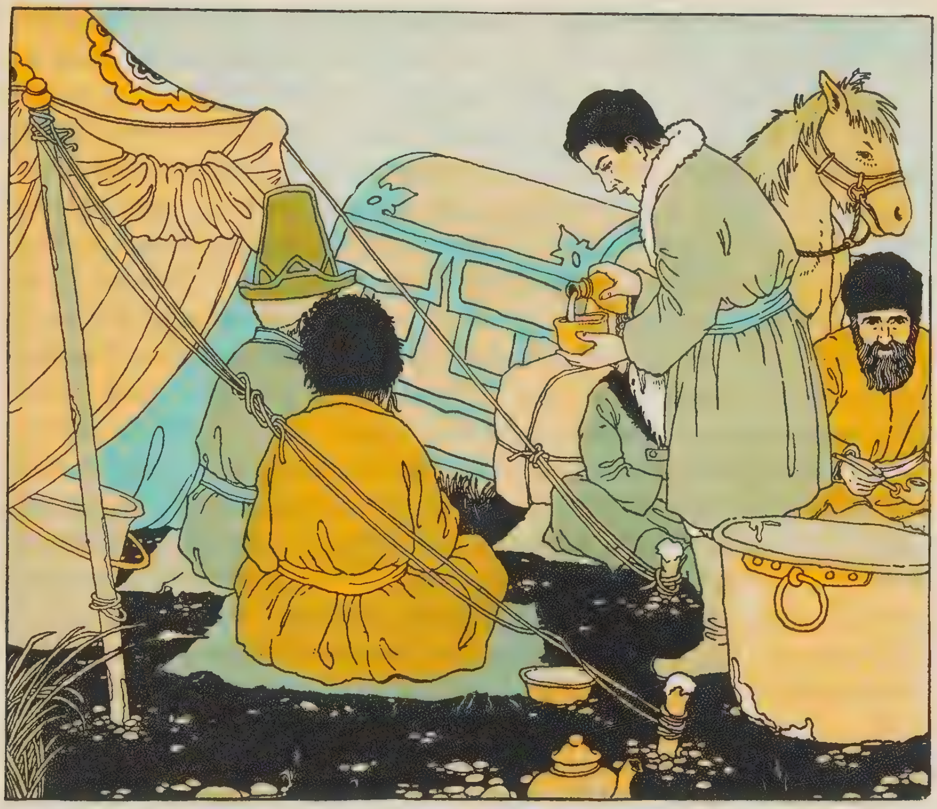
Tolstoy's herds increased rapidly though wandering Kirghiz tribesmen once made a raid on them and would have captured them all, had not a sturdy pair of Bashkir plowmen chased the robbers away.

When the family was at Samara they liked to live like Mahmud Shah in a Tartar kotchovka, and they watched with eager interest all the primitive methods of farming. There was the ploughing with five or six yokes of oxen, all wearing around their necks the deep-toned, melancholy bells; and when it came to threshing, there was a ring of horses tied head to tail, and kept circling round and round over the sheaves, while a Bashkir, armed with a long whip, acted as the ringmaster.

Once Tolstoy sent out an announcement that there would be races and other sports on his estate at Samara. The Bashkirs and Ural Cossacks, the well-to-do Russian peasants who lived in the neighboring villages and were very friendly with Tolstoy, all were invited. The prizes were to be an ox, a horse, a gun, a clock, a dressing-gown and other articles. A level place was selected for the races; a large circle five kilometers in circumference was marked with a plow, and starting posts were erected.

Soon the nomads began to arrive, bringing tents, copper boilers, sheep and gallons of kumys. Several thousand people assembled, and their tents were pitched on the steppe where the feather-grass waved in the breeze. The chief men among the Bashkirs took their positions on conical hillocks and sat cross-legged on their carpets, while a young Bashkir poured kumys from a leathern bottle and gravely handed the cup to each of the circle in turn. Here and there and everywhere was heard the weird minor music of the herdsmen's pipes and little snatches of song.

Then the games began,—wrestlers displayed their skill and for the principal races ten-year-old boys contended, mounted bareback on thirty finely-trained horses. No police were present, but, in spite of the clamor and excitement, good humor and order prevailed, and this particularly pleased Count Tolstoy. When the games were over, the guests were treated to horse-flesh and mutton and they departed satisfied, many of them politely thanking their host for his hospitality.



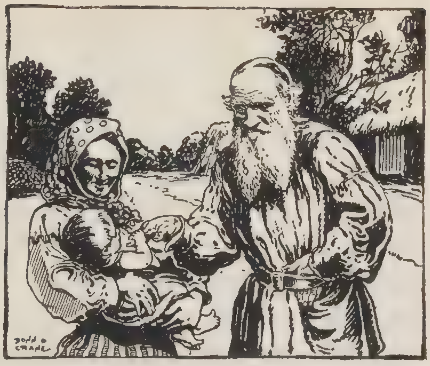
At this time the life of the Bashkir peasants, with all their flies, fleas and dirt, the wandering, nomadic life of millions of men scattered over an immense territory and struggling with primitive conditions, seemed to Tolstoy far more important than the political life of Europe as represented in the British parliament. And these years were the summit of his family happiness, his literary fame and wealth. The time was soon to come when even his splendid new domain of rich and fertile soil, with three hundred head of horses, could no longer satisfy him or restore him his inner peace.

The old questions came back with an insistence which made it impossible to deny them. More and more he came to hate the idle, frivolous, useless life of the rich, the injustice of governments and society which gave so much to the rich and so little to the poor, the jealousies and selfishness that made war among men. He wanted to get back to the pure Christianity that Jesus taught, to lead a life of simplicity and work, of love and brotherhood. He wanted to love all, rich and poor, Zulu and idiot alike, and never be angry with anyone. He wanted to see all men equal, working and sharing alike. And so he lived among his peasants at Yasnaya Polyana, sharing with them the hardest manual labor and dressing just as they did, a smock in summer, a sheepskin coat and cap in winter.

And now instead of going on writing novels like those which had made him famous, he turned all his thoughts to religion and education. How to educate the peasants? How to teach them what was really good and fine? How to write for them so they would understand?—These thoughts absorbed him.

Gradually he came to believe that owning property was wrong. He decided that men should hold all things in common, and he made over everything he possessed to his wife and children. He gave up the use of his title of Count, and he taught that men should not resist evil with violence nor go to war for any cause whatever. These ideas of his began to spread like wildfire among the masses who looked upon him as a deliverer, and to Yasnaya Polyana came many a pilgrim wishing to study his teachings. Nevertheless, the Greek Church and the Russian government frowned darkly on his views. Policemen raided his home and carried off writings regarded by them as seditious, while the church cast him out altogether.

Still the old man pursued his course to the end. More than once he tried to leave home in order to be absolutely free from the comforts in which his wife and children lived and on a plane of complete equality with the poorest among the peasants. Every



time, however, he returned. Not until a few days before his death, when he was eighty-two years old, did he leave Yasnaya Polyana for the last time, never to return.

On a gray, gloomy morning long before light, he set out, as eager to escape into poverty as most men would be to run off and seek a fortune. Sometimes he traveled in a dirty, ill-ventilated third-class car attached to a freight train, and filled with a crowd of evil-smelling workmen. Again he rode through a pouring rain. But at last on this strange and lonely journey, away from all his family save one daughter who had joined him, he was taken ill, and he died in the humble little old red house of a village station master.

Thither the peasants came in their long overcoats to stand in groups around the doorstep, weeping and embracing one another, and one was heard to comfort the others, saying:

"Fear not for him; he loved the people so."

Old man though he lived to be, Tolstoy never forgot the game of ant-brothers which he had played as a child, and when he was over seventy, he wrote:

"The ideal of 'ant-brothers,' lovingly clinging to one another, though not under two arm chairs curtained by handkerchiefs, but of all mankind under the wide dome of heaven, has remained the same for me. As I then believed that there existed a little green stick, whereon was written the message that could destroy all evil in men and give them universal welfare, so I now believe that such truth exists and will be revealed to men and will give them all it promises."

A Little Girl in Sweden*

SELMA LAGERLÖF (1858——)

SELMA thought herself very important. Yes, that she did! She was only three years old, but she was altogether different from other children, and this was how it happened. One day Selma woke up and found that she could not walk, no, nor even move her legs. Then there was a stir, you can imagine, and grown-ups making no end of a fuss about her. Day in and day out, Back-Kaisa, the tall, dark peasant woman six feet high, who was the children's nurse, carried Selma about on her back, waiting on her and petting her and telling her she was a perfect little angel. Yet, Back-Kaisa hadn't been the kind to do that sort of thing before. When a child went to the nursery up a steep, little old flight of stairs and across a great attic very dark and shadowy, after granny's tales of witches, and trolls, and goblins, had Back-Kaisa been wont to take her hand? No, not she! And when the owl, who lived up above the nursery in a lumber loft full of old looms and spinning wheels, began to hoot and make a dreadful racket in the dead of night, had Back-Kaisa been one to quiet any childish fears? No again and no, indeed! And had not Back-Kaisa cared so little what children thought that when she scrubbed the nursery floor, she put high up on the bureau out of reach the three pretty little chairs which were their treasures, each one painted on the bottom with a portrait of the owner, Johan in blue with a long whip, Anna in a dainty red frock and leghorn hat, sniffing at a nosegay, and Selma a tiny tot in a blue dress and little striped apron, all, all up out of reach? Yes, that was Back-Kaisa, and yet, here she was, now that Selma could not walk, petting and spoiling her for dear life. And Father and Mother and Granny and Aunt Lovisa, all were quite as bad.

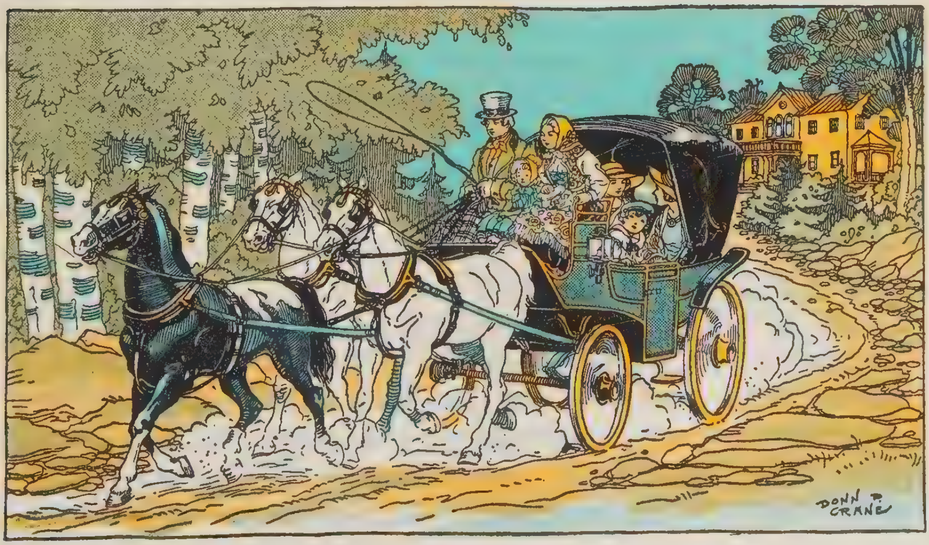
The old carpenter at Askersby had to make Selma a little

**Told chiefly from* MARBACKA, *Selma Lagerlöf's own story of her childhood.*

wagon so that Back-Kaisa might draw her about. But were Johan and Anna ever allowed to borrow that wagon to cart their sand? No, no! That was for Selma's use and they must not soil it. Johan and Anna were driven nearly to distraction.

Doctor Hedberg was consulted again and again, and Back-Kaisa one day secretly called in the dangerous old witch-doctor,—she who every Maundy Thursday greased a broomstick and went riding to the Witches' Kitchen,—but when both these failed to cure the little girl, Johan and Anna noticed that Selma thought herself too grand to eat plain fare. Why, she barely deigned to touch fried chicken and new potatoes and wild strawberries and cream. But when she had been taken to Karlstad and the great Doctor Haak had said he could do nothing for her, then she would eat nothing at all, save pastry and preserves.

At last it was decided. Selma was to be taken to the West Coast in the hope that she might be helped by the sea air and the baths. Now she sat beside Back-Kaisa, leaving the pretty old manor house at Marbacka, and perched up high on the box of



the big closed carriage, with Magnus, the coachman, driving three prancing horses. Johan would have liked to sit up there, but no! That was Selma's seat and he must content himself below with Anna, Fru Lagerlöf and Aunt Lovisa, while Lieutenant Lagerlöf, their father, rode ahead in the carriole.

At Strömstad the Marbacka folk took a cosy little cottage by the sea. There they saw the sandy shore and the tall cliffs, the boats and the sea-faring folk, and shells and star-fish and crabs. The house fronted a big garden, and under the spreading trees they had their breakfasts and their suppers. At the back of the house in a tiny hut built against a high cliff lived their hostess, Fru Strömberg, whose husband was Captain of the Jacob, a ship far away at sea. During the winter months she occupied the cottage herself, but summers it was to let. In her tiny cabin she sat from morning till night, surrounded by blooming oleanders, her tables and shelves laden with curios which her husband had brought from foreign parts.

When Fru Lagerlöf and Mamselle Lovisa were having coffee with their friends, and the others were busy in various ways, Back-Kaisa and Selma went off to Fru Strömberg's cabin. Fru Strömberg had many wonderful things to show them,—big sea-shells that were full of sound, and murmured when you put them to your ear, and porcelain men from China with long pig-tails and moustaches. Back-Kaisa wondered how Fru Strömberg could have any peace of mind knowing that her husband was drifting about on the perilous seas, but Fru Strömberg replied that there was One who protected him, and therefore she felt that he was as safe on his ship as in the streets of Strömstad. Then she turned to Selma and said: "When he comes home, you shall see what he has on the Jacob. It is a bird-of-paradise."

Now the child was all interest in a moment. She remembered that Granny had told her about Paradise. It was a place that looked like the little rose-garden at Marbacka—so Selma thought.

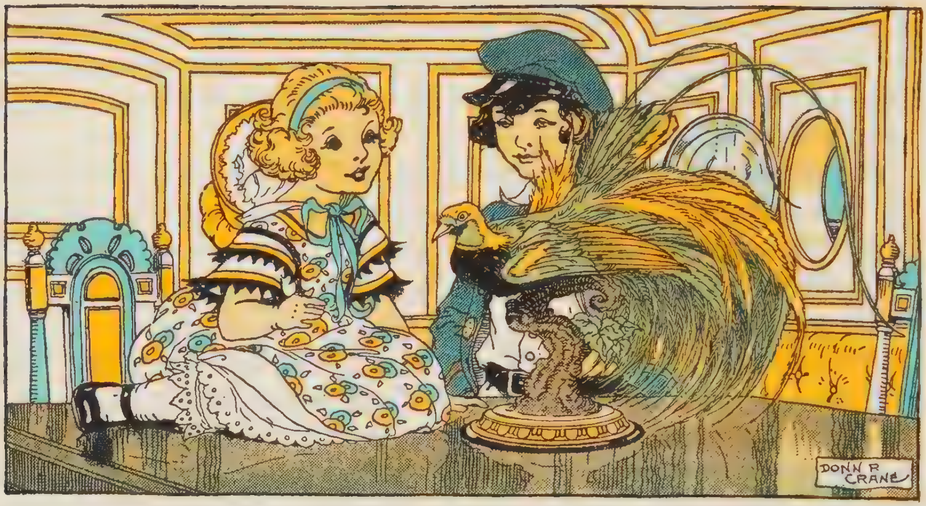
At the same time it was clear to her that Paradise had something to do with God. Therefore, she concluded that the one who guarded Fru Strömberg's husband so that he was as safe at sea as on land was the bird-of-paradise.

She wanted so much to meet that bird. Perhaps it could cure her legs, but she was too shy to ask Back-Kaisa and Fru Strömberg. They might laugh at her. Nevertheless, she did not forget what Fru Strömberg had said. Every day she wished that the Jacob would come home.

One day she heard the good news. The Jacob had arrived. She was very happy, indeed, but she did not speak of it to any one. To her there was something sacred about it all. Soon the whole family set out to see the Jacob. They had to get into a little boat and row out to her, and the nearer they got, the larger she grew, till at last she loomed high as a mountain. To those in the rowboat it looked quite impossible to clamber up so high.

Presently they lay-to under a swaying rope-ladder, and a couple of sailors jumped down to help them with the climb. The first to be taken up was Selma. One of the sailors boosted her to his comrade who bore her up the ladder and put her down on the deck. Here he left her to go and help the others. Now the little girl stood alone before a great yawning hole, at the bottom of which lay the cargo of salt, and she looked all about for the bird-of-paradise, even away up into the rigging. Seeing no sign of him, however, she turned to the Captain's cabin boy, who had just come up, and asked where he might be found.

"Come along," said the boy, "and you shall see him." Thereupon, he gave her a hand lest she fall down the hole; and walking backwards he led her down the companion-way into the Captain's cabin. In there, sure enough, was the bird-of-paradise, even more beautiful than her imagination had pictured it. It was not alive, yet it stood in the middle of the table, whole and perfect in all its gorgeous plumage.



The little girl climbed up on a chair and from there to the table. Then she sat down beside the bird and regarded its beauty. The cabin-boy showed her its long, light, drooping feathers.

"Look!" he said. "You can see he's from Paradise, for he hasn't any feet! He always soars in the heavens."*

Now that seemed to fit in very well with Selma's own conception of Paradise—a place where one did not have to walk but moved about on wings. She gazed at the bird in wonder and adoration, her little hands folded as if in prayer.

Suddenly shouts were heard on deck. "Selma! Selma!" Immediately Lieutenant Lagerlöf and his wife, Captain Strömberg, Back-Kaisa, Johan, and Anna all came rushing into the cabin.

"How did you get here?" they asked as with one breath, wonder and amazement depicted on their faces.

Then Selma realized what had happened. In her eagerness to see the bird-of-paradise she had walked! She had walked and no one had carried her! She crawled from the table to the chair, and from the chair to the floor. Three cheers and hooray!

**The natives of New Guinea sent out the first birds of paradise without feet which gave rise to the legend that they had no feet, but always soared in the sky, never descending to earth for either rest or food.*

She could stand and she could walk! How they all rejoiced!

The grown folk said it was the splendid baths at Strömstad that had wrought the change, but the little girl had her own thoughts about the matter. Was it not that marvel with the quivering wings from the land where feet were not needed who had taught her to walk here on this earth?

At length, one day, the horses turned in on a large greensward surrounded by low red buildings and enclosed by a white fence. They stopped before a wide red house with small windows, and Selma was at home at Marbacka again. There on the porch stood a little, sweet-faced, white-haired lady, slightly bent and dressed in a striped skirt and black jacket. That was granny, who told the children so many wonderful tales on the corner sofa in the bedroom off the kitchen. There were big brother Daniel and tiny baby Gerda, too, to welcome the wanderers home.

How everybody loved Marbacka! Selma's grandfather and great grandfathers for generations had lived there. They had all been clergymen till her grandfather's time. He had been a Paymaster of the Regiment and, like her father, a soldier.

There were many queer old buildings at Marbacka,—the man-servant's hall, and the sheep-cot, the stable, the bath-house where they used to smoke bacon, the kiln where they malted grain, and the little storehouse built up on stilts. In the autumn that storehouse was something wonderful to behold. It held great bins of flour, two huge vats of beef and pork in brine, buckets of sausage, barrels of salted herring, tins of salted beans, spinach and peas. It was the housekeeper who ruled over the storehouse and guarded the key with zealous care. None of your trespassing in there, children,—it is kept fast locked!

The servant's hall was built of stones picked up on the ground, and its walls were two ells thick. It had two low small-paned windows with iron gratings, a fireplace at one end, and a large bed-cupboard, where four great beds were built into the wall, two upper and two lower bunks, in each of which three persons could easily lie side by side. Here lived the stableman and the farm-boy; here the farm laborers gathered at rest hours to eat and lounge, and here poor belated wayfarers were shown when they came asking for a lodging at nightfall.

Above the man-servant's cottage was the loom-room with two looms and a great tile stove. In this room Fru Lagerlöf loved to sit and weave towelling, bed linen, table linen, floor mats, curtains, or pretty fabrics for dresses. All summer long she sat at her loom and kept it going. In the autumn, however, the looms were taken out to make room for a long low table, while round three-legged stools were brought up from the servants' room below. That meant that Soldier Svens, the parish shoemaker, was expected. Soon he and his apprentices came, shouldering great knapsacks full of awls, hammers, lasts, wax-ends, eyelets, heel-irons and shoe-pegs, all of which were dumped on the table. Selma and the other children were in high glee when the shoemaker arrived. They bounded up the difficult stairs to the loom-room many times a day to watch how a shoe was made from the stretching of the leather on the last to the cutting out of boot laces.

There was another thing, too, that was great fun at Marbacka. That was to watch Aunt Lovisa dress the peasant girls in their veils and myrtle crowns for their weddings; for the ladies of Marbacka had always dressed the brides of the neighborhood since the days of the clergymen's wives. Aunt Lovisa had inherited a cupboard full of trumpery things for this purpose,—glass beads, artificial flowers, imitation jewelry, false curls, a pasteboard bridal crown covered with gold paper, and tortoise shell combs fully eight inches high. Sometimes the little girls even dressed themselves up in this finery.

Now Lieutenant Lagerlöf in those days was an energetic farmer. He dug ditches for drainage, sowed timothy and clover in the meadows that bordered the curves of the shining river, bought a threshing machine, and built a fine new barn and decent cottages for his workmen. He beautified the house, too, with a stately avenue of approach, extensive gardens and shrubbery.

"The King might come to Marbacka some day on his way to Norway," he used to say, "and we must be ready to receive him." That was his little joke.

At six-thirty in the morning the nurse made a fire in the children's room, and at seven they had to rise. Soon a tray was sent up from the kitchen with bowls of gruel and large pieces of buttered knäckebrod. This was the "little breakfast." At eight o'clock, whatever the weather, they went out for a romp, sledding on the driveway or skating on the pond. An hour later they came in for "big breakfast," which consisted of eggs or griddle-cakes, or fried herring with boiled potatoes. They did not sit down about the big table for this meal but each one helped himself and sat at one of the little tables. Lessons under the governess in the nursery lasted from nine o'clock until noon, and then came dinner. Now the whole family gathered about the dining table, and one of the little girls said grace before the meal. When they rose from the table each one kissed their mother's hand and then their father's, and said: "Thank you for the food." From two to four came lessons again and then they were off to drive their pet ram or go coasting to some distant hill. When they got back, a log fire was crackling in the living room and on a folded card table stood a plate of sandwiches with a pitcher of unfermented beer. Um, how good it tasted after the exercise and the cold, and how pleasant it was to lie on the floor before that big grate fire!

When the fire burned low and the lamp on the round table by the sofa was lit, Fru Lagerlöf taught her little daughters to sew, crochet or knit, and if they did their work well she read to them from Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Supper was at eight, and after that, Lieutenant Lagerlöf, sitting back in his rocking chair, would tell schoolboy yarns or relate memories of the days when he had heard the glorious Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, sing in Stockholm, unless, indeed, Fru Lagerlöf read to them all from the *Frithjof Saga*, which was the children's favorite story.

Everybody in the neighborhood loved Lieutenant Lagerlöf. Every year on the seventeenth of August they came from far and near for a celebration on his birthday. Carriages, pony carts, and chaises rolled up the avenue by scores. There was an illumination of the garden with magic lanterns in the evening and afterwards a play in the attic, in the writing of which Selma herself sometimes took a hand, for she dearly loved to scribble.

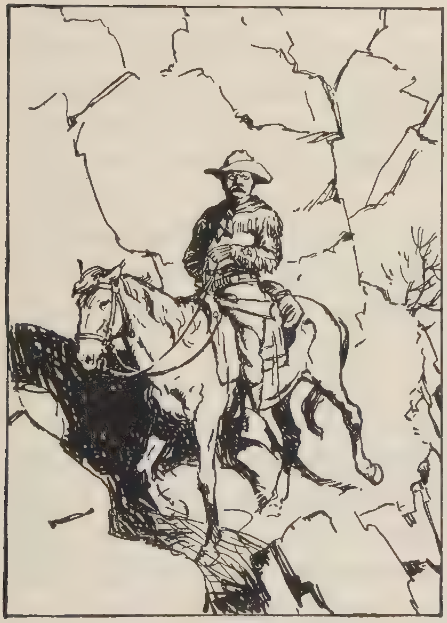
In this happy manner Selma lived for twenty years at her beloved Marbacka and sometimes she dreamed that a stranger would come to her gate and bring her fame by publishing her stories. Then came the day when the dear old place had to be sold, and Selma must go off to Stockholm to earn her living as a teacher. How often she thought of Marbacka then and yearned for her dear old province of Värmland. One day it flashed upon her like a blinding light that she must write a story of the Värmland and the people she loved so well. She wrote slowly, very slowly, but when the *Saga of Gösta Berling* was finished, it brought her fame and fortune. Ah, now she could buy back Marbacka!

In 1908 Selma was invited to write a book for the schools of Sweden which should keep alive in the hearts of the young folk a love for the history and folk-lore of their native land. Forthwith, she recalled her granny's old tales and her early life at Marbacka, and she wrote *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils*, a book which not only pleased the children of Sweden, but is dearly loved today by children of every land. Because of that book Selma received the Nobel Prize for literature, the first woman in the world to receive so great an honor. Because of that book little Selma is today the most dearly loved woman in Sweden.

WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF NILS   FURTHER ADVENTURES OF NILS   **MARBACKA**

The Rough Rider

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (*American*, 1858-1919)



A STURDY young fellow, alert and energetic of movement, his spectacles gleaming in the sun, was making his way on a tough little western pony toward Chimney Butte Ranch on the Little Missouri River, in the Bad Lands of North Dakota. All around him the country was bare, wild and desolate, vast stretches of bleak prairie, parched by the scorching sun and varied only by abrupt and savage hills called by the cowboys, buttes. It was a land of enormous distances, stretching away forever, with no farms and no fences, only at wide intervals little log ranch-houses with mud roofs, where lived the ranchmen whose herds ranged over the prairie. In the fertile river bottoms hundreds of long-horned cattle grazed while cowboys dashed recklessly among them on half-broken ponies. No soft loveliness in such a scene, only a wild, stark, bold and rugged beauty that made it a fit background for the bold and rugged men who lived and worked there.

Such a scene had a strange appeal for Theodore Roosevelt. He loved it; vigorous outdoor life in that wild country thrilled him; he wanted to feel himself the comrade of the men who lived there. And so a year ago he had bought Chimney Butte Ranch. Queer! A New Yorker of a wealthy old Dutch family,

Read THE BOY'S LIFE OF ROOSEVELT *by Hermann Hagedorn.*

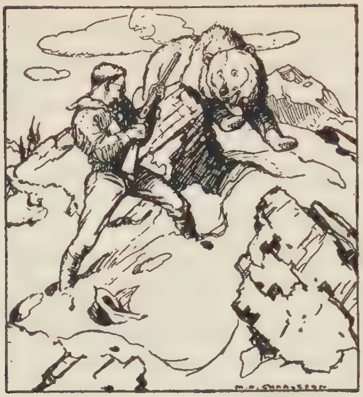
who had lived all his life in an aristocratic section of New York City and was a graduate of Harvard University into the bargain, choosing such a primitive life of toil and hardship, and queerer still that the rough plainsmen should overcome their prejudice against Eastern "dudes," and love and admire Theodore Roosevelt. Back in New York a great sorrow had just befallen the young man, the loss of his wife, and he had come out to Dakota to fling himself heart and soul into the work of the ranch and forget his grief in activity.

At this particular time, though Roosevelt was riding home to his dinner at Chimney Butte, the greater part of his stock was no longer kept there. One day not long ago, he had followed the Little Missouri River forty miles north of Chimney Butte to a spot where it takes a long swing westward through a fertile bottom bordered by sheer cliffs. There on a low bluff surmounted by cottonwood trees he had found the interlocked antlers of two great elk, and he had decided that this was a better place for his ranch than Chimney Butte. Accordingly, he and his men were driving the cattle over and taking possession of the rude little shack that was already built there.

It was a company of quiet, bronzed, self-reliant men with whom Roosevelt had surrounded himself out there in the West. There were Joe Ferris and Joe and Sylvaine Merrifield, seasoned plainsmen who were in charge of Chimney Butte Ranch when Theodore first came out to hunt buffalo just a year before. And there were the two backwoodsmen from Maine, whom Roosevelt fetched from the East, Bill Sewall and his nephew, Will Dow. Bill Sewall was a character. Roosevelt had learned to know and love him in his Harvard days when he went up to Lake Mattawamkeag to hunt in the Maine wilderness. A stalwart, vigorous man with an indomitable spirit was Sewall, the sort of man who could hew down with his axe forty or fifty giants of the forest in one day, who gloried in the conflict with wind and storm, and was the happiest in his canoe on Mattawamkeag when the waves were highest, exulting in his strength and bidding the elements defiance. This man was all his life long one of Roosevelt's closest friends.

In the fall, when everything was well settled at Elkhorn, Roosevelt set out for a round-up in the great cattle country west of the Little Missouri. The search for stray cattle took him and his party across southeastern Montana and halfway across Wyoming to the very base of the Big Horn Mountains, where eight years before, General Custer had been killed by the Indians. Those mountains tempted Roosevelt. The work of rounding up cattle was now well over; so he and Merrifield took a pack-train and leaving their canvas-covered wagon with the rest of the party, they started up into the mountains. Along an old Indian trail through dense pine woods and up the sides of rocky gorges they ascended—up and up and up, driving their pack-train with endless difficulty over fallen timber and along the edge of dizzy precipices.

At length they camped in a beautiful glade surrounded by pine trees, pitching their tents beside a clear running mountain brook. From here they hunted among the peaks round about. The weather was clear and cold with thin ice covering the mountain tarns, and now and again light falls of snow made the forest gleam in the moonlight. Through the frosty air they could often hear the far-off musical note of the bull-elk calling. Roosevelt loved the adventure of the chase, but he loved even more the majesty of the trees and the companionship of all the shy wild creatures that sprang across his path. When he did set out to hunt, however, he pursued his aim with dogged persistence. He might be sobbing for breath and with sweat streaming into his eyes, but if he was after an elk, after an elk he continued to be, in spite of all misadventures, until he got one; if his aim was a grizzly he kept on the warpath and never rested until the



grizzly was his. Certainly Theodore Roosevelt never avoided difficulties. He pressed on determinedly through them, and made difficulties contribute to his success.

After some days in the mountains the two men at length rejoined their wagon and started on the three hundred mile journey home. It was long and weary traveling, galloping beside the lumbering wagon over the desolate prairie. After many days they reached a strange and romantic region—isolated buttes of sandstone cut by the weather into curious caves and columns, battlements and spires. A beautiful and fantastic place it was, and here they made their camp. Soon the flames of their camp fire went leaping up the cliffs till those weird and solemn shapes seemed to writhe into life. Outside the circle of the firelight the cliffs shone silver beneath a great full moon and threw grotesque black shadows across the dusky plain.

The next morning, however, all was changed, a gale was blowing and the rain came beating down. A miserable day and night followed and then another. Not until the third day dawned could they start on their way again. That night they camped by a dry creek in a broad bottom covered with thick parched grass. To make sure that their camp fire should not set the surrounding grass alight, they burned a circle clear standing about with branches to keep the flames in check. Suddenly a puff of wind! The fire leapt up and roared like a beast as it raced along the plain. In five minutes the whole bottom would be ablaze. The men fought furiously. Hair and eyebrows were singed black, but they kept on fighting until the flames were subdued.

At this time they were still three days from home as the crawling team would make the journey, so Roosevelt concluded after supper that night to press on ahead of the wagon with Merrifield and ride the full distance before the next day should dawn. At nine o'clock they saddled the tough little ponies they had ridden all day and rode off out of the circle of firelight, loping mile after mile beneath the moon and the stars. Now and again bands of antelope swept silently by them and once a drove of cattle charged past, dark figures that set the ground rumbling beneath their heavy tread. The first glow of the sun was touching the level bluffs of Chimney Butte into light as they galloped into the valley of the Little Missouri River.

Winter was hard at Chimney Butte that year as always. There was little snow, but the cold was fierce in its intensity. The trees cracked and groaned from the strain of the frost and even the stars seemed to snap and glitter. The river lay frozen fast, and wolves and lynxes traveled up and down it at night as though it had been a highway.

Roosevelt lived chiefly now at Chimney Butte, writing somewhat on books which he had started and reading as much as he could, but never neglecting to share all the hardships of winter work. It was not pleasant to be out of doors in the biting wind, but the herds must be watched. The cattle suffered much and stood in shivering groups huddled together in the shelter of the canyons. Every day for Roosevelt began with breakfast at five o'clock, three hours before sunrise, and from then until dark he or his men were almost constantly in the saddle, riding about among the cattle and turning back any that seemed to be straggling away toward the open plain.

During the severest weather there were fifty new-bought and decidedly refractory ponies to be broken. Day after day in the icy cold Roosevelt labored patiently in the corral among them. More than once he was bucked by his steed in the presence of a gallery of grinning cowboys, but in the end it was noteworthy that it was always the pony and not Roosevelt who was broken!

In the late spring the men built a new ranch house at Elkhorn, plain but comfortable and homelike. Then Will Dow went back east to Maine and returned with a newly married bride of his own and with Bill Sewall's wife and little three-year-old daughter. These women were backwoodswomen, self-reliant, fearless. What with their cheery voices, their thinking of scores of little things to make life more pleasant, their baking and putting all things in order at the ranch, they soon turned the house into a real home.

Now began happy days at Elkhorn, days of elemental toil and hardship, and of strong, elemental pleasures, rest after labor, food after hunger, warmth and shelter after bitter cold. No room here for social distinctions. Each respected and loved the other because each knew the other to be steadfast, loyal and true. Roosevelt saddled his own horse, fed the pigs and now and then washed his own clothes. Through the cold evenings he loved to stretch himself out at full length on the elk hides and wolf skins before the great fireplace while the blazing logs cracked and roared. Doubtless he often thought back then on his own life, and conjured up out of the glowing embers ghostly but mirth-provoking wraiths of the queer little boy that had once been Theodore Roosevelt.

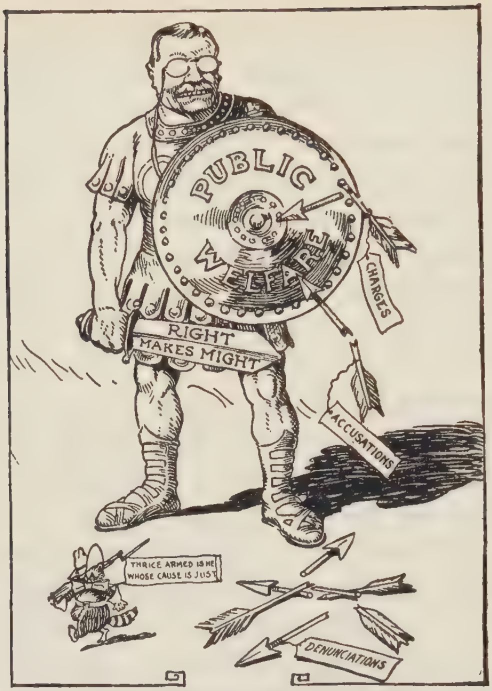
What an alert, energetic, enthusiastic, little fellow he had been, having his fun in the small back yard of a city home. True, he had been frail in body originally, for he had acquired that tough physique of his only through persistent facing of hardships, but he had been lively enough in spite of his fraility, when it came to pursuing his hobbies. His first deep interest had been in natural history. O that Museum of Natural History he had founded at the age of nine! And the treatise he had written in a two-for-a-nickel note book, "Natural History on Insects," wherein with the most picturesque spelling he wrote of "beetlles," "misqueto hawks," ants, etc., knowledge of whose "habbits" he declared he had gained entirely from his own "ofservation."

He had pursued the study of natural history with an almost ruthless singleness of purpose, just as he did all things throughout his life. If it seemed to him necessary for his studies that he keep a few dead field mice in the family refrigerator he did so; if he felt obliged to have a snake or two in the guest room water pitcher, that he did likewise. For a few years, whether in America, or in Europe, or journeying up the Nile with his parents, his brother and sister, he had the single aim of chasing down specimens for his study.

Never through his life did Theodore lose that interest in natural history, but gradually as he grew to be a youth there began to awaken in him other and deeper interests. He was thrilled by the heroes of the old epics. He wanted to be like them. He wanted to be of the company of the doers of deeds, men who faced life and death calmly with clear eyes and did not rate life too highly in the balance with what they deemed justice. And gradually he became more and more deeply aware of the struggle it is to translate dreams into reality. He saw ever more clearly that men accomplish the great purposes of their lives only through endless struggle against the laziness, the love of ease, the impurities, the doubts and fears of their own hearts. But every aspiration in him reached out to be one with those who, through all ages, have fought the battles of Right against Wrong and he determined to build up for himself a clean, valiant, fighting soul.

When he was graduated from college he decided that the real fighters of his day were the men who went into politics and used their weapons there in behalf of Justice and Fair Play, and so he joined the Twenty-fifth District Republican Association.

"But politics are so low," said his aristocratic friends with their noses in the air. "And political organizations are not controlled by gentlemen, but by saloon keepers, street car conductors and the like!"



AN IMPREGNABLE SHIELD
(From the Pittsburgh *Gazette-Times*)

"Very well," replied Theodore with emphasis, "if saloon keepers and street car conductors are the men who are governing the United States, and lawyers and merchants are merely the ones being governed, then decidedly saloon keepers and street car conductors are the ones I want to know."

And off he went to attend meetings of the Association in a great barnlike hall over a saloon in 59th Street. Joe Murray, a stockily built Irishman with a strong chin and twinkling eyes, might not be so romantic as an old Norse Viking, but he was a good fighter when it came to doing battle with the Political Ring and its "Big Boss" who had governed the Twenty-fifth District in their own interests for years. Young Roosevelt joined forces with Joe Murray, standing vehemently for whatever he deemed was right, and the first thing he knew he had defeated the Big Boss and his Ring and was elected a member of the New York State Assembly. There he was distinguishing himself for attacks on many corrupt practices when the death of his wife in 1883 sent him west to Chimney Butte.

The summer days following the coming of the women to Elkhorn were full of vigorous toil. Much of the time Roosevelt was away from the ranch on round-ups. He enjoyed enormously the rough but hearty comradeship of these gatherings which brought him in touch with the ranchmen and cowboys from hundreds of miles around. Whenever he arrived at the round-up he always reported at once to the Captain, who assigned him to some wagon-boss. He then deposited his bedding outside the ring in no one's way and ate his supper in silence, turning a deaf ear to certain gibing remarks that were certain to be made about "four eyes," for the cowboys regarded spectacles as the surest sign of a "dude." There were rough enough characters among those men, too, but Roosevelt's doctrine of "do your job and keep your mouth shut," as well as the absolute fearlessness with which he occasionally stood up to some "tough customer" who was trying to make sport of him, usually kept him out of trouble.

Work on the round-up began at three in the morning with a yell from the cook and lasted till sundown or sometimes all the night through. In the morning the cowboys "rode the long circle" in couples, driving into the wagon-camp whatever animals were found in the hills. The afternoon was spent in the difficult and dangerous work of "cutting out" of the herd thus gathered, the cattle belonging to the various brands. Representatives of each brand rode in succession into the midst of the herd, working the animal they were after gently to the edge, and then, with a sudden dash taking it off at a run.

One evening a heavy storm broke over the camp. There was a terrific peal of thunder, and the lightning struck almost into the herd. Heads and tails high, off plunged the panic-stricken cattle, and for forty hours Roosevelt was in the saddle driving them together again. After that the cow-punchers decided that the man with the four eyes "had the stuff in him" after all.

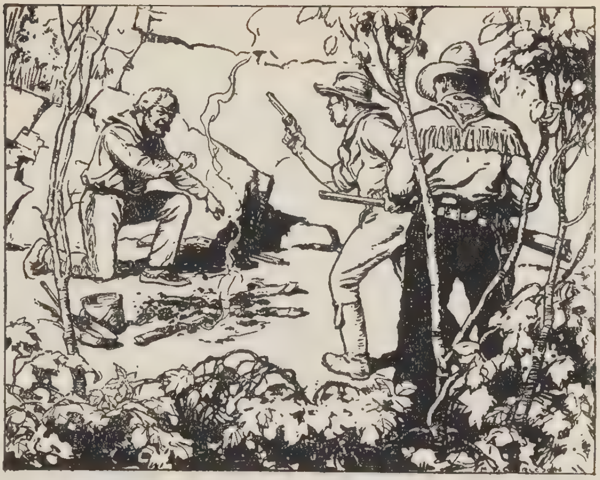
And so, quietly "doing his job" day by day, accepting the discipline of the camp and the orders of the Captain of the Round-up, Roosevelt gradually won a place for himself in the rough world of the Bad Lands. He was not a crack rider nor a fancy roper, but he was unflinchingly persistent in whatever he undertook and he put into all he did every ounce of energy and enthusiasm in him, so that he often outdid far more gifted men.

Winter passed and Spring came early that year at Elkhorn. About the middle of March a great ice jam came slowly drifting past the ranch, roaring and crunching, and piling the ice high on both banks, even grinding against the porch and the cottonwood trees and threatening to wash the house away. But the force of the freshet gradually carried the jam on. Then Bill Sewall discovered that their one and only boat had been stolen from its moorings.

Now there had recently been three suspicious characters seen in the neighborhood, thieves fleeing from justice, the leader of whom was a desperado named Finnegan, and the men did not doubt but that they had stolen the boat. Roosevelt had been made a deputy sheriff and he conceived it to be his duty to start out at once in search of these robbers. The country was impassable on horses or foot; so Sewall and Dow built a flat-bottomed boat, and in three days the men set out with sufficient provisions to last them for a fortnight.

The region through which they traveled was bleak and terrible. On either side beyond the piles of ice rose scarred buttes, weatherworn into the most fantastic shapes. It was zero weather, too, and there was an icy wind in their faces, but they found firewood in plenty and prairie fowl and deer for every meal. Late on the third day, on rounding a bend, they suddenly saw their boat moored to the shore. Out of the bushes a little way back rose the curling smoke of a camp-fire. The men leapt ashore and advanced cautiously through the underbrush. Beside the fire, in the shelter of a cut-bank, they saw a solitary figure with a gun on the ground beside him. Hands up! Roosevelt and Dow rushed on the man, a slow-witted German, who had been left to guard the camp while Finnegan and a half-breed Swede went out to hunt for game. The German made haste to obey.

After this, Sewall stood guard over the prisoner while Roosevelt



and Dow crouched under the bank and waited for the other two robbers to appear. At the end of an hour they saw them leisurely coming through the grass. Roosevelt cried again, "Hands up!" The Swede obeyed but Finnegan glared and hesitated. Then Roosevelt advanced on him, covering him with his gun, "You thief," he cried, "put up your hands!" With an oath Finnegan dropped his rifle and obeyed.

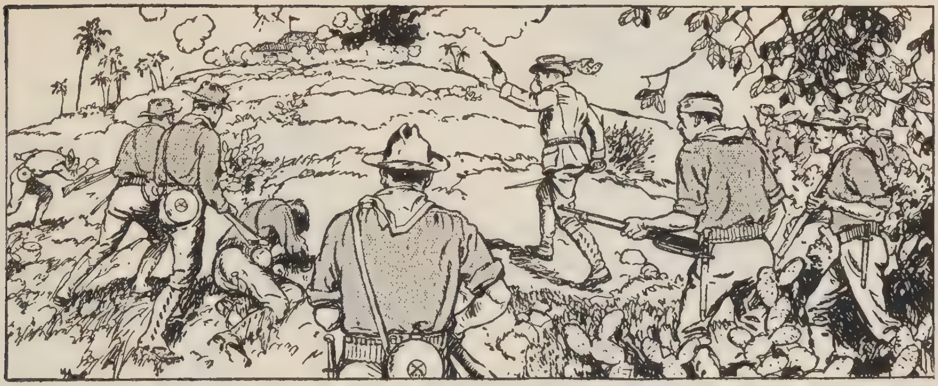
That night the men from Elkhorn camped where they were, guarding their prisoners well, but the next day they found that their return passage had been barred by the ice jam which had floated down from Elkhorn. Day after day they waited hoping for a thaw. Their provisions ran short and there was no game to be found in that neighborhood. They were reduced for food to unleavened bread made with muddy water. So the days passed with utter tediousness, and the thieves had to be watched every minute. At last Roosevelt, scouring the neighborhood, found an outlying cow-camp where he got a wiry, fractious little horse. On this he rode fifteen miles to a ranch where he secured supplies and a prairie schooner, hiring the ranchman to drive the wagon himself to the camp by the ice-bound river.

Thus thoroughly provisioned again, Sewall and Dow waited with the boats while Roosevelt started out with the thieves and the prairie schooner for the nearest jail, a desolate ten days' journey across the prairie. Not for a moment did Roosevelt dare abate his watch on the prisoners; so he made them get up into the wagon while he walked behind with his gun. Hour after hour, he waded through ankle-deep mud, hungry, cold, fatigued, but now, as ever, determined to carry the matter through at any cost. The very last night they put up at the squalid hut of a frontier granger, but Roosevelt, weary as he was, dared not sleep. He crowded the prisoners into an upper bunk and sat against the cabin door till dawn, his gun across his knee. On the following evening, with a sigh of relief, he deposited the thieves in prison.

And so Theodore Roosevelt, living, talking, working, facing dangers and suffering hardships with Dow, Sewall, Merrifield, Ferris and countless other stalwart citizens of the Bad Lands, came very close to the heart of the "plain American." But the day came at last when he found he must leave his beloved Elkhorn and return to New York. His ranch did not pay from the money standpoint. Moreover, he was to marry again, an old friend whom he had known as a little girl in New York, and life was calling him back to be a "doer of deeds" in another way.

Soon it was Dishonesty and Corruption instead of thieves and outlaws, that he was fighting as a member of the United States Civil Service Commission. In 1895 he was doing the same as Police Commissioner of the City of New York, and when the tyranny and cruelty of Spain toward the little island of Cuba forced the United States to declare war on Spain, Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy under President McKinley, resigned his post at once, and offered to fight evil once again by recruiting a regiment of mounted riflemen from among the skilled horsemen of the plains.

Of this organization, the Rough Riders, Leonard Wood was Colonel, and Theodore Roosevelt, Lieutenant Colonel. These were days for Roosevelt to remember his old friends of the Bad Lands and they came flocking to his standard. But the Rough

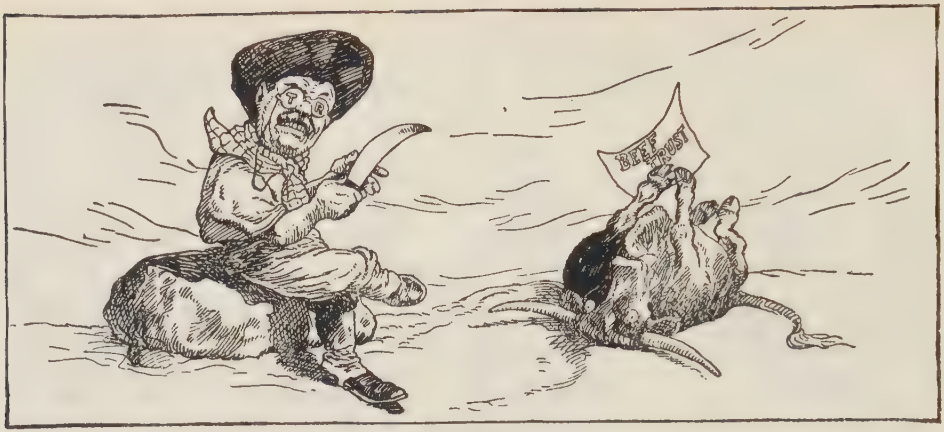


Riders were not all cowboys; they were bronco-busters and Fifth Avenue aristocrats, western badmen and eastern college boys, a valiant, if motley crew.

After the first battle of Las Guasimos in the Cuban jungle, Wood was advanced in command and Roosevelt was made Colonel of the Rough Riders. So it happened that at the decisive battle of San Juan Hill on the road to Santiago, it was Roosevelt, his face streaked with dirt and sweat, his trousers and boots caked with Cuban mud, a blue bandana handkerchief with white polka dots floating like a banner from his soiled campaign hat, whom the Rough Riders followed in the face of a withering storm of Spanish shrapnel, over crest after crest of the San Juan Hills, on, on to victory.

Overnight, Roosevelt became a popular hero. He returned to the United States to be elected Governor of New York, and two years later at the National Republican Convention a perfect stampede of western delegates forced him against his will to accept the nomination for Vice-President of the United States with William McKinley as President.

It was only six months later that McKinley was shot by an anarchist at Buffalo and Roosevelt was summoned to step into his place and fill the highest post in the land. The news came to



"NEXT"
(From the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*)

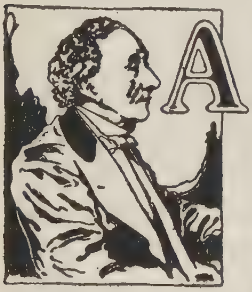
him in the heart of the Adirondacks where he had just been climbing Mt. Marcy. In a light buckboard wagon, dashing along almost on one wheel over a well-nigh impassable road that had been cut into gorges only a day or two before by a cloudburst, Roosevelt went down through the night to the nearest railroad, to become President of the United States.

And now for a time he pursued no more buffalo and elk, but with the same dogged courage and persistence he had shown on the western plains, he pursued Big Business and Unjust Privilege, the Railroad Trust, the Beef Trust and all other big corporations which were defrauding the public. He settled a coal strike that threatened the welfare of all the country; he brought about peace between Russia and Japan in the days of the Russo-Japanese war; he put through the Panama Canal, and gradually he began to stand out everywhere in the world as the greatest and most typical American of his day, one who stood vigorously, aggressively if need be, for what he believed to be right, a man of action, using every ounce of energy and enthusiasm that was in him to translate ideals into accomplished facts.

The Ugly Duckling

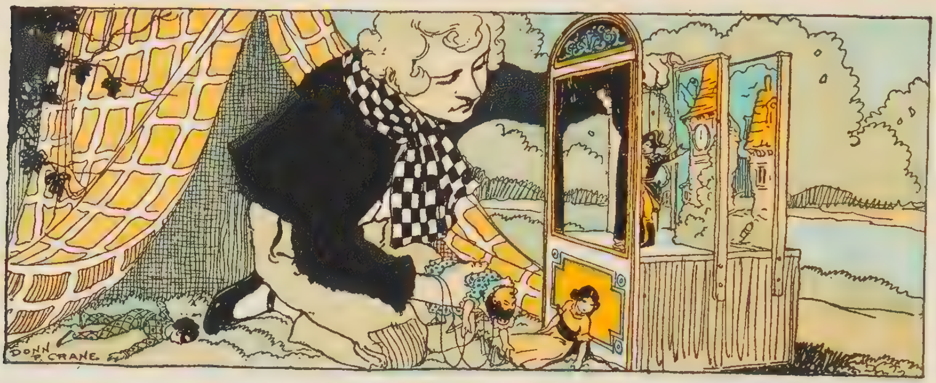
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (*Danish,* 1805-1875)

It matters not to have been born in a duck-yard if one has been hatched from a swan's egg.



A HUNDRED years or more ago there lived in the ancient city of Odense in Denmark, an awkward, overgrown, lean little boy, as lanky and ungainly as any ugly duckling. Hans Andersen's father was a cobbler, his mother a washerwoman, and they were so poor that they lived in one room under a steep gabled roof. This room had to be kitchen and parlor, workshop and bedroom all in one, but, poor as it was, it seemed to Hans wonderfully exciting. In every corner it was full of interesting things. The walls were covered with pictures; the tables and chests had shiny cups, glasses and jugs upon them; in the lattice window grew pots of mint; from the rafters hung bunches of sweet herbs, and there were always fresh green boughs hanging here and there about. Over by the window, where the sun streamed in, was a cobbler's work-bench and a shelf of books. But most interesting of all to Hans was the door of the room which was brightly painted with pictures. Often when the little fellow had gone to bed and his mother and father thought him fast asleep, he would lie awake to look at those pictures and make up stories about them. In the day time he liked to crawl up the ladder and out on the roof of the house, where, in the gutter between the Andersen's cottage and the one next door, there stood a box of earth in which Hans's mother had planted chives and parsley. This was their garden, for all the world like Kay and Gerda's garden in *The Snow Queen.*

Hans's father, though he passed his days pounding pegs into shoes, was a very well educated man, who had seen far better



days. He loved to read, and spent all his spare time with books. This made him seem very different from his poor neighbors and even from his wife who had no education at all. He and Hans were great friends and they often went on long rambles into the woods together. While the father sat and thought, or read, Hans ran about and gathered wild strawberries or made pretty garlands of flowers. Aye, the boy liked well enough to go tramping with his father, he even liked to read as his father did, but when it came to learning lessons, that was a different matter. He had no more wish to do sums than a butterfly or a bird.

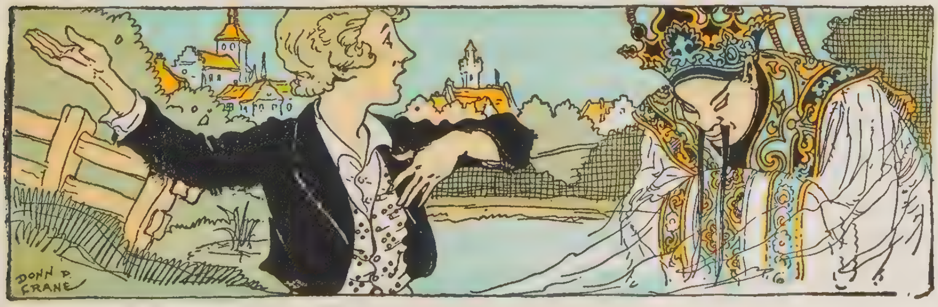
As a child he would play all alone out in the tiny garden behind the house. For hours he would sit near their one gooseberry bush, where, with the help of a broomstick and his mother's apron, he had made a little tent. Under this shelter he would sit cozily in all kinds of weather, fancying things and inventing stories. His father had made him some wonderful toys, pictures that changed their shape when pulled with a string, a mill which made the miller dance when it turned around, and a peepshow of odd rag dolls. Hans liked best of all to play with this little toy theatre, for he was unusually fond of plays. He would dress up these little rag puppets and very seriously make them go through the actions of many a thrilling drama.

Occasionally, though very seldom, the boy went to school.

Once he made friends at school with a little girl, to whom he told many remarkable stories. These stories were chiefly about himself, and his favorite one was how he was really of noble birth and not the son of the cobbler at all, only the fairies had changed him in his cradle and nobody knew the truth about him! One day he heard the little girl say, "Hans is a fool." Poor little Hans! He trembled and told her no more stories.

When Hans was only eleven years old his father died and he was left alone with his mother. He still continued to play with his toy theatre, but now it was reading, which, more than anything else, absorbed him and he read every book on which he could lay his hands. Best of all he loved Shakespeare. He liked particularly those plays where there were ghosts or witches. Indeed, he became so devotedly fond of the drama that he felt he must be an actor. He could sing well, too, he decided.

One day an old woman who was washing clothes in the river told Hans that the Empire of China lay down there under the water. Having taken no pains to learn anything about the world, Hans quite believed her and thought to himself that perhaps, on a moonlight night when he should be singing down by the water's edge, a Chinese prince, charmed by his marvelous music, would push his way up through the earth and take him down to China to make him rich and noble. Then the prince might let him return some day to Odense, where he would build a castle, to be envied and admired by all who had once despised him!



Naturally enough, young Hans singing in the lanes, reading and playing theatre alone by himself at home, was despised and looked upon almost as a lunatic by the people of Odense. Tall, gawky boy that he was, he had a huge nose, tiny eyes and a long, lanky neck like a bird's. His feet and hands were as big as boats, and his clothes were always too small. Ah, he was the laughing stock of the neighborhood! Boys teased him and screamed after him, "There goes the play scribbler."

Wounded to the quick, Hans shrank away from them all and hid himself at home, to be safe from their mockery. He had not a single friend of his own age in Odense.

The gentry who lived round about, though they were amused by the cobbler's peculiar son, were also sorry for him. They laughed at his absurd ambitions to be a great writer, a singer or an actor, when he had never taken the trouble to get even the smallest education, but they tried, also, to induce him to go to school. For a time he did as they wished, but in school he was always dreamy and absent-minded, and he never bothered to study. Indeed, he tried to please his master by bringing him wild flowers instead of learning his lessons.

At length, at the age of fourteen, Hans came to the conclusion that, like the heroes he had read about in his books, he must set out into the world and seek his fortune. This meant that he would go to Copenhagen and find work at the theatre. He had heard of a wonderful thing called a ballet which seemed to him grander and finer than anything else in the world, and his head was full of a certain marvelous lady who danced in that ballet. Hans pictured this chief dancer as a sort of fairy queen, who should graciously condescend to help him and, by a single wave of her hand, make him famous.

Now Fru Andersen was rather alarmed at these plans of her son's; so she sought advice from a fortune-teller. That wise woman consulted the coffee grounds and solemnly announced that

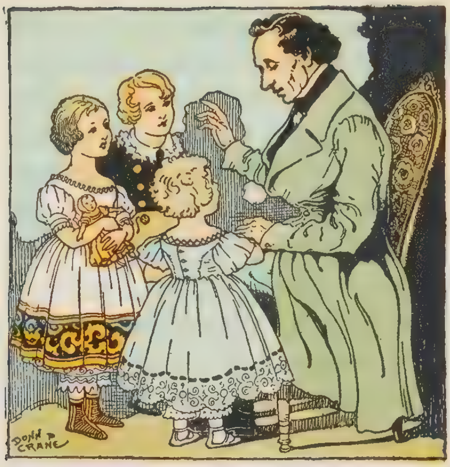
Hans Christian Andersen would be a very great man. One day all Odense should be illumined to do him honor! This statement seemed ridiculous, too utterly ridiculous. It was received with many a wink and shrug of the shoulders by knowing friends of the family, but it satisfied Hans's mother and she consented to let him go. So the boy confidently did up his little bundle, and with nine dollars in his pocket, took ship for Copenhagen.

Once arrived in the city, he hurried away to find his fairy queen, the chief dancer of the ballet, and he poured out in her wondering ears his longing to go on the stage. To show her what he could do, he took off his shoes and began dancing about in his stocking feet, using his hat for a drum and beating a lively tattoo! Needless to say, the graceful gambols of this overgrown giraffe terrified the poor lady. She took him for a lunatic and hastily showed him the door.

In spite of his disappointment, Hans persisted. He went to seek help from the Director of the Theatre, but it was only to meet with another rebuff. "None but educated men," said the director, "are engaged to go on the stage."

And so began the long series of Hans's adventures and disappointments. Ridiculous as he appeared to others, he respected himself sincerely and never lost his firm belief in his own ability. Some day something wonderful would happen to him surely! But he was keenly sensitive, too, and the constant rebuffs he met with always hurt him sorely. All the unhappiness of those days, as well as of his childhood, he expressed years later in the story of the Ugly Duckling, whose buffetings and miseries represent his own early trials.

He lived now in a garret in the poorest quarter of Copenhagen, and had nothing to eat but a cup of coffee in the morning and a roll later on in the day. True, he found friends who recognized his talent and wished to help him, but he was too proud to take from them more than was absolutely necessary. He would



pretend that he had had plenty to eat and that he had been dining out with friends, rather than accept their charity. He would say, too, that he was quite warm when his clothes were threadbare and his boots so worn and leaky that his feet were sopping with water. The courage and determination he showed at this time were really remarkable in a lad only fifteen years old. Once he sent a play which he had written to the Royal Theatre, never doubting in his childish ignorance but that it would be accepted. Here should begin his grand and glorious fortunes! Here all his dreams should begin to come true. Alack! the play came back to him all too soon with the curt comment that it showed such a lack of education as to be absolutely absurd. Here was a blow indeed, a hard blow to the boy's high hopes. But he would not be put down. Nothing daunted, he swallowed his disappointment once again, and wrote another play. This time those who read his manuscript at the theatre were surprised to discover that it showed unmistakable signs of talent, and they advised Andersen's friends to ask the King for money to send the boy to school.

Frederick VI of Denmark was like the kind kings in Andersen's stories. He arranged at once that Hans should be sent to school, and from then on he helped the boy until he was able to care for himself. Hans was not happy in school, however. There he was, a great hulking lad of seventeen, having to go into classes with the very smallest boys. He had plenty of opportunity now to wish that he had applied himself in earlier days to his lessons.

But though he worked hard, both here and later at the University in Copenhagen, he found it difficult to learn, and was generally thought a dunce. He continued to write poems, plays and sketches, which were one and all pronounced wishy-washy and silly. He failed again and again. Yet in the very bottom of his heart, in spite of all his failures, something always said, "I can," and his faith in himself never faltered.

At length, Frederick VI allowed him money for foreign travel, and he set forth to visit Italy, Germany and France. In Italy, among the ruins of old Rome that dot the Campagna, he found his inspiration for his first successful novel, *The Improvisatore,* which was published on his return to Copenhagen.

During all this time Andersen had been looking solely to his novels and plays to win him recognition. But while he was doing work of the most ordinary merit in this line, he had one admirable talent which he never even dreamed of taking seriously. Odense, his birthplace, was a rich treasure house of legends and folk lore, and sometimes, just to amuse the children of his friends, he would gather the little ones about him and weave these old legends into the most wonderful of stories. He would tell these tales in the liveliest manner, never bothering about grammar, but using childish words, and as he talked he would act and jump about and make remarkable faces. The children were delighted.

Perceiving all this, Andersen's friends at length suggested to him that he should write down these stories to make a book. At first he laughed at such an idea, but finally, more in fun than in earnest, he consented to the plan and wrote the stories down exactly as he had told them. This made them different from anything else that had ever been published in Denmark. Most people, when they write, have a formal, stilted manner, quite different from their ordinary conversation, but Andersen's tales were written in the same lively, simple, informal style in which he had told them. In this lay their peculiar charm. The critics, of course—that is, those who were not too grand even to look at such childish trash—criticized the stories for this informal style and bewailed the lack of elegance in their wording. Even Andersen himself did not take these "small things" seriously. Little did he dream that it was to be his fairy tales and nothing else which should win him his lasting fame. In them he gave free rein to his wonderful fancy. In them he embodied all the childlike simplicity of his great and loving heart. Soon the stories became so popular that they were translated into one foreign language after another, and while Andersen's novels and plays have long since been forgotten, it is due to his fairy tales that he is still known and loved throughout the world.

The recognition thus won by Andersen after so many years of struggle was, to him, a source of constant wonder and delight. That he, the son of a poor washerwoman and a cobbler, should now be the friend of princes and kings, seemed to him more marvelous than any story of Cinderella. Often when he was enjoying some quite ordinary luxury which most people take for granted, such as lying on a sofa in a new dressing gown, surrounded by books, he would think of his childhood and wonder. On his travels, too, he found himself welcomed everywhere on the friendliest terms by the greatest men in the literature of his day. Now, when he passed along the streets of Copenhagen, those who caught sight of him would cry, "There goes the great poet!" Quite different from the days when the boys had shrieked after him, "There goes the play scribbler!"

On December sixth, 1867, when Andersen was sixty-two years old, the prophecy made so long ago to his mother was fulfilled. In Odense, the city of his birth, the once scorned and ugly little boy was greeted with an immense celebration. To do him honor, all the town, from end to end, was one great blaze of light. And so, at last, the ugly duckling turned out, in truth, to be a swan.

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES THE IMPROVISATORE

A Spanish Hero

Miguel de Cervantes (*Spanish*, 1547-1616)

A QUAINT, old market place in a little old town in Spain and a crowd of simple folk gaping about a band of strolling players. There sat young Miguel and watched them, open mouthed with interest. A blanket, hung over two ropes in the open square, formed the sole decoration of this theatre, and the actors went through the performance wearing worn old beards and wigs, and clad in naught more elegant than white sheepskin dresses trimmed with gilt leather. Crude! And yet Miguel drank it all in, and the verses of those comedies fixed themselves in his memory. Sometimes the young fellow took a hand himself at writing verses, but he liked adventure best and longed to be up and doing.

As soon as the opportunity offered, Miguel left Spain and was off to Rome to become a page in the household of an envoy of the Pope. But the life of a page meant little more than bowing and scraping, bowing and scraping. It was slow and uneventful enough. How could a boy like Miguel pass his days in such a manner? He longed for action, bold and vital, and so he resigned his post and enlisted as a soldier in a Spanish regiment in Italy.

At this time Pope Pius V was organizing a Holy League against the Turks, whose barbarous conquests and inroads into Europe were alarming all Christendom. This league consisted of the Papal States, Venice and Spain, and their forces were to be commanded by the famous Don John of Austria, a brilliant general who was half brother to King Philip II of Spain. The fleet of these three powers was the largest that had ever sailed under a Christian flag. It consisted of galleys rowed by criminals under sentence, while the oarsmen of the Turkish fleet were all captive Christians who had been made slaves.

The object of the allies was to recover the island of Cyprus from the Turks and to set these unfortunate Christians free. When they set sail, Miguel was aboard one of the vessels, feeling for the first time beneath his feet the deck of a war galley rising and plunging with the bounding waves of the sea.

In the Gulf of Lepanto the allies fell in with the enemy, and engaged in a furious battle. Miguel was acting only as a common soldier on that great day, but he behaved with conspicuous heroism. Placing himself at the head of a dozen men he took a position exposed to the hottest fire of the enemy. From here he boarded one of the Turkish galleys and engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the fierce and barbarous foe. In the course of the battle he received three gunshot wounds, two piercing his breast and one shattering his left hand, which was maimed for the rest of his life, but his conduct won for him the applause of all his comrades. The Christian fleet was victorious. One hundred and seventy Turkish galleys were captured and 15,000 Christian galley slaves set free.

A great storm followed this mighty victory, the sea rose with terrific strength, and Don John sailed away with his wounded men to Messina. Here he left Cervantes to recover his health, graciously bestowing upon him a special grant of money in return for his gallant services, but so eager was Miguel to be at the front again, that as soon as his wounds were healed, he was off to rejoin Don John.

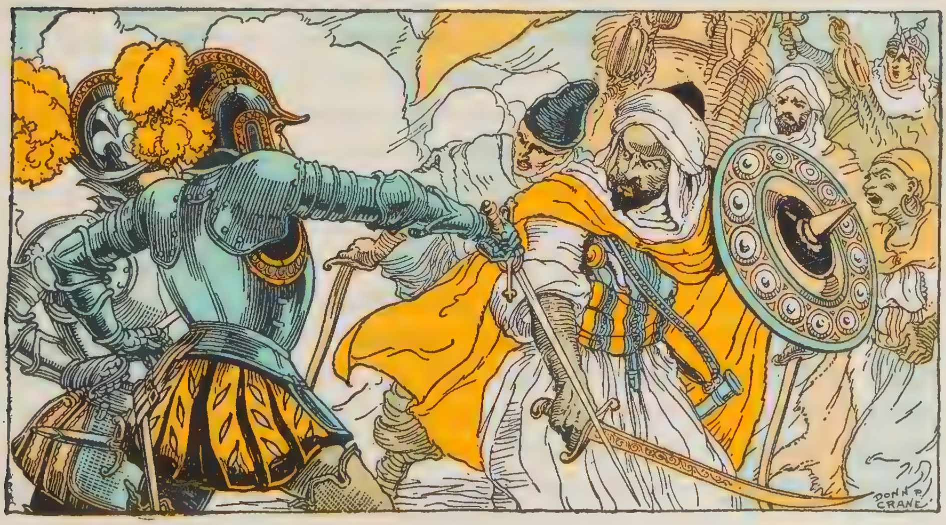
And now the Christians once again engaged the Turkish fleet in battle. This time, however, they met with a sorry defeat. It was evident that the Turkish power was not to be broken by sea; so Cervantes and his comrades sailed off to the African coast and began a long campaign against the strongholds on land. For months the white walls of Tunis defied them, and then, at last, the city was conquered and fell. But, alas, the allies held their hard won prize for only too brief a period.

Soon the Turks came swarming in and drove them out again.

Thus passed four years of struggle, during which Cervantes knew all the hardships of war, the joys of victory and the sorrows of defeat. Having been away from home six years, and finding himself now worn and wounded in his country's service, he at length asked leave to return to his native land. This permission was granted him, and with his brother, Rodrigo, he left Naples on a galley called El Sol, bearing letters from Don John to the mighty King Philip II. In these letters Don John recommended the stalwart soldier as "a man of valor, and of signal services."

But just at the very moment when Miguel and Rodrigo were rejoicing at catching a glimpse of the Spanish coast once again, just as they first saw it glistening in the sunshine and smiling a welcome home, there bore down upon them suddenly a squadron of Turkish pirates under a hideous captain who was the terror of the Mediterranean. There followed a desperate fight, but the pirate galleys were far too strong. Cervantes and a number of Spanish comrades were taken prisoners and carried away to Africa.

The young Spaniards now found themselves placed at the



mercy of a savage Greek who was noted for wild ferocity. As the letters from Don John were found on Cervantes' person, he was believed to be a prize of great value, for whom a large ransom might be demanded. Heavily loaded with chains, he was sent off to Algiers, which, for centuries, was the stronghold of the fierce Algerian pirates. Tier above tier, in gleaming white stone, the city climbed up the hillside from the coast, to be crowned by an ancient fortress; and there amid the narrow, dirty streets, the rich, heavily scented Oriental bazaars, Cervantes was held for five long years a prisoner, subject to every caprice of his conqueror, and treated with sternest severity.

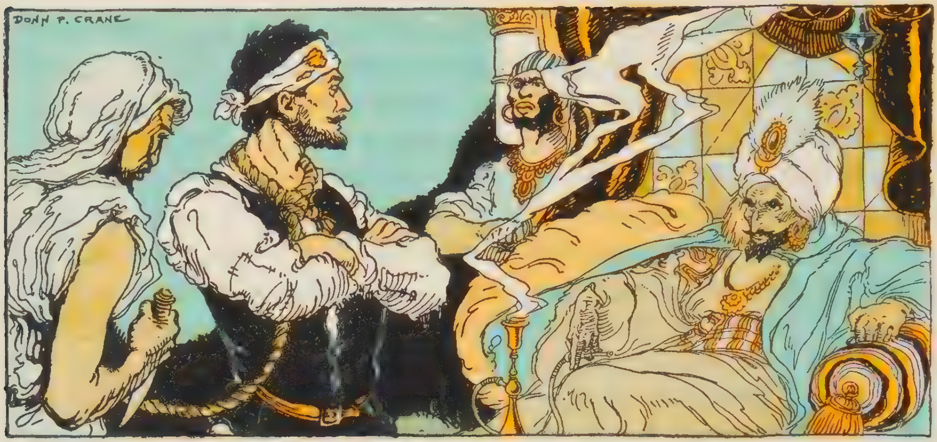
During his captivity, however, the sturdy Spaniard never once lost his courage nor his gay and cheerful humor. Adversity brought out the finest qualities of his character. Never was he too miserable to laugh, to smile, or to joke. Persistently, and with great ingenuity, he organized plans of escape, the failure of one plan never deterring him from setting to work at once to prepare another. On one occasion he even succeeded in getting himself and a party of comrades out of the city, but at the critical moment, a Moor who had been engaged to act as their guide, treacherously deserted them. The fugitives were obliged to return to Algiers and Miguel was severely punished.

The next year a sum of money was sent over by the parents of Cervantes, but it was not sufficient to induce the corsairs to release him. Instead, they set his brother, Rodrigo, free. Rodrigo left for home with secret instructions to request that a war vessel be sent from Spain to rescue the other prisoners, and Cervantes himself set about at once making all necessary arrangements to escape when the time should come.

He gathered together about fifty Spanish fugitives and concealed them in a cave outside the city. Here they lived all huddled together for six months while they waited, and Cervantes actually managed to have them supplied with food during all that weary time. At last, after weeks of patient endurance, came the day when the ship was to be expected. Cervantes and his comrades were filled with joy. And then came another blow. Just when freedom seemed so certainly in sight, a traitor betrayed their secret to the pirates, a force of armed Turks discovered their hiding place and captured them one and all. Cervantes immediately took on himself the blame for their scheme of flight. He alone, he declared, was responsible for the plan. The Turks threatened torture, even death, but still he refused to implicate any one of his comrades.

Now the governor of Algiers in those days was a terrible old fellow, one Hassan Pasha, who did not hesitate, as a rule, to hang, impale or mutilate any who were unfortunate enough to be his prisoners. It was to the feet of this monster that Cervantes found himself dragged. But he stood before him holding his head so high, so utterly quiet and calm, that the tyrant was overawed by his astounding fearlessness and did nothing more terrible than utter some hideous threats.

At last, at the end of five years, friends and relatives in Spain raised sufficient ransom money to set the captives free. And thus, after eleven long years' absence, Cervantes made his way home. He reached Spain to find his family impoverished, his patron, Don John of Austria, dead, and no one to speak a good word for him to the haughty and selfish King Philip. Spain at this time, in 1580, was at the very height of her power, dominating the world by land and sea, wringing gold, gold, gold from her people at home and bearing it in great treasure ships from her distant colonies in Mexico and Peru. Imperial ambition and the worship of force were the keynotes to Philip's character, and he had little time to waste thought on a worn-out soldier like Miguel. What heartaches were now in store in Spain for the gallant Spaniard! His services, his work, his sufferings were all forgotten—and yet from these trials also he emerged



sweetened and strengthened, still in possession of his gay courage and his dauntless good humor.

In the most straitened circumstances, he married and settled down, and now there was naught to do, but to take up once more his old pastime of writing. The most popular Spanish writer of the day was one Lope de Vega. He turned out plays by the score and was rich and honored, with many powerful friends, while Cervantes had no friends and no crumb of royal favor. In face of these disadvantages, and struggling against poverty, he wrote his greatest work, *Don Quixote*. No sooner did this book appear in 1605, than behold! it found instant favor with the people. But not so with the literary men! No, indeed! They turned up their noses at it. Quoth Lope de Vega, the Great, from his height of superiority: "No poet is so bad as Cervantes nor so foolish as to praise *Don Quixote*."

The books the good people in those days read, were mostly pompous old romances of chivalry, recording the absurd adventures of wonderful knights-errant who wandered about the world rescuing captive princesses from castles and performing the most impossible deeds of prowess. Cervantes, with his knowledge of life as it really was, found that these tales tickled his humor.

They made him laugh, good naturedly indeed, but still they made him laugh, with their solemnity, their stupidity, their perfect impossibility. It was to show up the absurdity of such books that he wrote Don Quixote, but so fertile was his imagination and so varied had been his own experiences, that at the same time he succeeded in getting into his work a wonderfully graphic picture of Spanish life in his day, bringing in all classes of society, and recounting many of his own adventures as a soldier. Moreover, the broad humanity he had learned in his hard Algerian experiences, permeated with its sweet spirit all of the story.

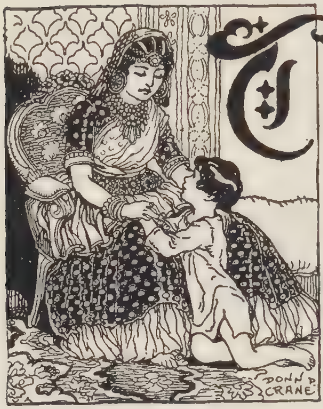
See him, old Don Quixote, a ridiculous figure in a way and yet a most delightful and great-hearted old gentleman filled with generous and high-minded sentiments. In spite of the absurdity of his adventures he is always courteous and kindly, the champion of the down-trodden and the protector of the weak. From the name Don Quixote the word "quixotic" has crept into nearly every language in the civilized world and conveys precisely the knight's character. It means a man with impossible, extravagantly romantic and chivalrous notions, who is yet a true champion of the right. Great as the book was, however, nobody guessed in those days that it was to be one of the greatest books in the world, translated into more foreign languages than any other, except the *Bible* and *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Cervantes continued to live for some time after this in squalid poverty, cooped up with his family in the poorest part of Vallodolid. In 1616 he died in Madrid and was buried with no ceremony. No stone or inscription marks his grave. Thirty years later, when Lope de Vega died, grandees bore his coffin, bishops officiated at his funeral and the ceremonies lasted nine days. Ah! when will the world learn to judge the real value of men! Today, Lope de Vega with all his splendor, is quite forgotten, while Miguel de Cervantes is honored everywhere.

DON QUIXOTE *retold by Judge Parry, illustrated in color by Walter Crane.*

A Caged Bird in India[*]

RABINDRANATH TAGORE (*East Indian*, 1861——)



THE day was cloudy. Rabi was playing in the long verandah with its white columns overlooking the road. All at once Satya began to cry:. "Policeman! Policeman!" Satya was Rabi's sister's son but he was older than Rabi. He wanted to frighten the child.

Now Rabi's ideas of policemen were extremely vague. Of one thing only was he certain. When a policeman came and took a boy away, that boy was seen no more! With shudders running down his back for fear of pursuing policemen, Rabi bolted towards the inner apartments and flung himself down at his mother's feet to tell her of the sorry fate overhanging the head of her son. The news did not seem to disturb her much,—no, not at all. However, Rabi did not deem it safe to venture out again. He sat down on the sill of his mother's door and picked up the dog-eared *Ramayana* with a marbled paper cover which belonged to his great aunt. Soon he was lost in the story of Rama and Sita, and weeping for the pity of it.

It was a huge, rambling, old white house where Rabi lived in Calcutta, an irregular mass three stories high, built around little inner courtyards, with rows of white pillars.

Rabi had run for safety into the inner rooms, the zenana or women's quarters, but it was not there that he lived. Little as he was, he was kept under the care of servants in the men's part of the house, which was all on the outside of the building. Here he was a tiny prisoner, forbidden to leave the grounds for even so much as a peep at the outside world. It was so with Satya,

[*] *Told from* MY REMINISCENCES *by Tagore*

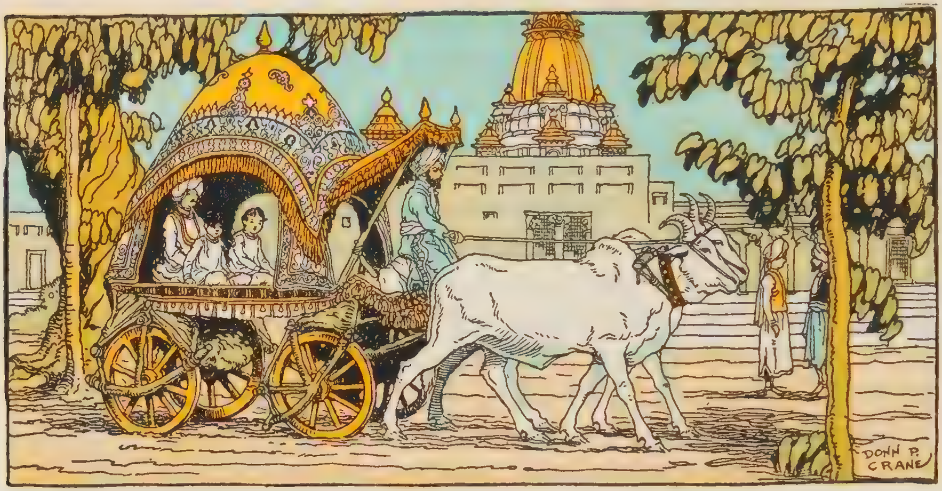
too, and Rabi's older brother. Except that they were taken to and from school daily in the carriage, they were not permitted to go beyond the walls of their garden.

In the zenana they were not too often welcome. There lived Rabi's mother and his great aunt and his sisters and the wives of his elder brothers, all in the strict seclusion that is the custom with Eastern women. To many the zenana seemed only a place of confinement, but not so with little Rabi. To such a caged bird it seemed the abode of all freedom. There one had no studies but played about all day. Through the glass doors of the cabinets he could catch glimpses of all sorts of curious playthings, creations of porcelain and glass, gorgeous in coloring and ornamentation. One of the sisters-in-law even had a model war-ship under a glass case which, when wound up, rocked on blue-painted silken waves to the tinkling of a musical box. These rare and wonderful objects seemed to tinge with an additional attraction the lure of the inner apartments. But if Rabi so much as drew near, his youngest sister, with queue dangling down her back, would be sure to bar his way and cry: "What d'you boys want here? Get away outside!"

There was no coddling or pampering for the boys in the outer apartments under the stern hard rule of the servants,—you may be sure of that. Each of them wore a single cotton tunic in summer. In colder weather to keep them warm they had a second tunic and never by any means did they wear socks or shoes until they were ten years old.

The elders of the family were in every way at a very great distance from the boys, in their dress and food, in all their living and doings. The boys might catch glimpses of them, but they felt them to be utterly out of reach.

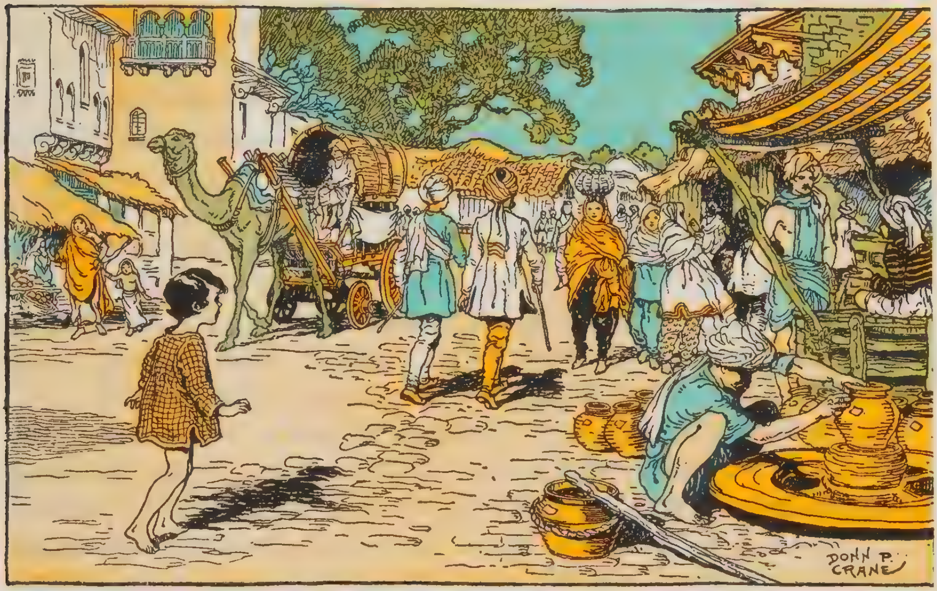
One of the servants, Shyam, put Rabi, when he was a very little fellow, in a choice spot in the servant's quarters and drew a ring around him with a piece of chalk. Then, with uplifted finger and solemn face, he bade the child never dare to step



outside that charmed circle. Having thus made sure of him, he left him alone. Just what would happen if he did leave the circle, Rabi never knew, but had he not read in the *Ramayana* of all the troubles that came to Sita because she left the charmed circle drawn around her by Lakshman? Rabi stayed where he was.

Just below the windows of this room in the garden there was a tank of water with a flight of narrow steps leading down into it. On the west bank of the pond along the garden wall was an immense banyan tree, to the south a fringe of cocoanut palms. Little Rabi, imprisoned in his circle, had no picture book to look at, but he would spend the whole day peering through the drawn Venetian blinds down on the scene below. From early morning the neighbors kept dropping in to take a bath in that tank, one stopping his ears with his fingers as he took the regulation number of dips, another jumping in from the top step with no preliminaries whatever, a third going down slowly, step by step, and muttering his morning prayers as he went.

Way beyond, out of Rabi's reach, lay that limitless thing called the "Outside," which he so seldom saw, though flashes and sounds



and scents of it used often to come and touch him through the cracks in the blinds. Sometimes, when he was a little older, he would go up to the terrace on one of the roofs when the quiet of noonday slumber was over all the house. Then he would look away over the varying shapes and heights of the terraced roofs of Calcutta as they flashed back in blazing whiteness the glare of the midday sun. Some of these far distant dwellings had stairways on the outside leading up to the terrace, and these seemed to wink and beckon to him. From below in the lane somewhere came drifting up the sing-song cry of the bangle seller,—chai, choori, chai. His whole being flew away at such times, to some far-away land of dreams.

Rabi's father was hardly ever at home. He was constantly roaming about, for he had estates in different parts of India. Most often he was up amid the snow peaks of the Himalaya mountains, thinking, dreaming and writing. Thus Rabi, save for one brother and Satya, was a lonely little fellow. The clouds in the sky, the flowers and leaves in the garden, and his own vivid fancies were his best beloved companions.

Sometimes Rabi played school. The bars of the wooden railing on the verandah were his scholars. He knew the bright ones from the stupid, and he beat them unmercifully with a cane whenever they failed to know their lessons. It was thus he himself was treated at school, and it never entered his head that there could be any other way to play the part of a schoolmaster. Early and late, all day long, the boys must study, and in the evening they had English lessons, for their native language was Bengali. Not until after nine o'clock were they free to do as they chose.

The first time Rabi ever really went away from home was one year when the family paid a visit to an estate on the river Ganges. How he loved it there! In front of the servant's quarters there was a grove of guava trees. Sitting in the verandah under the shade of these, Rabi gazed at the swift-flowing river. Every day there was the ebb and flow of the tide, the various gaits of so many different boats, the shifting of the shadows.

But there was one thing here on the Ganges that Rabi longed for with all his heart. He wished to see a Bengal village, a real Bengal village. Such a one lay just beyond the garden wall. There would be clusters of little cottages, thatched pavilions, and a bathing place with people gathered together talking or playing games. Rabi saw it all in fancy. He longed to see it in very truth. But here, too, as in Calcutta, he was only a caged bird forbidden to pass the garden gate.

One morning two of his elders went for a stroll in the village. Rabi could restrain his eagerness no longer. He slipped out after them unperceived and followed at a distance. What an adventure! He went along the deeply shaded lane with its close thorny hedge, beside the bathing place covered with green water weeds. Rapturously he took in picture after picture. Then suddenly the elders became aware of his presence behind them.

"Get away! Get away! Go back at once," they scolded.

There was nothing for it. Rabi must return. The "Beyond" was thus shut out from him completely at the rear of the estate, but fortunately, in front, the Ganges freed him from all bondage. Whenever it listed, his mind could embark on the boats gaily sailing along and hie away to lands not named in any geography.

In those days the lonely little fellow sometimes amused himself by writing his thoughts in poetry. His father and brothers were writers. Why should he not write too? Many a time, when Rabi was at home in Calcutta, he leaned at night-time against the verandah railings, and stared from his place in the darkness across at rows of lighted casements in the separate building opposite which comprised the reception rooms of the house. Splendid carriages would draw up under the portico; visitors would constantly come and go. What was happening he could not make out. Why did he hear such waves of merriment? As a matter of fact, his older brothers and cousins were entertaining their friends, exchanging literary views, reading poems and often performing plays which one among them had written; a group of intelligent young men, devoted heart and soul to India, determined, though they bowed to British rule, not to give India over wholly to western civilization, but to keep her ancient spirit alive in manners of dress, in music, in literature and art.

For Rabi's father everyone had an enormous reverence. On the few occasions when he came home, Rabi would see his elders formally robed in their chogas, passing to his rooms in the third story with restrained gait and sober mien. The old mace-bearer, Kinu, with his white livery and crested turban, stood on guard at the door and warned the children not to be boisterous in the verandah in front of his rooms at the time of his midday nap. Then they would walk past quietly talking in whispers, and dared not even take a peep inside.

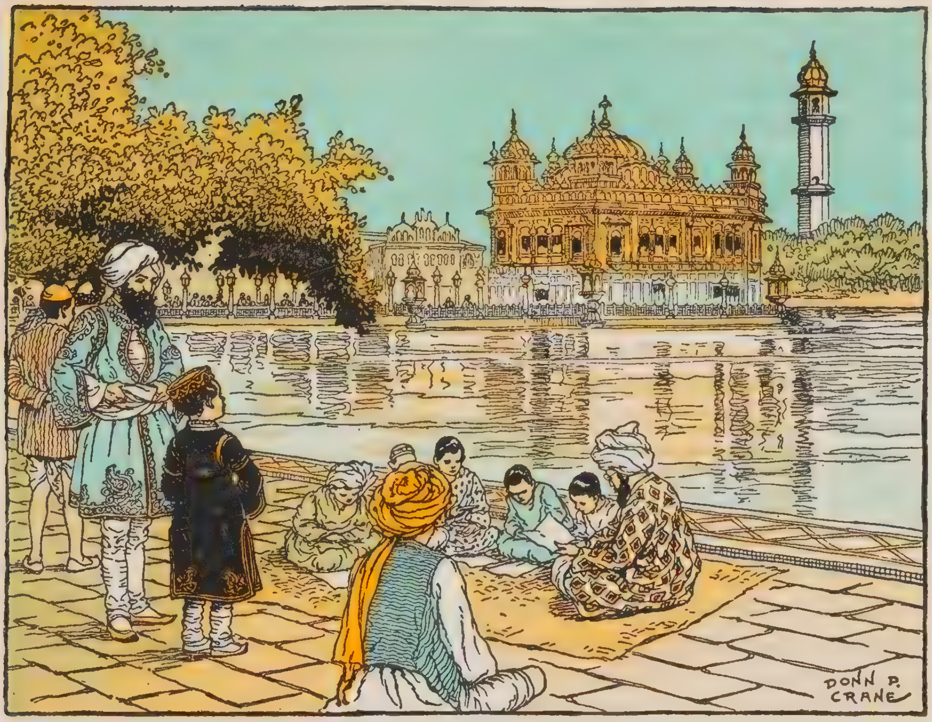
When Rabi, his brother and Satya were old enough, there came the important ceremony of investing them with the sacred thread, a ceremony through which all boys of the Brahmin caste must pass ere they become full-fledged Brahmins. To see this ceremony properly carried out with all the old Vedic rites, the elder Tagore came home, and for days thereafter, seated in the prayer hall, the boys were taught to chant in accents quite correct, parts of the sacred writings. Finally with shaven heads and gold rings in their ears, they were sent off for a three days' retirement in the depths of the third story above. Here they were supposed to think and meditate and on no account to be seen by any non-Brahmin. The Brahmins are the highest caste in India, and for any of lower caste to look at them during this sacred time was regarded as a sin. But the *Book of Boy Nature* is older and more authentic than any *Book of Ceremonies*. Those three lively boys did little meditating. They seized each other by the gold earrings and pulled each other's ears. In one of the rooms of their retreat, they found a little drum. With this they stood out on the verandah, and whenever they caught sight of a servant passing below, they beat a lively tattoo, which would cause the man to look up. Ah, they had made a non-Brahmin look at them, and they giggled with delight as he turned away his eyes and beat a hasty retreat.

When Rabi had thus attained full Brahminhood, his shaven head caused him a deal of anxiety. He did not wish to show it at school. The English and European boys would be sure to jeer at him. While he was worrying over this, he was one day summoned upstairs to his father.

"How would you like to go with me to the Himalayas?" his father asked him.

Away from the Bengal Academy and off to the Himalayas! Would he like it? O that he could have rent the skies with his shout of joy!

On the day of leaving home, Rabi's father, as was his habit,



assembled the whole family in the prayer hall for divine service. Then Rabi stepped with him into the carriage. For the first time in his life the boy had a whole suit of clothes made expressly for him. His father himself had selected the pattern and color, and, to complete the costume, there was a velvet cap embroidered with gold. Satya had traveled on a train before and he had told Rabi that unless one was very expert, getting into a railway carriage was a truly dangerous affair,—the least slip and all would be over! Then again, a fellow had to hang on to his seat with all his might, otherwise the jolt at starting was so tremendous that there was no telling where one might be thrown. When Rabi got to the railway station he was all a-quiver, but so easily did he get into their compartment and so smoothly did the train glide off that his love of adventure was shocked. He was woefully disappointed. The train sped on; the broad fields with their blue-green border trees and villages nestling in their shade, flew past in a stream of pictures.

First they halted at the Tagore estate at Bolpur. In order to teach the boy to be careful, Rabi's father now gave him a little money to spend and required him to keep an account of it. He also entrusted his son with the duty of winding his watch, overlooking the risk of danger to so valuable an object, in his desire to train the boy to a sense of responsibility; and Rabi wound that watch with such untiring zeal that it very soon had to go back for repairs to the watchmaker in Calcutta.

After Bolpur the two went on to Amritsar to see the beautiful golden temple where God is worshipped with sacred chanting. Passing the bazaar of red cloth shawls and scarves, above which one could catch just a glimpse of the golden spire, they came to a little lake, and there on an islet in the midst of the bright blue waters stood the glistening white marble jewel, approached by a graceful bridge.

From Amritsar the white peaks of the Himalayas called them upward. As they journeyed along in a jhampan or sedan chair, borne by servants, they saw the terraced hillsides aflame with the beauty of flowering spring crops. Every morning they made a start after their bread and milk, and before sunset they took shelter in the bungalow at the next stage. Rabi's eyes had no rest the livelong day, so great was his fear lest anything should escape him,—roaring waterfalls, wild gorges, the holy land of the Himalayas, dwelling place of the snow.

At evening when they reached the end of a stage, Rabi's father had chairs placed for the two outside the bungalow and there they sat. As dusk came on, the stars blazed out wonderfully through the clear mountain atmosphere, and the father showed Rabi the constellations and told him wonder tales of astronomy.

The house they had taken at Bakrota was on the highest hill-top whence they could see a range of distant snow-peaks shimmering in the sun. It was bitterly cold there, though it was nearing May. In the shade the snow was still unmelted. And now Rabi's father, who had once seemed so far above him, became a genial companion, talked with him, helped him in his studies and told him amusing stories. When study hours were over, the lad was free to wander where he would, down into the thick gloom of a lordly forest of deodar trees or up into the mountains from one peak to another. It was splendid, glorious! It was his first taste of freedom.

After a few months spent like this, Rabi was sent home to Calcutta in the care of a servant, brimming with health and spirits and conspicuous in his gold-embroidered cap. When he reached home, the little traveler was full of the story of his travels, and now, wonder of wonders, the closed doors of the zenana opened to him as if by magic. He, little Rabi, the exile, was welcome in the inner apartments. No more was he to live in the harsh lovelessness of the servant's quarters. He had stories to tell, he could repeat parts of the *Ramayana* by heart! He could be interesting to the women! And so he was returned to a proper place in the inner part of the house. His mother, his sisters, his sisters-in-law, all made much of him. It was too good to believe!

In days to come Rabi would go to study in England, he would marry, he would manage his father's estates on the Ganges, he would found a model school for boys with freedom and self-government and none of the merciless punishments that had troubled his own boyhood, he would write poems and plays both in Bengali and English, he would win the Nobel prize for literature and become one of India's greatest men, but never in his life was he to know a prouder moment than this, when first he came home in his little velvet cap and the long-closed doors of the zenana opened and took him in.

THE CRESCENT MOON MY REMINISCENCES

A Wizard of the Twilight

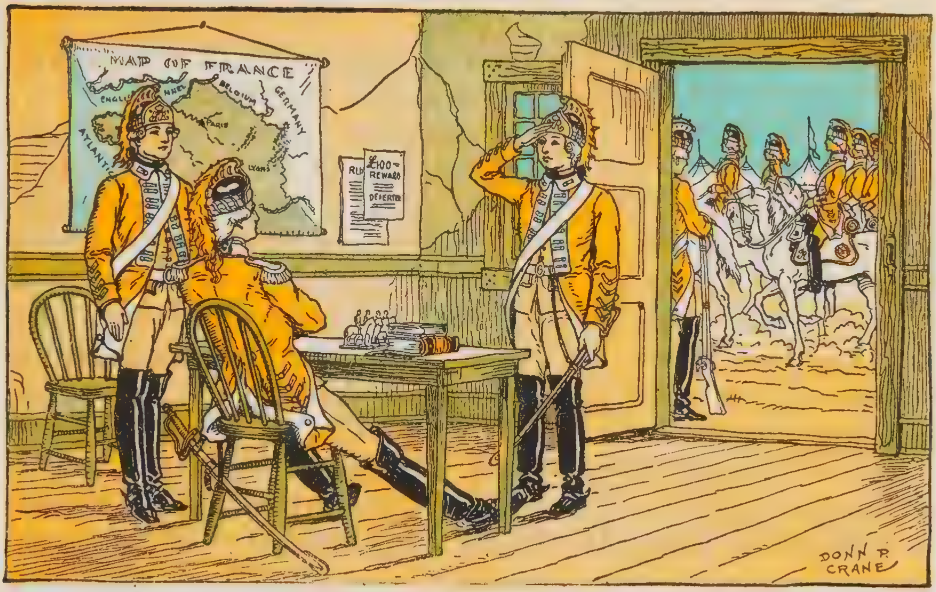
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (*English*, 1772-1834)

HALF way up a wooded hill near a little village in Devon is a cave called the Pixies' Parlor. Its ceiling is formed by the roots of ancient trees, all black with age and weirdly intertwined. Within those dusky depths, good housewives tell their bairns, the pixies dwell; and from that place, when the moon fades shadowy pale, and clouds go scudding across the sky, they issue forth to dance.

A boy once loved the witchery of that fantastic spot. Samuel Taylor Coleridge,—he carved his name upon its walls and there he dreamed of pixies, and all the pranks they play beneath the midnight moon.

Samuel was the son of a poor clergyman of Ottery Saint Mary, and he was the youngest of ten children who crowded the little old vicarage almost to bursting. It was a pretty village where he was born, with an old church tower whose bells made music all day long. Over the fresh green fields around the town he loved to ramble, down flowery lanes, or along by the river Otter, where tall tree-shadows slept on the quiet waters. But, as he rambled, he was not Samuel Coleridge, the clergyman's son, at all. He was St. George delivering the world from the dragon. In vivid fancy he went through all the moving details of that heroic story, and when it came to cutting off the head of the dragon, he felt himself to be St. George with such terrific vim that he took his stick and slashed off the heads of all the weeds that grew by the roadside.

But when Samuel was only ten years old his father died, and, as his family was poor, his little belongings were all bundled up, and he was packed off to a charity school, called Christ's Hos-



pital, in London. And now he roamed no more the flowery fields and lanes of Devon. Clad in a long blue coat with yellow stockings, the uniform of the school, he found himself a dweller in the city, pent up among gray walls, where he saw nothing lovely except the sky and stars.

He was, indeed, a miserable little fellow, pale and half-starved, neglected and sometimes whipped. His only escape from such wretchedness was in the magic of his fancy, and, as he walked the streets of London, he dreamed just as he had in Devon.

One day he was walking along the crowded Strand, fancying that he was Leander swimming the Hellespont. Quite blind to the throng of people pressing about him he began taking strokes with his arms to accomplish his feat in swimming. Suddenly a man's voice cried: "Stop, you young thief!"

There stood an angry old gentleman to waken the lad from his dream. In a flourish of his swimming Samuel had touched his coat, and the stranger was convinced that the shabby little rascal had meant to pick his pocket.

"Ah, sir," cried Samuel, "I did not mean to touch your pocket. I thought I was Leander swimming the Hellespont!"

Well! Well! Well! The old gentleman opened his eyes and steadied his glasses and looked curiously at the boy before him. But soon he was bending over to question the lad with interest, and when he discovered how poor he was, and that he longed more than anything else in the world for books, he was touched to the depths of his kindly heart, and bought the boy a subscription to a circulating library. Thereafter, Samuel, being no less hungry in mind than he was in stomach, devoured these books with eagerness, and they nourished his dreams and visions.

For eight long years Samuel lived at the charity school in London, but when he was eighteen means were found to send him to Cambridge University. Under the shadow of those classic old gray towers, he proved a brilliant student in all literary subjects.

On a certain winter evening he was supping with a college friend, when, on leaving for home, he carelessly took away with him a book called "The Robbers," by the German poet, Schiller. A winter midnight, the wind high, and "The Robbers" to read for the very first time! Though there was not a single goblin in all the tale, it gave Samuel the most delicious creeps, and filled him with splendid horrors. And then, with all a boy's love for such uncanny thrills, he longed to be the wizard who could conjure up moods like that, and move men out of the humdrum to feel as he felt that night.

But if Samuel loved all literary subjects, alack for mathematics! He loved mathematics not at all. Mathematics were to him a bugbear. And so, as time passed, what with this and other troubles, he grew more and more discontented, and one fine day he left college and ran away to join the army.

Now behold Master Samuel Coleridge, having taken the name of Comerback which he chanced at the moment of enlistment to see over the door of a shop, a private in the dragoons! And an awkward private he was! He could not ride a horse; he could not even rub down his horse; he could not learn to drill. In fact, he was Chief of the awkward squad, and in such a situation he was very unhappy, indeed. He spent much time in the public tap-room of the inn at Reading, wrapped deep in thought, and there, 'mid the flaring lights and the boisterous noise of the common soldiers who were drinking at tables about him, he composed a poem called *Religious Musings*, a very strange poem certainly to have issued from a tap-room.

At length, one day, when his unhappiness seemed more than he could bear, he wrote on the white wall of the stables, just beneath his saddle, the following sentence in Latin:

"Alack! how miserable it is for those who are unfortunate to have been happy!"

Soon the captain of the troop came along and saw the sentence.

"Well, well!" said he to himself. "What man among the private soldiers is scholar enough to write a sentence in Latin?" And he enquired of a dragoon standing by whether he knew to whom the saddle belonged.

"Please, your honor, to Comerback," answered the dragoon.

"Comerback," said the Captain, "send him to me."

In a short time Comerback presented himself and saluted with the inside of his hand in front of his cap.

His officer said mildly: "Comerback, did you write the Latin sentence which I have just read under your saddle?"

"Please, your honor," answered the soldier, "I wrote it."

"Then, my lad," said the Captain, "you are not what you appear to be," and thinking that a youth of so much education did not belong among the common soldiery, he added: "I shall speak to the commanding officer, and you may depend on my speaking as a friend."

Accordingly, Comerback was taken before the General and when it was discovered that he had been a student at Cambridge and had run away to enlist, he was given his discharge. Soon a chaise appeared at the door of the Bear Inn, Reading; the officers of the Fifteenth cordially shook the young man's hand, and off he drove, not without a tear, along the Bath road to London and Cambridge.

But, though Coleridge returned to Cambridge, he soon left the university a second time without obtaining a degree. And now he formed an enthusiastic friendship with two other young poets, Robert Southey and Lovell, the Quaker.

Southey was an eager young fellow who had passed his boyhood at the home of an aunt, reading and writing plays. When he was in school at Westminster, he had proved his independence by writing an essay against flogging, for which he had been promptly expelled from the institution. Coleridge met Southey just after he had left Oxford University where he had studied for two years.

Now those were the days when the common people, across the channel in France, had risen against the tyranny of their kings, had declared themselves for liberty, equality and brotherhood, and established a republic in place of their age-old kingdom. These events stirred the three young men in England to the very depths of their souls.

"A republic of brotherhood and equality is the ideal state for all men," they declared, and they put their heads together and worked out a wonderful plan. They would cross the ocean to America; on the banks of the Susquehanna River they would found an ideal state. There all men should be equal, all men should be brothers, selfishness should be no more, and goodness should reign supreme. Each one, for a short work day, should follow the plough or do the necessary labor, but when evening came, they would gather around the poets of the crowd, and hang enraptured on their songs.

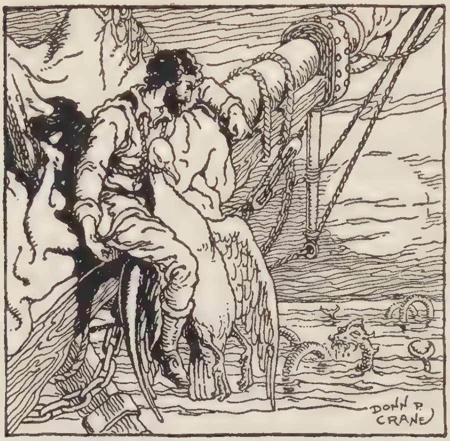
It was a dream that fired all three with eagerness. Nothing was lacking save the small matter of funds to carry out the scheme. With earnest enthusiasm they set to work at once lecturing and writing to raise sufficient money.

And then an event occurred. The two young enthusiasts, Coleridge and Southey, suddenly fell in love with the sisters of Lovell's wife, the enchanting Misses Fricker! And there was a pretty kettle of fish! Instead of setting sail for America, they found themselves with wives on their hands! Instead of working out the problems of an Ideal State, Coleridge had to face the problem of earning a living, of raising corn and vegetables enough from a little farm to support himself and his wife, as well as a couple of pigs. Thus ended the dream of the Ideal State.

But now in the course of a summer excursion, Coleridge made a new friend, who throughout his life was dearer than any other. He called on the young poet, Wordsworth, who was living with his sister, Dorothy, in a small country house in Dorsetshire. Each was charmed with the other, and so strong was their mutual liking that Wordsworth and Dorothy soon moved to Alfoxden, to be near Coleridge at Nether Stowey.

Henceforth the friends spent many happy days in delightful intercourse, now sitting on the grass by the brink of a stream in the most beautiful part of the most beautiful glen of Alfoxden, now in Wordsworth's little garden, or over his cheery tea-table, where the faithful Dorothy was a comrade and inspiration to both. It was a joy to each to confide to the other his thoughts and the poems he was planning.

One afternoon, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Dorothy started out on a walking tour to visit Lenton and the Valley of Stones. As they had very little money among them, Coleridge and Wordsworth agreed to defray the expenses of the tour by writing a poem, which they hoped they might sell to the New Monthly Magazine for the price of five pounds. They were tramping along



the Quantock Hills towards evening, when Coleridge said that a friend of his had had a dream which he would like to embody in this poem. It was to be a spectral sort of tale, the story of an old navigator, who had committed some crime which should bring upon him a ghostly persecution and the punishment of endless wandering, but Coleridge did not know what crime to make the old man commit. Now it chanced that a day or two before this, Wordsworth had been reading a book of Voyages in which it related how mariners, doubling Cape Horn, frequently saw albatrosses, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or fifteen feet.

"Suppose," suggested Wordsworth, "that you represent this old mariner as having killed one of those birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of those regions take upon them to avenge the crime."

Coleridge thought the incident fit for his purpose and so began the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," the blood-curdling tale of the man who shot the harmless albatross that loved and trusted him, and so brought upon himself the ghastly punishment decreed by the Lonesome Spirit from the South Pole, who "loved the bird that loved the man, who shot him with his bow."

As the two young men proceeded trying to compose the poem together, Wordsworth soon discovered that this goblin rout of horror was a subject unfit for his own peculiar gift, which dwelt steadily in the sunshine, so he withdrew from the undertaking and left Coleridge to carry it out alone.

After a few days the friends returned from their delightful tour, but already the Ancient Mariner had grown beyond all the bounds of their expectations when they thought to compose a poem which might fetch them five pounds. Instead, they now began to talk of a volume of poems, chiefly on subjects taken from common life, but looked at through the transforming mist of imagination and fancy. This volume soon appeared under the name of *Lyrical Ballads*.

And now the difference in the work of the two young men became ever more apparent. Wordsworth loved the commonplace, Coleridge the supernatural, and, if Wordsworth's poems seemed to be always in the sunlight, those of Coleridge were in a wizard twilight. Coleridge loved the night, he loved all the breathless stillness of a frosty midnight with "silent icicles quietly shining to the moon." Often he carried little Hartley, his baby boy, out in his arms to show him the evening star, and bid him hark to the song of the nightingale, that with the night he might associate joy, and once when the child awoke crying from a dream, he hurried with him to the orchard, and showed him the moon. Then the baby, hushed at once, suspended his sobs and laughed most silently while his eyes, swimming with undropped tears, glittered in the moonbeam.

But, alas! There soon came a time when Coleridge left his little son, his wife and family, and passed through the depths of a miserable experience. He had begun to take opium to relieve him of pain, and the habit of taking the drug grew steadily upon him until he became its victim, and could not resist it. Then the kindly Robert Southey took Coleridge's wife and children into his home at Keswick amid the hills of England's beautiful Lake Country. Southey had already assumed the care of his old friend Lovell's widow and child, so, with his own children, it was a large and expensive household of which he was pater familias.

And now, in his battles with the demon, opium, Coleridge often wandered away from his home, and all his loved ones, sad and miserable, and most a stranger at his own hearth-fire.

It was Uncle Southey who took up Samuel's duties. It was he who labored incessantly to support all those dependent upon him. In his great library, bulging with books, he was always at work, writing, writing, writing, a daily walk with his family his only recreation, and the children playing about, tripped over Greek and Latin tomes, or kept house in caves made of venerable old Spanish and Icelandic chronicles.

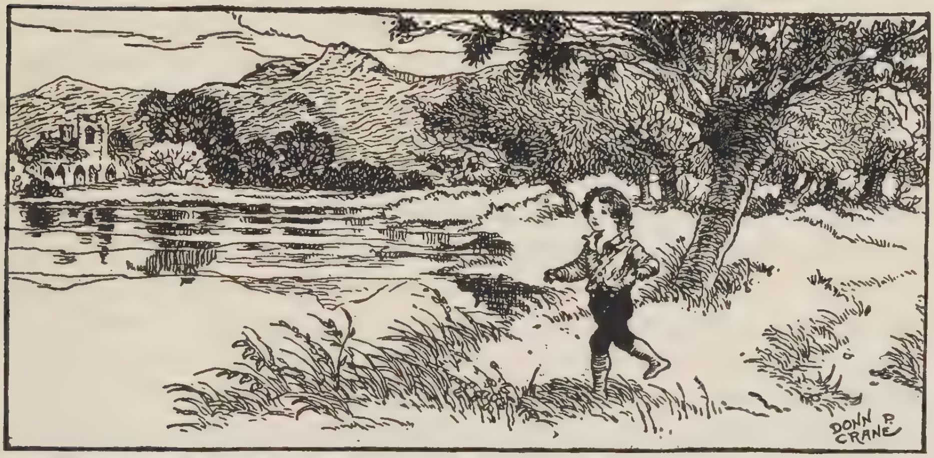
Wordsworth now lived near by at Grasmere, and the children of these three families were constantly together. Sometimes the Southey family and the Wordsworth family met half way between the two homes and picnicked in some beautiful spot. Often, too, they visited the Falls of Lodore, where Southey's little boy asked him how the water came down.

For fifteen long years Coleridge struggled with the opium habit, and he never came back again to settle down and live with his wife and children. In 1816 he entered the home of a Mr. Gillman at Highgate where he lived all the rest of his life, another eighteen years. Here he finally succeeded in conquering his devil, but he did not again become a man of keen and eager vitality. It was during his years in the Lake Country that he produced the best of his work, and Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, are called the Lake School of poets. Nevertheless, few men have been more beloved, or admired, than Samuel Coleridge, for he thought deeply and spoke with brilliance, and to Highgate, as to some shrine, came all the younger men of letters.

Coleridge is best known for those poems in which he produced "the creeps" which he himself had so much enjoyed on the night he read *The Robbers*. In all English literature there are no more "creepy" poems than *Christabel* and the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. He was indeed a wizard who conjured up goblins with his weird, unearthly melody.

A Boy of the Lake Country

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (*English*, 1770-1850)



WHEN the river Derwent has left the mountains to mirror on its bright blue waters the ruins of old castle towers, it flows along the margin of a grassy terrace where once a little cottage stood.

In that cottage lived a boy of five whose playmate was the river. Through all the shining summer William Wordsworth bathed in the mill-race which was part of that beautiful stream. And the river, as it went meandering between green banks beneath the alder's shade, sang songs to him. When he was still a babe in arms, the music of its waters, murmuring over fords and shallows, gurgling over rocky falls, was blended with his nurse's song, and flowed through all his childish dreams.

Sometimes he scoured the sandy fields about the river, leaping through flowery groves of yellow ragwort, or, when rock and hill and wood, and the lofty height of distant Mt. Skiddaw were bronzed with deepest radiance, he stood alone beneath the sky like some small Indian savage, sporting naked on the plains.

Told chiefly in Wordsworth's own phraseology from his poem THE PRELUDE.

Thus, in beloved spots about his home, the little fellow rambled till eight birthdays had gone by. And then his mother died; he bade his father and his sister Dorothy a long good-bye and left the town of Cockermouth where he was born, for school at Hawkshead in the lovely Esthwaite Vale. It was a kind and motherly old dame who kept the school there, and the boys, a noisy crew, were rich in happiness and joy.

When cold and frost were on the mountains, William, with a store of snares across his shoulder, ranged the open heights where woodchucks ran along the smooth green turf. Through half the night the boy would scud from snare to snare, alone beneath the moon and stars. And once in these night wanderings when he found his own snares empty, lo, he saw a bird held captive in a comrade's snare. Then, suddenly, the wish to have it overpowered him and he took it for his own. But when the shameful deed was done, he heard among the solitary hills low breathings coming after him and sounds of undistinguishable motion, steps almost as silent as the turf. And so it was that Nature spoke to him and woke his boyish heart to know the dark and haunting gloom that mars life's joy when one has done an act of wrong.

Again, upon a summer evening, he beheld a little boat tied to a willow tree and sheltered in a rocky cave. Straightway, he unloosed the chain, and, stepping in, pushed off from shore. It was an act of stealth and troubled pleasure, and the voice of mountain echoes, weird reproaches, followed him. But, aiming now to reach a chosen point with straight, unswerving line, he fixed his view upon the summit of a craggy ridge that seemed the far horizon's utmost edge. Above him were the gray sky and the stars, and, as he dipped his oars into the silent lake, his boat, an elfin pinnace, glided heaving through the water like a swan, and left behind on either side small circles glittering idly in the moon until they melted all into one track of sparkling light.

But on a sudden, from behind that craggy steep which had till then appeared to bound the sky, there loomed a peak, a huge, black peak. As if of its own power, it raised its huge black head. He rowed straight on, but that grim shape, growing still in stature, with purpose of its own, it seemed, and measured motion like a living thing, strode after him. With trembling oars, he turned, and through the silent water stole his way back to the covert of the willow tree. There, in her mooring place, he left his stolen boat, and went his way in grave and serious mood across the meadows homeward. And after that, for many days, there hung a darkness in his thoughts. No pleasant images of trees, of sea or sky remained, no colors of green fields, but only huge and mighty forms like that grim peak.

And by such discipline as this, the Spirit that is soul of all the universe spoke out through mountain, vale, and stream, and purified within the boy the elements of feeling and of thought.

It was a happy time for all the boys, when in the frosty Wintertime, the sun was set, and through the gloom for many a mile the cottage windows blazed. All shod with steel, they hissed along the polished ice in games, flying through the darkness and the cold. Then not a voice was idle, and the cliffs rang out, smitten with the din, the leafless trees and every icy crag tinkled like iron, while the stars to eastward sparkled clear, and in the west the orange sky of evening died away. But William, often leaving all the tumult of the throng, glanced sideways, quite alone into some little bay, to cut across the mirrored image of a star that fled and, flying still before him, gleamed upon the glassy plain.

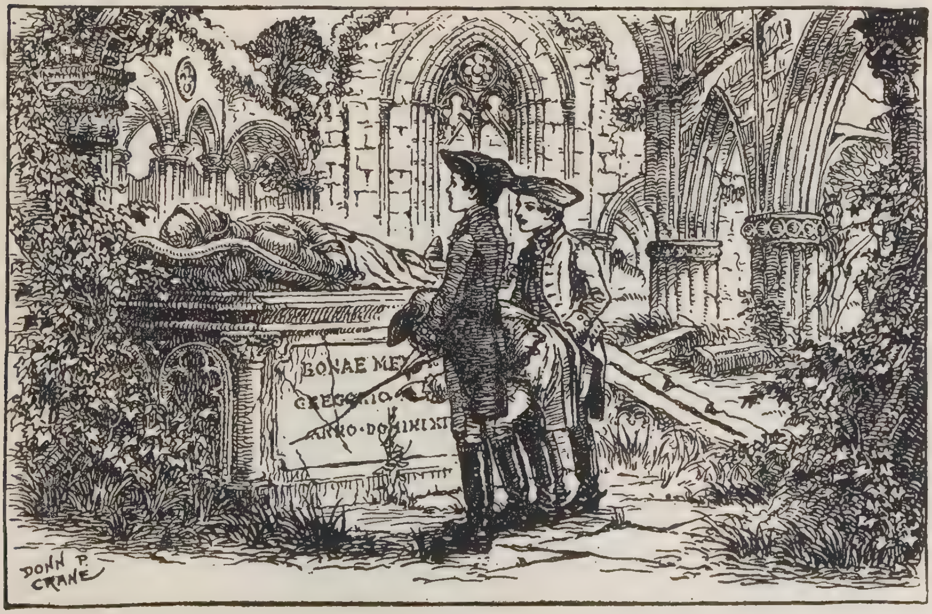
The schoolboys lived in lowly cottages with only plain and homely comforts, yet they all pursued with eagerness their home amusements by the warm peat-fire. How many evenings did they sit around the snow-white table, head to head, absorbed in games of loo or whist, while out of doors incessant rain was falling, or the frost raged bitterly and far away, from under Esthwaite's splitting fields of ice, the pent-up air, struggling to free itself, gave out to meadows, groves, and hills, a loud protracted yelling, like the voice of wolves, howling in troops along the Bothnic Main.

From week to week, from month to month, they lived a round of tumult and ran a boisterous course. In summer they prolonged their games till daylight failed, no chair remained before the doorways, benches and threshold steps were empty, and even that old man who sat the latest lingerer, had gone indoors to bed. A mass of stone, standing midway in the square of the little market-village, was the center of these sports. Just here an old dame sat and watched her table with its hucksters' wares, where boys bought sweetmeats and small trinkets while the pennies in their pockets did not fail.

But, as time went on, every scheme of holiday delight, every boyish frolic, must be coupled with some winning form of Nature. Close to Hawkshead stretched Lake Windermere's long length, a universe of Nature's fairest forms,—lake, islands, promontories, gleaming bays! When summer came, the lads would race along Lake Windermere with rival oars. Their goal was now an island, musical with birds, now a sister isle where lilies of the valley grew beneath the shade of oaks, or now a third small isle, where still survived the ruins of an ancient church. In such a race what cared the boys who won? What room was there for jealousy or envy when the end was so delightful? All pleased alike, the conquered and the conqueror, they rested in the shade. Thus pride of strength and all vain glory of superior skill were tempered for young William, and there grew in him a quiet independence of the heart.

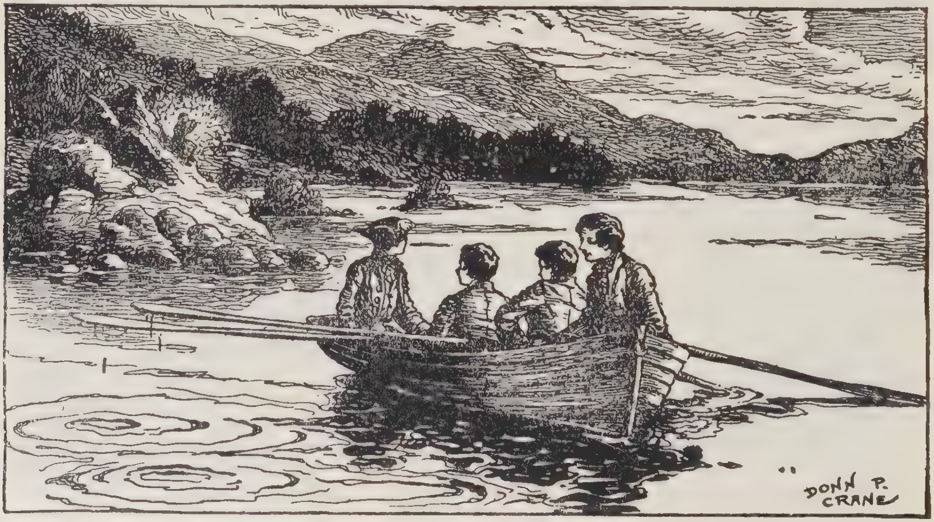
Now those were days when none among the boys was over-blest with pocket money. William's father, a solicitor of little means, had died when William was but thirteen years of age, and it was uncles who still kept the lad in school. But when the boys came back from holidays with weightier purses, they made merry with some rustic dinner on the cool green ground, or in the woods, or by a river side, and all the while among the leaves, soft airs were stirring, and the midday sun shone brightly round about them in their joy.

At other times, the lads drew largely from their funds and hired them horses from the innkeeper. Then they rode away to see the ruin of some famous temple where, long ago, the Druids worshipped in their circle of weird stones, or they sought an ancient abbey with its mouldering walls, its broken arch and belfry; and while their horses grazed along the smooth green turf, they rambled in the ruins, lingering a little by the knight in armor and the abbot carved in stone on ancient tombs, or hearkening perhaps while one small wren made melody through all those roofless, ivy-covered walls.



Their steeds remounted and the summons given with whip and spur, the boys would fly beyond the chapel walls and down the valley. Riding home the longest way through sheer delight in active limbs, they scampered on through rough and smooth, and now, along the margin of the moonlit sea, they beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.

Midway on long Winander's eastern shore, within the crescent of a pleasant bay, a tavern stood. Thither, in their little boat, the boys could row. It was no homely-featured house, primeval like its neighbor cottages. Indeed, it was a splendid place, the door beset with chaises, grooms and liveries, its sign-board glittering with characters in gold. The garden lay upon a slope surmounted by a bowling green. Beneath it stood a grove with gleams of water through the trees. There, on that bowling green, for half an afternoon the boys would play, and, whether skill prevailed or someone made a happy blunder in the game, 'twas quite the same,—their bursts of glee made all the mountains ring. But ere the night had fallen they returned at leisure in their boat across the shadowy lake, and at such times they often set the



minstrel of their troop ashore on some small island, gently rowing off to leave him making music with his flute alone upon the rock. And then, on William's mind, the calm and dead-still water lay as with a weight of pleasure, and the sky, never before so beautiful, sank down into his heart and held him like a dream.

Whether, then, he drank in joy from evening waters, from silver wreaths of curling mist, or from the sun that laid his beauty on the morning hills, the boy received so much from Nature and her over-flowing soul that all his thoughts were steeped in feeling, all things had life to him; there was no smallest stick or stone but had a voice to sing, and he saw blessings spread about him like a sea.

But now there came a day when William, grown a youth, must leave his boyhood's games behind, and for the first time saw the towers and pinnacles of Cambridge University above a dusky grove. His college was St. John's, and in the first of three old Gothic Courts he had a little room. Right underneath, the college kitchen made a humming sound, all intermixed with scolding and shrill notes of sharp command. Nearby, he had for neighbor, Trinity's great organ and her clock, which never failed to ring the quarters day or night.

It was a strange migration for a villager, a stripling of the hills. How he delighted in the motley spectacle,—gowns grave or gaudy, doctors, students, streets, courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, towers! And furthermore, as if the change had waited on some fairy's wand, at once behold him rich in moneys, and attired in splendid garb with hose of silk and hair all powdered white like rimy trees when frost is keen. He boasted, too, a lordly dressing gown with other signs of manhood that supplied the lack of beard. And soon the weeks went roundly on with invitations, suppers, wine and fruit.

Of college labors, of the lecture room, all studded round as thick as chairs could stand, of exercises, hopes, examinations, fears, small jealousies and triumphs, good or bad, the lad took little note. Such glory was but little sought by him and little won. But often he would leave his comrades and his books to pace the level field, and read the face of earth and sky. Aye, there he had a world that was his own, for he had made it, and it lived to him alone and to the God who sees into the heart.

And when his first vacation days had come, he visited again the spots he loved so well at Hawkshead. With a dog as comrade, a rough but faithful terrier, he roamed the hills. And in those days he found a new note in his heart, a fresh-awakened interest in the life of men, in grandams and in grandads, in rosy prattlers and in growing girls. With different eye he saw the quiet woodman in the woods, the shepherd on the hills.

Yet still a swarm of boyish schemes, gauds, feasts, revelry and dance kept him from quiet thought. His mind was then a parti-colored show of grave and gay, solid and light, short-sighted and profane. It chanced one time that he had passed the night in dancing mid a throng of maids and youths, old men and matrons. There was gaiety and mirth with din of instruments, and shuffling feet, and glancing forms, and glittering tapers. Ere the guests retired, the eastern sky was kindling and the cock had crowed. Then home through humble copse and open field young William went.

Magnificent the morning rose in memorable pomp. In front the sea lay laughing at a distance. The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds and drenched in light, and in the meadows and the lower grounds was all the sweetness of a common dawn,—dews, vapors and the melody of birds, and workmen going forth to till the fields. Then to the brim the young man's heart was full. He made no vows, but vows were made for him, that he should be a dedicated spirit; he should sing in words to touch the heart of all mankind the song of lake and hill and field, of laborer and common-folk, and all the dignity of toil.

At length the Cambridge days were done, but still young William could not settle down in London-town to be a barrister, a churchman or a soldier as his aunts and uncles wished. France lured him forth, for those were wild and stirring days in France. It was the year of 1792. The common-people, rising after centuries of unjust burden, with a will to break the yoke of tyranny, were in the throes of revolution. The prison-fortress of the Bastille had long since been leveled to the ground. That haggard, hungry rout of women, with the Paris riff-raff at their heels, had already stormed Versailles and brought King Louis back to town.

So William found himself arrived in Paris when the city was alive with marching men and sound of martial music. As he walked the streets he stared and listened with a stranger's ears to hawkers and haranguers, party-mad, hissing with ardent eyes, in knots or pairs or single. Aye, he scanned them all, watched every hint of anger, and vexation and despite.

A band of military officers then stationed in the city were the chief of his associates, men well-born, the chivalry of France. They stood prepared for instant flight in line with other youths then crowding all the roads of France. Their purpose was to join the band of emigrants in arms upon the borders of the Rhine, to league with foreign foes, come back once more to France, crush out the Revolution and restore the King. He freely lived with these defenders of the Crown who sought to bring him over to their cause, but ah, there glowed within his heart the vision of a free Republic, one where all men stood on equal ground with equal opportunities for good. And so, erelong, he found himself a patriot, his heart was given to the people and his love was theirs, all theirs.

Among that band of officers was one of quite another mould, a champion of the people, and for that reason spurned by all the rest. This man was Wordsworth's friend and in his company he left the city with his pack upon his back, to tramp among the old chateaux and down the banks of that romantic stream, the Loire.

When week had followed week, and they were once again returned to Paris, great events had come to pass. The King had been dethroned, the host of foreigners and emigrants had been defeated, a republic had now been proclaimed in France. And Wordsworth often passed the prison where the poor unhappy monarch with his wife and children lay, or saw the palace of the Tuileries, so lately stormed with roar of cannon by a furious host. There had been crimes, he knew it. There had been massacres in which the senseless sword was prayed to as a judge. How wrong was such a course, and yet in spite of what the people were through ignorance, young William's heart was all aflame to join their cause. The hate of tyranny laid hold on him and pity for the abject multitude. He wished to see men free, and willingly would he have given up his life to make them so. The youthful stir of fighting rebels thrilled his heart.

And then, one day, came word in haste from England. Aunts and uncles had no mind to let the youth involve himself in foreign wars. They stopped his small allowance, and sent word that not another penny should be his until he came back home.

What was he then to do, this youthful rebel? In a little time he found himself once more in London, sore, indeed, in heart. And now there came three years of deep depression and no peace. He could not find his place in life; he could not find his work, and over there in France, the cause of liberty which he so loved, brought shame upon itself with hideous crimes and terrors, till at last, Frenchmen, from oppressed, became oppressors, and in turn changed a war of self defence to one of conquest, losing sight of all that they had struggled for. So William almost lost his confidence in men.

And in that time of trouble, it was Dorothy, his sister, who preserved him still a poet, she who had tramped beside him many miles on long vacation days and found her way close to his heart.

"William, be a poet," she would say. "That only is your office here on earth."

So William turned his back on London, and they went away together to the countryside to seek the joy of calm and quiet thought. And there he labored to express himself in verse, but little that he wrote brought any praise from others. Only faithful Dorothy encouraged and sustained him. And then, one day came Samuel Coleridge a-knocking at his door! Ah, here at last was one to feel with him, a poet, too, to know his poet's soul. The warmest friendship now began between the two, and Dorothy and William left their little home to take a house hard by the cottage of their new-found friend.

Henceforth the two young men were much together, and each could tell the other all his inmost aims and dreams. A volume of their ballads soon appeared in print, wherein *The Ancient Mariner* by Coleridge, that weird, unearthly tale of sin and persecution, stood side by side with Wordsworth's simple, peasant poems, verses done in words so simple that the critics, used to high-flown subjects and the most elaborate of phrasing, could but lift their eyebrows in surprise and cry: "Is this stuff poetry?"

"Indeed!" asserted one. "This is an endless wilderness of twaddle!"

"Not a line of poetry," another said, "or scarce of common sense!"

And yet the two young friends were not disturbed by criticism of this sort. With steady aim, they still pursued their course. It was agreed that Wordsworth should continue seeking all his subjects from the commonplace, from daily life, should make men feel the joy in wood and stream and field, in simple tenderness and common duties. But Coleridge, in opposite wise, should cast across the common things of life, the weird and wizard twilight of his ghostly fancy.

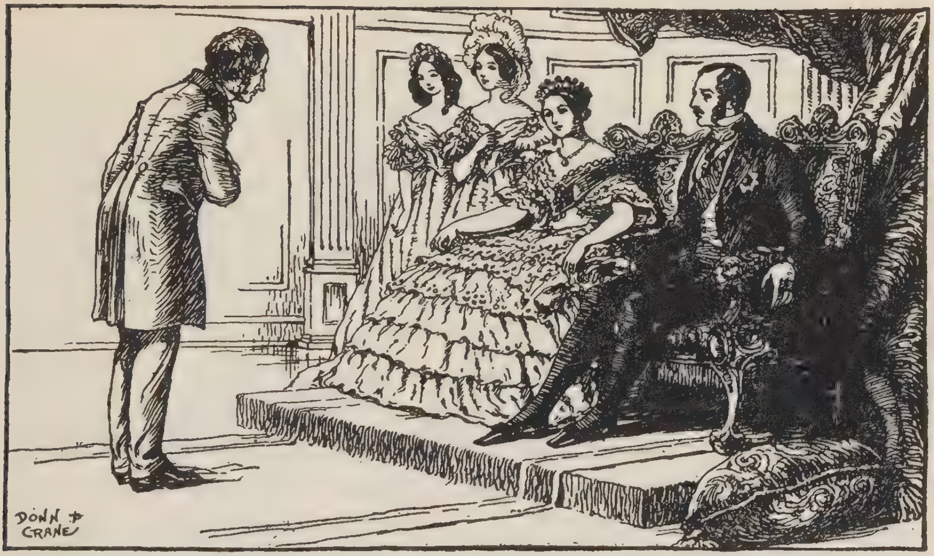
Now in another year, William sought again with Dorothy the dearly loved Lake Country of his youth. They took a little cottage built of stone, just overlooking Grasmere's tiny gleaming eye, a crystal-shining lake, set like a gem within a circle of green hills. There in the utmost quiet and simplicity they lived. Sometimes they sat together in their little garden, watching birds and butterflies, and talking underneath a spreading tree. Again, they had their tea, quite cozy, in the sitting room, and toasted bread themselves before the open fire. It was a warm and tender love that bound these two. They understood each other perfectly. Of all their simple daily doings Dorothy kept record in her journal, busy little housewife that she was. At times, however, even such a busy housewife found an opportunity to write her thoughts, like William's, down in poetry.

All in good time, to make the poet's quiet happiness complete, a certain pretty maiden, Mary Hutchinson, she who had flitted in and out of Wordsworth's life, a phantom to adorn a moment, came to be his wife and live forevermore an inmate of his heart. And Coleridge and Robert Southey lived together just across the hills at Keswick. What, indeed, could friendship ask for more? Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, old friends, dear friends,—the Poets of the Lakes.

Thus fifty years went by while Wordsworth lived in Grasmere Vale, now in the little cottage at the northern end and later still at Rydal Mount, a pretty ivy-covered house with shady terraced lawn.

It was his little daughter Dora whom he held up in the garden of his home to see the "kitten on the wall sporting with the leaves that fall." As Dora grew, she played with Edith Southey and with Sara Coleridge. These three young things were constantly together. What a pretty triad, linking closer still the hearts of their three fathers!

Aye, Wordsworth lived to see his children's children play

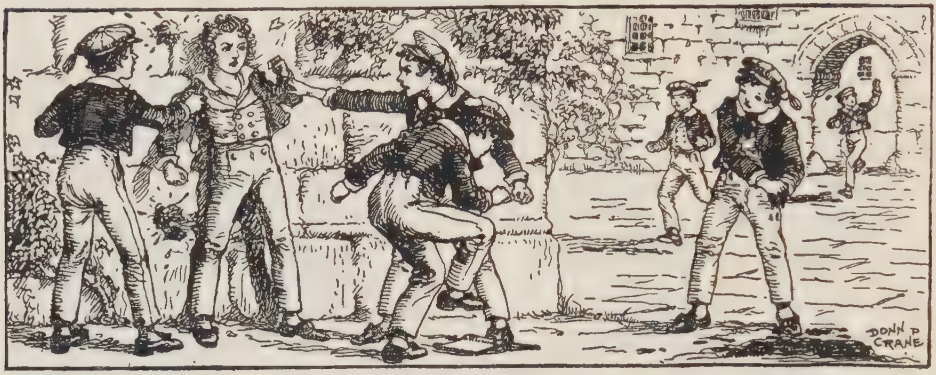


about his knees at Rydal Mount. And then, one day, there came a message in his letter bag. The Queen, Victoria herself, had summoned him to London. He should be her Poet Laureate! What greater honor could be showered upon a poet? Off he went to London, dear old man, all in a suit of borrowed clothes that were a size or two too small and scarcely let him straighten up his back when he had made his bow before the Queen. For, ah, his income had been always meager, and he had no guineas left to spare for courtier's clothes. However that might be, it mattered not. The world had come at last to know his real worth and honor it. He was no wild, rebellious, forceful soul like Byron or like Shelley, for the man had grown in years beyond the youthful days of wild rebellion, but he was a calm and quiet soul, the very spirit of serenity, who saw the glory of God's world, who felt it deep within his heart, who never, though he traveled far in years, lost sight of that immortal sunlit sea where children sport forever on the shore.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD
LINES WRITTEN IN MARCH
TO THE CUCKOO
THE SPARROW'S NEST
WE ARE SEVEN
TO A BUTTERFLY

The Rebel

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (*English*, 1792-1822)



THE rebel stood with his back against a wall, a slender lad, his blue eyes flashing fire, his hair wildly dishevelled. Round about him pressed a pack of Eton boys like hounds with a stag at bay.

"Shelley! Shelley! Mad Shelley!" shouted the tormentors. And they pinched him, they plucked at his jacket, and tore at his clothes. They nailed him to the wall with their muddy balls; one jerked the book from under his arm and kicked it into the mire.

"Shelley! Shelley! Mad Shelley!"

The grim old walls of Eton re-echoed with those cries.

Shelley's cheeks grew white, his whole body trembled and shook. He fought, he scratched, he slapped. It was all so unjust,—a dozen against one.

But the young hounds did not cease their sport until they had wearied of it and turned away to seek other game. Then Shelley picked up his mud-stained book and went back defiantly to his favorite haunt by the river.

Why was he "Mad Shelley"? Why? And why did the boys torment him? Because he was a rebel, a young rebel in a smug old world that was quite content with itself and had no wish to change a single one of its time-honored ways of thinking. Because he thought for himself, and his ideas ran contrary to the smooth flow of accepted standards and customs.

Eton College in those days was a school for the sons of country gentlemen and merchant princes. These worthy gentlemen expected that their sons would grow up, all thinking the same perfectly safe thoughts and patterned after the same perfectly proper mould, like so many china mandarins made to bob their heads one way only. None of your rebels here! The French Revolution had just proved how dangerous to the peace and comfort of the upper classes were republican ideas. In order to crush out any possibility of such thoughts, the young aristocrats of Eton were trained in a manner best calculated to turn out hard-faced men, well able to return a blow for a blow, but perfectly content with the ready-made ideas ground out for them and scarcely able to think dangerous or original thoughts for themselves. Indeed, if such a thought but showed signs of budding, there was Dr. Keate, the head-master of Eton, with his big stick, ready to flog the offender until he came to his senses.

"Boys, be pure in heart, for if you're not I'll flog you until you are!" That was Dr. Keate's way of insuring obedience to the Sixth Beatitude.

As to the boys themselves, they were all their fathers could wish. They neither questioned nor challenged the customs of Eton College. Indeed, they felt a pride in carrying on the traditions of a school that had been founded by Kings and was under the protection of royalty, even though these traditions were worthy only of savages.

Chief among the time-honored customs of Eton was one whereby all the little boys became slaves or "fags" to the big ones. The fag was obliged to make his master's bed, to pump the water for his bath and carry it up to him in the morning, to brush his clothes and clean his shoes. Disobedience was visited with terrible punishments. One boy, in order to force his fag to jump a ditch which was too wide for him, put spurs on his shoes. Every time the little fellow shrank back from the ordeal, he dug the spurs into him till the child's legs were bleeding and his new clothes torn to tatters.

On the very first day that Percy Shelley appeared in school, he decided that fagging was an outrage to human dignity and he refused to obey the orders of his fag-master. The Sixth Form Captains, seeing how slenderly and delicately he was built, thought that it would be easy enough to enforce their authority over him. But they soon discovered their mistake. They could threaten and bully and torment him, but they could not make him obey them.

Henceforth, Shelley did everything that was wrong according to the code of Eton. He loved books, he cared little about cricket and football, he hated bullying and that brutal spirit of which Eton was so proud. He went about with his long hair floating in the wind and his collar wide open, and he pronounced the strangest opinions on a variety of subjects. For all these reasons Shelley was proclaimed an outlaw. For all these reasons he was contemptuously dubbed Mad Shelley.

Today he lay on the grass by the quiet Thames and thought of the cruelty that had just been so wantonly showered upon him. Sunlight quivered over the meadows, clouds drifted peacefully in the far blue, the river made a low soft music as it glided past, and the willows, trailing their graceful branches in the breeze, bowed to their delicate reflections that floated tremulously in the stream. Before him, across the river, rose the walls and towers of Windsor Castle high above the trees. It was all so beautiful and still. Only from the somber cloisters of Eton College behind came the harsh noises of those who had been his tormentors. Pressing his hands together the young boy made this vow: "I swear to be just and wise and free if such power in me lies—I swear never to become an accomplice, even by my silence, of the selfish and the powerful. I swear to dedicate my whole life to the worship of beauty."

Now Percy was the son of a rich Sussex landowner, Mr. Timothy Shelley, and their home was Field Place in Sussex, a low, white house, standing in the midst of a well-kept park, beyond which stretched the dusky depths of an extensive woodland. The boy's grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley, an eccentric old fellow, had made Percy his heir to the exclusion of all the other children, but Percy was as little concerned about the possession of riches as the birds of the air. He wanted only to be free, free to think his own thoughts and express them.

Poor Mr. Timothy Shelley knew not what to make of such a son, always bubbling over with strange ideas and stirring up the monkeys. He himself held just those opinions on every subject which a country gentleman was expected to hold. In appearance he was tall and imposing and he doled out commonplace phrases with a ridiculous air of importance. Poor Mr. Timothy Shelley! Poor Mr. Timothy Shelley. No hen who has hatched a duckling was ever more at sea than he. He would have liked to bottle up his son, and he read him long and solemn lectures on the evil of his ways, but alack! he could not get the cork in tight enough to keep Percy's spirit from overflowing. As to Percy's mother, the beautiful Mrs. Shelley, she, like other ladies of her day, preferred a man to fight with his fists, rather than his mind, and it was with sad misgivings that she beheld him go for a ramble in the woods carrying with him a book instead of a gun.

While Shelley's elders were thus disturbed about him, however, he was in the eyes of his four little sisters and his cousin, Harriet Grove, nothing short of a hero. The moment he reached home from Eton he began to fill the house with the most fantastic, yet enthralling of guests,—hobgoblins and demons, witches and ghosts. He made the shadowy aisles of the park come to life with the haunting footsteps of elfin sprites flitting through the greenwood. He thrust his stick into every hole in the old walls, searching for secret passages that should lead to some strange world of ancient romance. In the attic of the house he discovered unexpectedly a locked room.

"Here," he whispered, "lives an old alchemist with a long beard, the terrible Cornelius Agrippa!"

And if there chanced to be heard a noise in that same mysterious attic, he would cry:

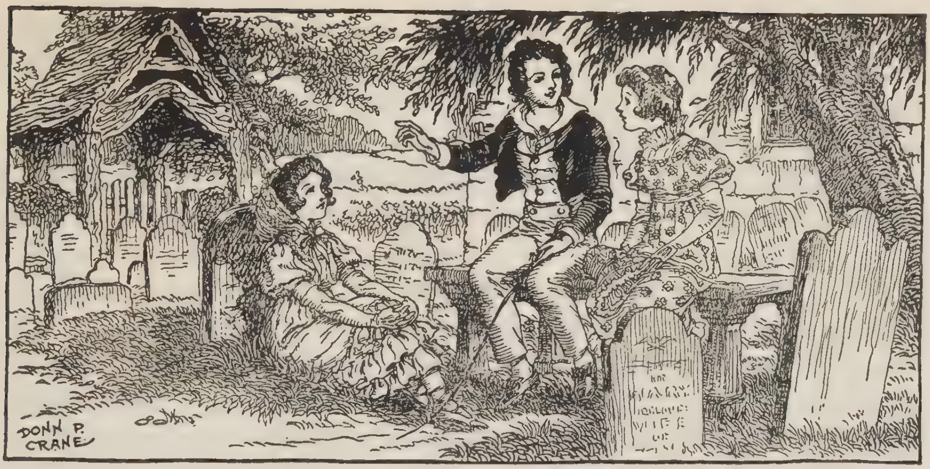
"It's Cornelius upsetting his lamp!"

Thus the little girls were kept in a continual state of delicious terror. And what made Percy's tales so enchanting was the fact that he almost believed them himself.

In addition to all this, Percy sought thrilling adventures in the wonderful Land of Science. Somewhere he had procured a machine which had just been invented and gave electric shocks. With this he went about "shocking" the girls, all of whom were delighted except the youngest, Helen, and she began to cry whenever she saw him appear with a bottle and bit of wire.

His most faithful followers were his eldest sister, Elizabeth, and his lovely cousin, Harriet Grove. These three were writing a novel together, and they called the book Zastrozzi. It was filled with the wild and hair-raising adventures of a haughty tyrant, a robber chief, and a beautiful lily-pure heroine. The favorite spot to which Shelley led these young girls when he wished to converse with them was the graveyard, which was surrounded for him with a mysterious fascination. There, between Harriet and Elizabeth, he seated himself on some ancient tomb in the shadow of the old gray church and talked to his heart's content about everything under the sun.

It was as easy as A, B, C, from Percy's standpoint, to separate



the good from the bad in life. There on one side of the fence were all the bad people, those who had power over others and exercised it tyranically, and there on the other side, as plain as the nose on your face, were the good, that is, the philosophers, the poor and the weak. He saw no use for laws to make men good. Goodness and love and purity should be in men's hearts. They should be free as the air, free to be true to the beauty in their own souls. Laws all seemed to him to be more or less like the big stick with which the Headmaster of Eton sought to flog the boys into purity. No man should have power to compel another. It was an indignity to be compelled. Young as he was, it never entered his boyish head that, since men were by no means pure in heart as yet, they would get into a fine mess if there were, for the present, no outward laws to restrain the evil in them. He did not see that his vision of perfection in heart and soul was an ideal toward which humanity must strive with slow upward steps. He was ready to put it all into practice at once. With the eager enthusiasm of his seventeen years, he was ready to be off and reform the world, and he conceived it to be his business to teach the two little girls to help him.

As he talked, the dusk of evening settled over the old churchyard and the curling mists arose like ghostly wraiths from the meadows.

In good time Mr. Timothy Shelley took his son up to Oxford to enter him in the University, and before he left to go back to Field Place, he went to the booksellers with Percy and opened an account for the boy.

"My son," said Mr. Timothy, "is of a literary turn of mind. Should he wish to publish anything, pray indulge him—"

Shelley was delighted with college, and he very soon formed a fast friendship with another freshman named Jefferson Hogg. The two became inseparable. Every morning they went for a long walk during which Shelley behaved like a child, climbing all the banks, jumping all the ditches. When he came to any small body of water he made a little paper boat and launched it on the stream. This was his favorite amusement. Anxiously he watched the fortunes of his tiny bark. Perhaps it was swamped almost at once by winds and waves, perhaps it filled with water gradually and sank. Sometimes, however, it performed its little voyage in safety and reached the opposite shore. Then he was delighted,—it was astonishing how delighted. He would consume all the waste paper he had with him in making these little boats; next he would begin to take the covers of letters, then letters of little value, and finally, after eyeing them wistfully many a time, he would sacrifice the most precious letters of his dearest correspondents, and send them like the others in pursuit of his fairy squadrons down the stream. So long as his paper lasted he would not cease from his sport.

After their walk Hogg and Shelley went up to Shelley's room, where Percy stretched himself out on a rug before the fire and fell fast asleep, curled round upon himself like a cat. By and by he would suddenly start up, rub his eyes with great violence, pass his fingers swiftly through his long hair and enter at once into some vehement argument, or begin to recite verses with an energy almost painful.

Since he hated a regular sit-down meal and hardly ever remained to the end, he kept his pockets always full of bread, dried prunes and pudding raisins. He would walk along, reading and nibbling as he went, and leaving the path behind him marked by a tell-tale line of crumbs.

Now a few days before Christmas Mr. Timothy Shelley found in his letter bag a communication from a London publisher warning him that his son was offering for publication a novel filled with the most dangerous and wicked ideas. The truth was that Percy had seen in his own home and indeed in much of the world about him, the letter of religion with little of its spirit—its form and ceremony with little of its love and sympathy, its tenderness and compassion. Therefore he had jumped to the conclusion that religion itself was to blame for all the bigotry, the lack of love and human kindness in the world, and he, to whom the spirit of love and kindliness meant everything in life, was now busily engaged in pouring out on religion all the phials of his scorn!

Poor Mr. Timothy Shelley! The hen who had hatched a duckling! In great anxiety and with neither imagination nor humor, he prepared to receive his son when he should arrive from Oxford in the way most calculated to bring about the worst results, namely with a long and solemn sermon.

Field Place, which was usually so merry with gay festivities during the holidays, was darkened by these happenings as with a cloud of gloom. Mrs. Shelley advised her daughters not to talk too much with Percy, and the little girls themselves became shy and silent. Christmas preparations were continued as usual, but no one now honestly took any interest in them. There were the same little amusements and surprises of other years, but without the carefree laughter and rollicking fun of a really happy family. Elizabeth, alone, remained faithful to Percy in secret. But her admiration was no longer shared by her cousin, Harriet Grove, who grew colder and colder every day. Indeed, Harriet's papa saw to it that his daughter was quite removed from Percy's contaminating influence by marrying her safely off to a mannerly gentleman, capable of making the best appearance at any county ball. This last blow cut Percy to the heart, for he had dearly loved his cousin.

They wished at Field Place, one and all, except Elizabeth, to mash Percy down, to squeeze him up into that proper mandarin mould which would turn him out capable of bobbing his head one way only, able to say "yes" and never "no" to all the accepted views of his time. They wished to make him a parrot repeating only what they taught him.

"Intolerance! Bigotry!" So said Master Percy. "Obstinate and unreasoning attachment to one's own beliefs and opinions, with no toleration for the beliefs and opinions of others!"

To the fiery youth the black demon of Intolerance seemed to have replaced the fairies and goblins that once haunted the place, and to be stalking in dread darkness through the shadows of hall and park. This demon appeared to the boy the worst he had ever known. No foul fiend, no grizzly Grendel, grim and greedy, fierce and pitiless, man-devouring, ever seemed to the thanes of Hrothgar more terrible than did this dark Spirit of Intolerance to Shelley. He hated it; he longed to do battle with it and wipe it off the earth.

About a month after these unfortunate holidays, Messrs. Munday and Slatter, the Oxford booksellers, with whom Timothy Shelley had opened an account for his son, beheld that young man come bursting into their shop, his hair flying wildly in the wind, his shirt collar wide open, and a huge package of pamphlets under one arm. These pamphlets, he announced, were to be sold at sixpence each, and he wished them prominently displayed in the window of the shop. Indeed, he himself set about arranging them on the counter and in the most conspicuous place in the window in order that none who passed might miss them. The booksellers watched him with an amused and fatherly air, little dreaming of the scandalous title which those pamphlets were flaunting so shamelessly in their decorous front window.

"The Necessity of Atheism!"—That was the name of the pamphlet,—the necessity for believing that there is no God! Had Messrs. Munday and Slatter guessed it, they would have been horrified.

The title, indeed, did not express the young man's real feelings. He had a most ardent belief in a "Spirit of Universal Goodness, the creator and director of all things," he decried only the false and unworthy views of God that made bigots of men. But he liked the word Atheist, it pleased him, it had such a ring of strength, it shocked the intolerant! At Eton the boys had pelted him with the name Atheist. They had flung it at him just as they flung mud. He had felt it to be like a glove of challenge hurled in his teeth. Therefore he had picked it up with defiance to fling it back in the face of that dark demon of Intolerance that lurked in the tyrannical heart of the world.

The Necessity of Atheism had been published but a few minutes when the Reverend John Walker, a Fellow of New College, chanced to pass that way. Wishing to see what was displayed in the window he pressed his nose against the glass. Bang! The glaring letters on the title of that pamphlet fairly slapped the good man in the face,—The Necessity of Atheism!

Astounded and outraged, the Reverend John strode into the shop.

"Mr. Munday! Mr. Slatter!" he called. "What is the meaning of this pamphlet?"

"Really, sir, we know nothing about it," explained the poor shopkeepers, painfully taken aback. "We have not examined it."

"But the title itself is sufficient to have informed you. And now, gentlemen, that your attention has been called to it, you will have the goodness to withdraw immediately every copy from your window and to carry them, as well as any other copies you may possess, into your kitchen and throw them all into the fire."

The upshot of this matter was that a few days later a large official looking document, bearing the college seal, was affixed to the door of the hall. It was signed by the Master and Dean and announced that Percy Bysshe Shelley was publicly expelled from Oxford.

When Mr. Timothy Shelley heard what had happened he fell into a rage and expressed his displeasure by cutting off his son's allowance. Percy himself went up to London in despair. He was alone, without friends, work or money, and tormented by his disgrace.

As long as he lived he never ceased to be astounded at the way the world treated him. He loved the world so ardently, he wanted to make it better, and it was forever kicking him. The fact that he himself had just slapped the world in the face with his Necessity for Atheism did not impress him. He had wanted to wipe out intolerance and bigotry that there might be more love and sweetness in the world. This he had desired because he loved the world, and the world had repaid him by knocking him down. In his misery he passed the time writing melancholy poems or letters to his friend, Jefferson Hogg.

Soon the money question grew serious. Percy was penniless. Fortunately his sisters did not forget him but sent him their pocket money. It was all he had to live on. The girls, all except Elizabeth, were at Mrs. Fenning's Academy for Young Ladies, and Mrs. Fenning's young ladies now had plenty of opportunity to make acquaintance with the fine eyes, the open shirt-collar and tossed curls of Helen Shelley's nineteen-year-old brother.

He would arrive at the Academy, his pockets bulging with biscuits and raisins, and begin an eager discourse on the world's deepest problems to an adoring audience of little girls.

Most of all these girls, Shelley admired his sister's friend, Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of a retired inn-keeper, a lovely child of sixteen with light brown hair and a complexion of milk and roses. When Mrs. Fenning, acting on the orders of Timothy Shelley, requested Percy to visit his sisters less often, Harriet, who often went to her own home in a section of London near Percy's lodgings, would carry to the hermit youth the precious cakes and money entrusted to her by his sisters. Naturally the two young people became the greatest of friends, and Shelley undertook to make over Harriet's mind till it should shine with all the glory of wisdom.

But soon the other young ladies of Mrs. Fenning's Academy began to look askance at Percy. They were influenced by what their elders said. He was a bad boy, a dangerous boy, a boy with very wicked opinions. In good time they began to jeer at Harriet for being the friend of such a youth. With all the cruelty of which girls at that age are capable, they made her miserable with their jeering. After the next holiday, Harriet thought she could not go back to such a school. It was too hard, too terrible. Her father, the stern old inn-keeper, insisted. She should, she must return. In despair Harriet wrote to Shelley. With all the abandon of sixteen years, she declared her case to be desperate. She held herself to be nothing less than an Andromeda about to be delivered by an unfeeling father up to the jaws of the dragon. Shelley saw the case in the same light exactly. Above all things he hated tyranny. Old Mr. Westgrove, he judged, was a tyrant, a terrible old tyrant ready to sacrifice his daughter to the monster of Fenning Academy. He did not hesitate, therefore, to step into the shoes of the hero Perseus and fly to the rescue of the maiden. In a very short time the Edinburgh Mail

Coach was galloping off northward at topmost speed, bearing Perseus and Andromeda away to Scotland to be married.

What would have happened next had not Mr. Timothy Shelley somewhat relented no one knows, but fortunately a friend induced him to thaw out a bit from the icy coldness of his anger and grant Percy a small allowance. Thus the two young things found themselves with enough to live on, at least.

And now great schemes occupied Percy's mind. He would rent a pretty cottage in Wales, perhaps, and establish a House of Meditation to which he would invite only kindred souls who could understand what he and Harriet were driving at, and there they would think out the way to solve all the problems of the world. But before he did this, he would just step over to Ireland and save Ireland from the yoke of British tyranny!

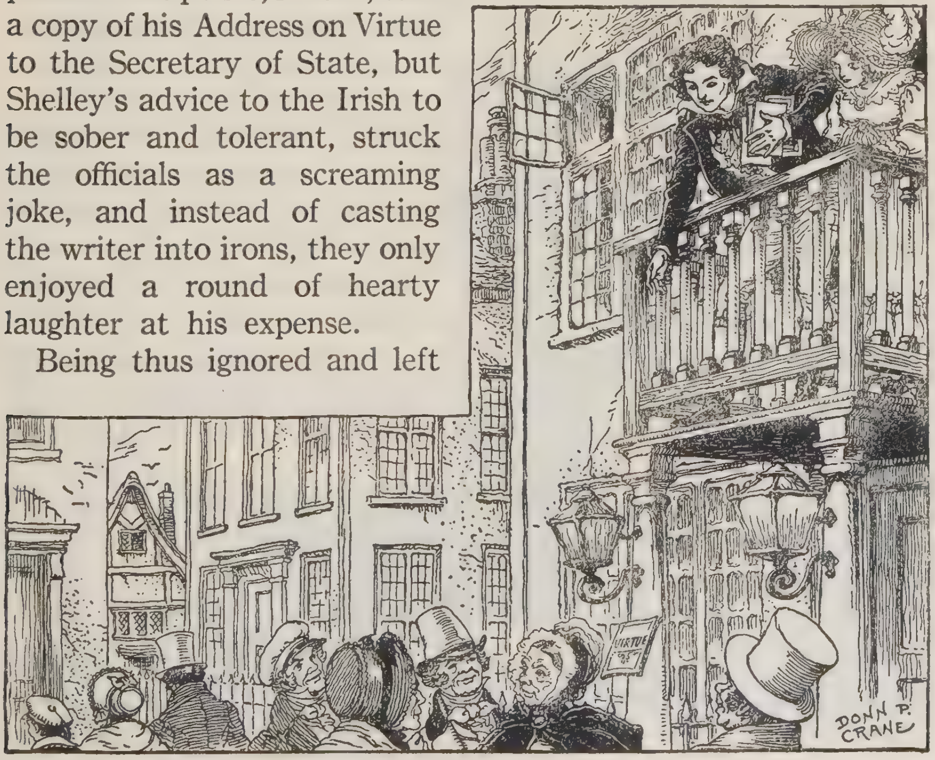
Concerning Ireland, Percy saw the matter with the same clear-cut line of division between the good and the bad, which distinguished all his judgments. Ireland was all right, England was all wrong. Ireland was poor and downtrodden, England was a tyrant. Ireland was a beautiful damsel in distress. He was the Knight Errant who should fly to her rescue ready to fight and die, if need be, in her cause. He fully expected that he would suffer violence for his deeds, martyrdom perhaps. Crowds would follow him in the streets, shouting after him; barbarous English soldiers would seize him, beat him or throw him into prison, but the heroic sweetness of his words would wipe out hatred and work the miracle of reconciling two races that had been foes for centuries. Enwrapped in this rainbow-tinted dream, he was off to the Emerald Isle.

The first thing Shelley did in Dublin was to make an address on Virtue. Instead of expecting their freedom from the British, he said, the Irish should free themselves by becoming sober, just and charitable.

This doctrine Shelley expected would go straight to the heart of the poor Dubliners, and Harriet was no less enthusiastic than he. Their pockets stuffed with copies of this address, the young couple walked up and down the streets, and whenever they met anyone who looked likely to be converted, they slipped a soul-saving paper into his hand, or, from the balcony of their lodgings, they spread the gospel of Virtue by showering pamphlets down on the heads of the passers below. When Shelley shot one skillfully into the hood of an old woman's cloak, Harriet had to run into the house to keep from bursting out into laughter. It was great work saving the Irish, but it was very amusing, too!

Shelley, of course, was constantly expecting to be arrested, but alack! the Irish took all he did with a most annoying composure. The police, indeed, sent a copy of his Address on Virtue to the Secretary of State, but Shelley's advice to the Irish to be sober and tolerant, struck the officials as a screaming joke, and instead of casting the writer into irons, they only enjoyed a round of hearty laughter at his expense.

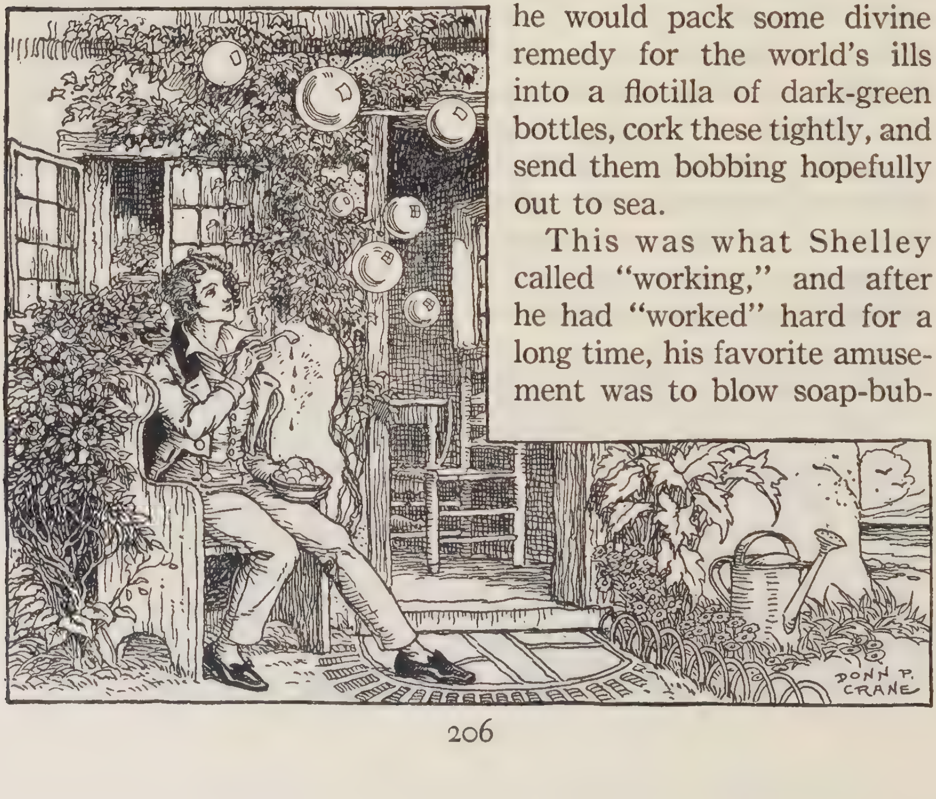
Being thus ignored and left



in security, was very discouraging, and the ways of the Irish themselves were even more so. On St. Patrick's night everybody was drunk and there was a ball at the Castle. Percy and Harriet watched the starving people, far from resenting their poverty, crowd around the state carriages to admire the finery of their tyrants. Such a want of spirit reduced Percy to despair. He and Harriet packed up their remaining pamphlets and went back to England.

From a delightful little cottage with a thatched roof in Lynmouth, however, he did not fail to continue broadcasting his revolutionary ideas by means of pamphlets. When he had written some particularly hair-raising article, he would put it in a box, fit the box out with a mast and sail and launch it on the ocean, or he would make little fire balloons, load these with wisdom and set them sailing into the sky. Again, to vary the monotony, he would pack some divine remedy for the world's ills into a flotilla of dark-green bottles, cork these tightly, and send them bobbing hopefully out to sea.

This was what Shelley called "working," and after he had "worked" hard for a long time, his favorite amusement was to blow soap-bub-



bles. Pipe in hand, he would seat himself before the door, beneath the climbing roses and myrtles that covered the cottage, and send forth a cloud of shimmering spheres to float airily upward and reflect every changing tint that flitted over the face of earth or sky.

In those days, Shelley's friends began to call him the Elf King, Ariel or Oberon. He was such an unearthly spirit soaring always in the skies; he thought so little of material things, he had such a way of flitting, of being now here, now there, of vanishing just when he seemed certainly chained to some one spot of earth. Moreover, he was just then writing a poem called Queen Mab, wherein he took his flight through silver clouds and starlit sky, all in a magic chariot, drawn by coursers of the air. The name of Ariel suited him perfectly.

Nevertheless, sad days were ahead for Ariel. Earth did all it could to clip his wings. His pretty little child-wife, whose mind he had so carefully made over, began to show herself more interested in bonnets than in philosophy, in shopping than in saving the world. She began seriously to desire not a magic car, but a carriage with horses of flesh and blood, and since the only fairy godmother who could produce such riches was Mr. Timothy Shelley, she began to urge Percy to make up with this angry old fairy in order that he might turn the pumpkin of their poverty into a generous allowance which would permit them to keep a coach, wherein she might drive in state to the dressmaker's and the milliner's.

Shelley was shocked beyond measure at all these worldly considerations. To make up with his father, his wife would have had him do as Mr. Timothy demanded, take back all his opinions and say that he no longer believed what he could not help but believe. To purchase bonnets with such dishonor! To prefer a carriage and horses to independence and upright integrity of mind! Percy was shocked indeed. He himself could get along on the little edge of nothing. His material wants were the fewest, his ideas were bread and meat to him. Save for the fact that he was always needing money to help somebody out of debt or to pay a fine for some too venturesome friend of freedom he had little use for gold. And his Harriet objected, too, to his helping so many people and keeping so little for themselves. Alack! he was woefully disappointed in his pretty little wife.

Matters between the two grew dark. From bad they went to worse till they were completely estranged and separated from one another. Then friends whom Shelley had loved and trusted turned their backs upon him. The very man whom he had loved and honored and helped the most was the harshest in sitting in judgment upon him.

Alack indeed! Ariel began to discover that it was not so easy to turn the world upside down and make it over as he had dreamed in the enthusiasm of sixteen. In these days he often took a boat and rowed among the little islands of the Thames where swans build their nests. Lying at the bottom of his bark, completely hidden by the grasses, he harkened to the "wind in the reeds and the rushes, the bees on the bells of thyme;" he beheld how the "bright clouds float in heaven and dew stars gleam on earth," and at such times he felt, with a thrill of pleasure, that perhaps his real work in life was not to go about like Don Quixote reforming the world, but to seize the beauty of that changing sky, of clouds, and winds and all the fleeting, interweaving harmonies of sun and shade and to fix these in words "light as the lightest leaf that quivers to the passing breeze," yet buoyant as the waterfall that leaps "down the rocks with her rainbow locks, streaming among the streams."

He was still such a boy, this Ariel, and he stood so alone in the world. Few, save his second wife, Mary Godwin, had the courage to take their stand by his side. Together, Percy and Mary went away to Italy, and there they spent all the latter days of Shelley's life, now in Florence, now in Pisa, now in Rome, but forever avoided by the English colonies of the place. True, the headstrong and passionate Lord Byron was Shelley's friend, but a troublesome friend he was, and few others among his countrymen ventured to turn a friendly glance in his direction.

His greatest crime was that he believed in the innate nobility of man. He believed that it was possible for man to rule out the evil in him and be perfect. Such a faith compelled men to recognize their faults and strive toward perfection. It would not leave them comfortable in their sins. The world would have none of him! Yet to the very end Shelley steadfastly upheld his ideals. In his last long poem "Prometheus Unbound," he flung them to the world with a challenge more stirring than any that had gone before.

Shelley was only thirty when he went off to Leghorn in his frail shell of a boat, the Ariel, to meet Leigh Hunt who had just arrived from England. With his usual generosity, Shelley had paid Hunt's passage to Italy, with that of his wife and seven children, and now he was off to see them all safely settled on the lower floor of Lord Byron's palace in Pisa.

When he was ready to return home he set sail from Leghorn on a sultry afternoon that gave promise of a storm. His friends watched his little boat gliding far out to sea until at last she was hid by the haze of the coming mist. That was the last that was heard of Shelley for days! Nearly a week later his body was washed up by the waves on the yellow sands of the bay. The Ariel had foundered in the storm.

"How brutally mistaken men have been about him!" cried Byron beside his body on the shore. "He was without exception the best and least selfish man I ever knew."

Youth, its dreams, its fiery devotion to its ideals, its enthusiasm, its stubborn cry of No Compromise, its absurdity, its glory,—that was the spirit of Shelley.

Sweet Peas and Grecian Urns

JOHN KEATS (*English*, 1795-1821)

MR. THOMAS KEATS, lively and energetic of countenance, drove up to the fine, old, red brick building with blooming gardens which housed Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield. He was in his trim and shining gig with his two little sons, John and George, by his side. John was seven, George was six, but John was much the smaller of the two, a very tiny fellow, still wearing the dress of a child,—frilled collar, short jacket with huge pearl buttons, and a cap with a tassel. Both boys were round-eyed and awestruck. They were going away to school for the first time in their lives and their mother was far away, ten miles off in London!

Mr. Thomas Keats kept a livery stable at the sign of the Swan and Hoop in London. He had coaches and gigs and very fine horses to let. Once he had been only head hostler, but he had married Frances Jenkins, the daughter of the owner, and so become in time the proprietor of the place. A lively young couple they were, those two, with ambition and imagination, stepping boldly on in the world. From living in rooms above the stable, they moved to a real house, where they entertained the rosiest dreams for the future of their sons. Thomas even had visions of sending the boys to Harrow, Harrow the aristocratic, the school for gentlemen's sons. But that was flying a bit too high. His purse was too small for that. He must needs clip the wings of ambition and be content with Enfield.

Accordingly, Mr. Keats deposited John and George and drove away. There they were, poor little shavers, dumped down alone to face seventy or eighty youngsters all ready to gape and jeer at them in the ugly fashion of the time. Here was little John Keats, a tiny slip of a child,—he would make good sport for the older boys perhaps! Not on your life! Little John could fight like a terrier. Morning, noon and night he was more than willing to fight. Let him only catch sight of a big boy tormenting another, and he would plunge into battle on the spot, never heeding though he stood like a Lilliputian against some blustering giant.

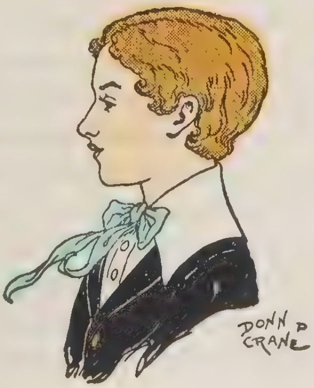
Once a tall usher boxed the ears of his youngest brother, Tom, who had then just entered school. Seeing what had happened, John rushed up like a little bantam cock, and putting himself in the proper attitude of defense, punched the astonished usher, who could easily have picked him up and put him in his pocket.

Such outbursts of fire, however, were but flame in a wisp of straw. They burnt out on the instant, for John was at heart an affectionate lad, never mean, and easily moved to any generous feeling.

The three boys, John, George and Tom, were still only little tads when their father was killed by a fall from his horse. And now their mother, whom they all dearly loved, was no longer able to keep the livery stable. She and her little daughter, Fanny, went to live with her mother in the country at Edmonton. Henceforth the boys saw no more of London. Their days revolved between Clarke School and Grandmother's house, two miles away.

On half holidays and vacations John loved to roam about the fields. He loved to bring home to his Grandmother's wild pets from the brooks and bushes,—goldfinches, tomtits, minnows and mice. Once he wrote of himself:

There was a naughty boy,
A naughty boy was he,
He kept little fishes
In washing tubs three,
In spite
Of the might
Of the maid,
Nor afraid,
Of his granny good!



Aye, in spite of the might of the maid who doubtless frowned darkly on the mess, they were indulgent women, that mother and grandmother. They let the boy keep his pets.

In those early days John cared not at all about winning high marks at school. A rough and tumble schoolboy was he, lively as the liveliest, passing his time with rambles, games and fights, and studying no more than was necessary just to scrape along. And then one day came his first great sorrow. The news had reached him. His mother was dead. Poor boy, he crept off and hid himself in desolation under the master's desk struggling pitifully with his grief. But after this he filled the void in his life with a sudden passion for books. He read all the time and he lived in his stories. Books, books, books,—he carried them with him everywhere, even to the table, and he fought all too valiantly if any one disturbed him.

Now at this time, "Granny good" was a very old lady and she had Fanny and the boys to think of. What would become of them after she was gone? She pondered this question often, and finally she decided to ask Mr. Richard Abbey, an old friend of hers, now a prosperous coffee merchant in London, to become their guardian. Poor Granny with all her good intentions! It was a sorry choice. Mr. Abbey had no more imagination than a cow, and he was so set in his ways that he would not exchange his knee-breeches for the long trousers which were the fashion of the day, until he became such an object of curiosity on the Exchange that everyone turned to look after him in his long white stockings and half boots. For John he had no use whatever. John was now fifteen, old enough to leave school,—so said Mr. Abbey. George and Tom he would take into his counting house in London, but John should be a surgeon, a good, honest, country doctor, riding around in a gig, pulling teeth, compounding pills and setting bones. John he apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Hammond, Surgeon, of Edmonton.

Henceforth John was a sort of handy house and stable boy, making up medicines, tending shop, running errands, or going with his master to hold his horse on the rounds. In his leisure hours he walked back across the meadows to Enfield to read and chat in the arbor at the end of the garden with his old friend, Charles Cowden Clarke, the son of the Headmaster. Charles lent him books and copies of Leigh Hunt's paper, the *Examiner*. There was a man for boys to admire,—Leigh Hunt! Charles knew him personally, an independent, free-hearted fellow. One day this Hunt got himself sent off to jail for writing a violent article against the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. Then Charles and John regarded him as a martyr and glowed with fiery indignation at this blow to the rights of free speech. Under the arbor the two youths also read Shakespeare together, and Charles let John take home a copy of Spenser's *Faery Queen*. Through the story of *Una and the Red Cross Knight* he ramped like a young horse through a spring meadow. It delighted him so completely that it called forth from him a poem, in *Imitation of Spenser*. From that day he loved writing more than anything else in the world.

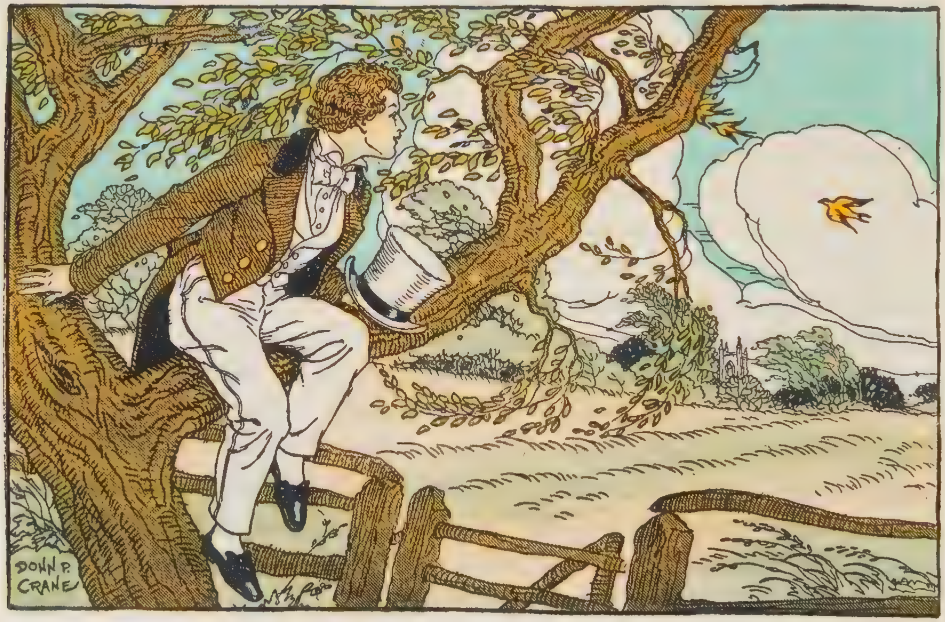
John was only nineteen when his grandmother died, the last of the older generation who had loved and cherished him. His little sister, Fanny, went up to London to live with the Abbeys. His grandmother's house was closed and he, who so loved a home, was never to know another.

When the great day came that Leigh Hunt was let out of prison, Keats was overjoyed and keyed to a jubilee! He wrote a sonnet to Hunt and dashed off with it to find Clarke. Clarke was just setting out to walk up to London and congratulate the martyr. Keats met him and walked part way with him. At the gate to the last field when about to take leave of his friend, he grew embarrassed and self conscious, and with a look of hesitation, gave Clarke the sonnet. This was the first time Clarke had known that John was writing poetry.

After this, John began to chafe at his life as a surgeon's apprentice. He longed to kick over the traces and dash up to London. True, he still intended to be a surgeon and to give only leisure time to poetry, but he dreamt day in and day out of adventuring in literary by-ways of the city. Richard Abbey was disgusted and advised him to waste no more time in scribbling. Nevertheless, John persisted and one fine day saw him free of Hammond and walking up to London to pursue his studies in the hospitals, feeling like a knight setting forth on a thrilling adventure.

He was a handsome fellow in those days, John Keats, though still only five feet tall. The form of his head was like that of a fine Greek statue. His hair was red and his eyes a brilliant brown. In London he and his brothers made many pleasant friends, for all three young men bore themselves with true simplicity and distinction.

When he was off on a holiday nothing seemed to escape him, the song of a bird, the rustle of some little animal, the changing lights and the furtive play of shadows, the motions of the wind, the

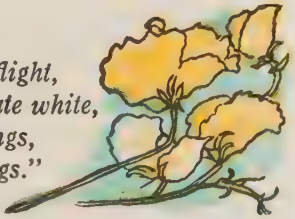


wayfaring of the clouds, even the features and gestures of passing tramps. Certain things affected him extremely, particularly when he heard afar off, the wind coming across the woodlands. "The tide! The tide!" he would cry delightedly and spring on some stile or up on the low boughs of a wayside tree, and watch the passage of the wind on the meadow grasses, not stirring till the flow of air was all around him, while an expression of rapture made his eyes gleam. From fields of oats or barley rippling in the wind, it was almost impossible to drag him. Ah, the young fellow was in love with beauty. Already in his heart the refrain was ringing:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

In those days he wrote a poem, *I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill*. It was all alight with his eager love of beauty. The clouds were in it and sweet buds in the morning dew, and the little noiseless noise that creeps among the leaves. How, pray tell, did he ever catch and hold the fragile, fairy-like beauty of sweet peas without weighing them down to earth by his words?

"Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings."



There is all the airy delicacy of sweet peas forever set down in verse.

One day Clarke told Keats that Leigh Hunt intended to publish one of his sonnets in the *Examiner*. Three cheers! To be really in print at last! It was an enormous step forward! Moreover, Hunt invited Keats out to Hampstead to his home in the Vale of Health. His house was small and nearly as bursting with children as that of the *Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe*, but he was warmly hospitable, and brilliant company was always gathered there, among them sometimes Shelley. True, Keats was not particularly drawn to Shelley. He thought the fiery youth with his bristling ideas for reforming the world somewhat of a crank, for Keats himself was the sanest, best balanced of men, never carried off headlong by a runaway of ideas. He had no wish to reform the world. He only wanted with all his heart to express his love of beauty. Nevertheless, Shelley appreciated Keats, and after his death, wrote a splendid poem in his honor.

In the Vale of Health there were fun and fancy, frolic and earnest, with endless readings and discussions. Keats was enchanted with it all, and was always running out to enjoy it. But now as his interest in poetry grew, he was more and more disturbed at thought of being a surgeon.

"The other day during the lecture," he said, "there came a sunbeam into the room and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray, and I was off with them to Oberon and fairyland."

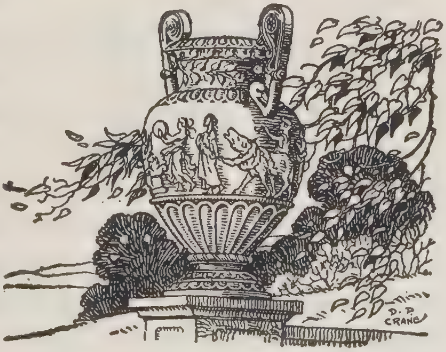
How could such a man be a surgeon? It was impossible! Much to Richard Abbey's disgust, Keats gave up at last and decided to devote himself only to poetry. He set himself seriously to work, —work, work, work, and he scarcely looked off until George Keats married, and went away with his bride to seek his fortunes in America. Then John and a friend of his accompanied the two on top of the stage coach to Liverpool and from there set off on a walking tour through Scotland and the English Lake Country where Wordsworth had his home. One day they tramped through that wild part of Scotland where the old gypsy, Meg Merrilies, had often boiled her kettle among fragments of rock and bramble and broom. Magic! Keats must write a ballad of Old Meg! When it was finished he sent it in a letter to his sister, Fanny, in London.

All in good time he arrived in Hampstead again, brown and shabby, with scarcely any shoes left, his jacket torn, a fur cap on his head, a Scotch plaid over his shoulder, and his knapsack on his back. Here he found that his brother Tom was desperately ill. Sad weeks followed, weeks of patient nursing, but in the end Tom died, and now, with George far away in America, he who so loved his brothers had no brothers left to comfort him. In those dark days, too, came the dreadful reviews of his first long poem, *Endymion*. The reviewers in *Blackwood's* and the *Quarterly Magazine* hated Leigh Hunt because he had criticized the Prince, and in order to strike at him, they smashed his friend with a withering irony and scorn. *Endymion* according to them was no more than the most ridiculous twaddle. Keats was cut to the heart. Moreover, he was in love with a handsome young woman, Fanny Brawne, and all his hope of marrying depended on his succeeding, that he might earn enough to support her.

He worked with a feverish energy. In times past an artist friend of his had taken him to the British Museum to see the splendid collection of old Greek sculptures, so dignified, graceful and simple in the clear-cut, white purity of marble. Keats was overcome at the sight. It meant to him a glorious revelation of beauty. Such beauty as that he wanted in his poems! Indeed, no man has ever written in English more beautiful lines than Keats. Had the critics only seen it! But no, they looked at his faults alone. They were blind and deaf to his genius.

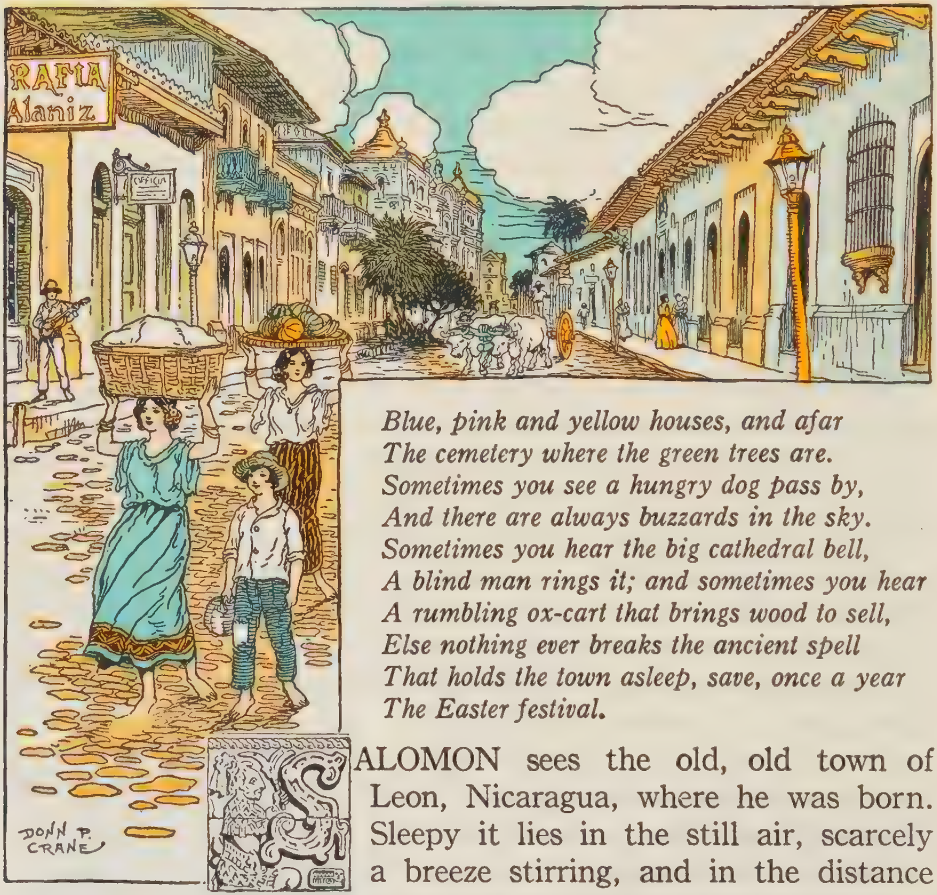
One disappointment followed another. He strove and strove to succeed, but the reviewers knew no pity. Then one day he fell ill. After months of struggle he went off to Italy and died, alone save for one faithful friend.

Later generations have judged his work more truly. Graceful and beautiful as a Grecian urn, fragile and delicate as sweet peas, was the genius of little John Keats.



In Tropical Town*

SALOMON DE LA SELVA (*Nicaraguan*, 1893——)



Blue, pink and yellow houses, and afar
The cemetery where the green trees are.
Sometimes you see a hungry dog pass by,
And there are always buzzards in the sky.
Sometimes you hear the big cathedral bell,
A blind man rings it; and sometimes you hear
A rumbling ox-cart that brings wood to sell,
Else nothing ever breaks the ancient spell
That holds the town asleep, save, once a year
The Easter festival.

SALOMON sees the old, old town of Leon, Nicaragua, where he was born. Sleepy it lies in the still air, scarcely a breeze stirring, and in the distance tower the giant old volcanoes that roar at times and tremble from their gaping mouths of fire.

A thin and restless boy was Salomon, of a family old and honored in the land, come down from Indian chiefs and proud conquistadores from Spain. The street on which he lived was bounded

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**Told chiefly from* SALOMON DE LA SELVA'S *own poems in* TROPICAL TOWN by ancient Spanish houses, fat and lazy in the sun, and it ran onward to the park, where on warm nights the band made music and the young folk wandered mid a play of light and shade. Within, the house was shadowy and cool with a garden in the middle. There the boy had toys, soldiers of lead, a sword, and kites, and tops, and little birds of clay to whistle through. But on a certain day he broke the sword and melted all the soldiers, for there was something in him, striving, asking, whirling, soaring far above his toys, seeking—he knew not what. He scarcely spoke and hardly heard what others said to him, so busy was he with the inward din of this strange seeking. And then he kissed his mother's cheek and found it salty with her tears, and so he knew he was no more a boy.

And now he found no comrade better than his well beloved guitar that trembled at his touch like winds that kiss and fly.

In the mornings when the bells were dizzily calling one to prayer, he watched through his window, Indian girls from the river with flowers in their hair. One bore fresh eggs in wicker boxes for the grocer, others had their baskets full of fruit, and some had skins of mountain cats and foxes caught in traps at home. Gaily he called a greeting. They answered him with mocking, and passed him by with graceful, stately gait, balancing their bodies on lithe hips.

Sometimes he saw the rain come sweeping down the street, a witch that puts the world into her bag and blows the skies away. He saw the children scurry home and when the rain was over and the children out again, O the joy of swaying palm trees with the rainbows overhead, and the streets swollen like rivers and the wet earth's smell and, afar, the tempest vanishing with a stifled thunder, in a glare of lurid radiance from the gaping mouth of Hell!

But best of all the young man loved to leave behind the center of the city with its stately Spanish palaces, and climbing past the old cathedral that the Spaniards built, go up the hill for fourteen blocks and cross the three-arched bridge to Guadalupe. There the houses are no palaces, but little things, ugly almost, and frail, with low red roofs and flimsy rough-cut doors, but little better than the Indian huts that huddle in the Indian quarter of the town. And yet these tiny cottages all seemed so glad the sun was shining, so glad to feel a little wind begin to blow, though all the while afraid of the volcanoes, holding their breath lest these should wake and crush them with a rain of fire. Through the doors ajar, he saw the walls with sacred pictures and the children playing, wrangling, dreaming, much the way that children do elsewhere. He saw the faithful wives, sweeping, mending, doing all the thousand little things that make a woman's life and singing at their work; and here amid these humble homes he felt his people dwelt, the real people of his land, and so he sang their song, the song of Nicaragua.

It was thus he grew to be a poet, and when his father died and left him only seventeen years old, his nation as a whole, by action of its congress adopted him as its ward. A vision thrilled him, too, the vision of America united, North America one in friendship with the nations of the South. And so the North began to call him. He would visit the United States and study there, and sing of brotherhood between the North and South. To the North he came with a dream, with a song,—from the land where the sunlight is molten gold to New England's cold and wintry snows. But on the hills of New England shone the same moon as in Nicaragua, there were little white birches in the woods and birds in the trees. There were kind hearts, too, in New England. He learned at last to love it and call it Little Mother. And so he stayed to teach at Williams College in the wet New England valley with the purple hills around. He stayed to lecture at Columbia University, where New York's tall soaring buildings still had poetry for him. The greatest poet of Spanish America is he and his songs are like the plaintive music of guitars.

Faust

*JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (*German*, 1749-1832)

ON CHRISTMAS Johann's grandmother gave the children a puppet show. It was set up in the back room adjoining the front hall, where the little old lady lived and where the children delighted to play. A marvelous thing it seemed to the boy and his sister, Cornelia. They could make up their own plays, they could dress the puppets as they chose, they could manage the wires that moved them. Johann even invented new scenery out of pasteboard—pretty summerhouses with pilasters and flights of steps and other decorations. The neighbors' children were sometimes invited in to see the show, but the older ones were so noisy that their din often spoiled the performance and Johann soon barred them out admitting only tiny tots whom nursemaids could keep in order.

Johann lived in an ancient wood and plaster house in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Just beside the front door, and projecting on the street, was a cage, a great square cage of wooden lattice. Cooped up in this, like two little birds, Johann and Cornelia often played. Once when Johann was very small, he threw a whole set of toy pots and mugs one by one out the lattice to hear them go smash on the pavement. From the rear, the house commanded a view over neighboring gardens to the walls of the city and far away over the fertile green plain beyond. On the second story was Johann's favorite retreat, a room where he learned his lessons, watched thunderstorms and sunsets and his neighbors in their gardens, now tending flowers, now rolling skittleballs or playing games of nine-pins.

Frankfort was a fine old town for Johann to roam about in. He loved the great bridge over the Main, the busy market places, the Jewish quarter teeming with alien faces, and the beautiful

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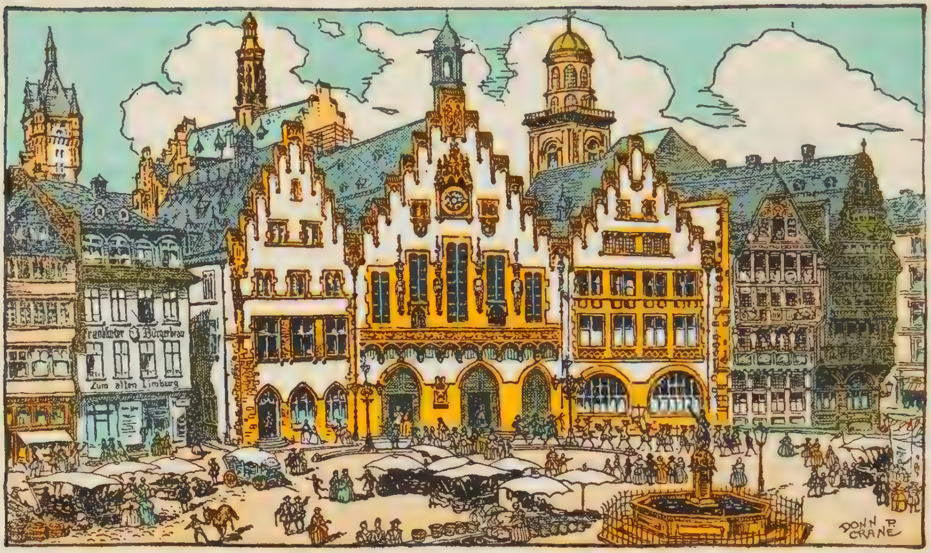
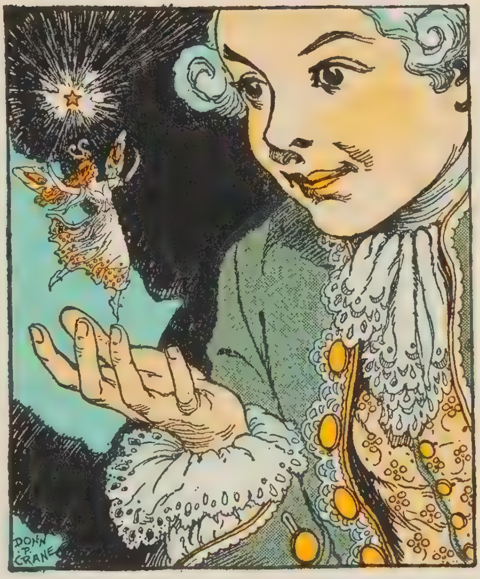
**Told chiefly from* DICHTUNG UND WAHRHEIT *(Poetry and Truth) Goethe's Autobiography.*



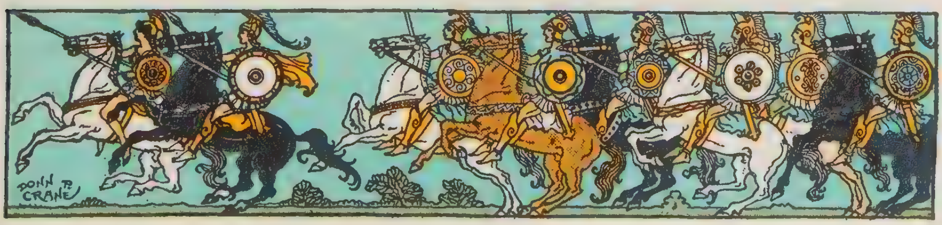
square of the Römer, its ancient buildings finely carved of wood, some weather stained a rich brown and others painted in vivid colors. On fair days when the city was crowded with people, he liked to creep into the Piper's Court in the Town Hall, whither came deputies from Nürnberg, Worms and Bamberg, with gifts sent to gain for the merchants of those cities the right to sell wares at the fair without the paying of duty. Johann's mother's father was the Schultheiss or Imperial Magistrate and Johann was proud to see him sitting up high on a seat, a step higher than all the judges who occupied the benches running around the room. Suddenly music was heard. There came three pipers in cloaks of blue and gold, one playing a shawm, one a bassoon, and one a bombard or oboe. In their wake, the deputies followed, bearing their gifts, a handsomely turned wooden goblet filled with pepper, some antique silver coins, and a pair of gloves such as the Emperor might have worn.

Later in the day the children never failed to visit their grandfather's house. After Grandma had emptied the pepper into



the spice boxes, they might be given the goblet or one of the ancient coins. As to the gloves worthy of an Emperor, Grandfather wore these in the garden when he grafted roses or trained a peach tree to grow fan-shaped against a trellis.

Such sights as Johann saw gave fire to his fancy and he was great at making up stories. Once, he said, he dressed himself up in his Sunday best breeches, and green coat with brass buttons, his buckled shoes on his feet and his hair all carefully powdered. In such style, he insisted, he ran away in quest of an elfin dancer, who appeared for a moment on his hand and danced about in sprightly fashion from one finger-tip to another before she vanished from sight. He had been led, he said, through a marvelous gate in the town wall and over a bridge of golden spears into a marvelous garden. Here the dancing girl had appeared again and played at toy soldiers with him, till the little Greek warriors came to life and galloped away on horseback, with Achilles and the Queen of the Amazons at their head. This tale he told in so realistic a fashion that more than one of his comrades went off in search of the marvelous gate.



When Johann was ten years old, the King of Prussia, Frederick II, made war on the Emperor of Germany. The French came to the assistance of the Emperor and occupied Frankfort. Then there was great to-do in the town and a certain Frenchman, Count Thorane, was quartered in Johann's house. For several years the French remained in Frankfort and Johann's grandfather, the Schultheiss, gave the boy a free ticket to admit him to the French theatre. Here he learned French and saw the plays of Racine, Molière and other famous French writers. He made acquaintance, too, with a lively French boy whose mother was an actress, and in his company he investigated all the ins and outs of the theatre.

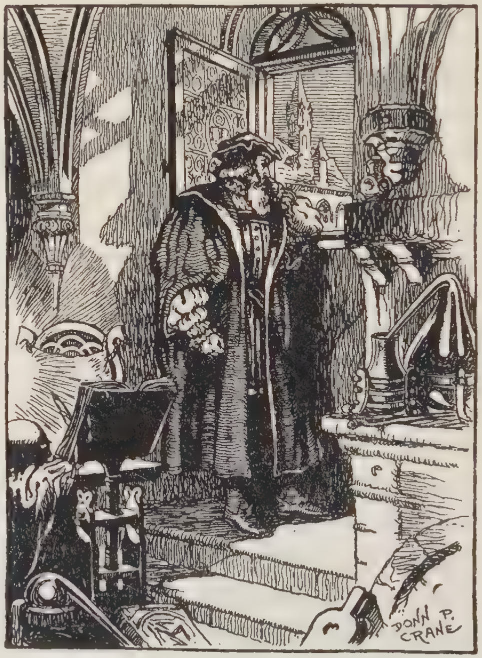
There were always plenty of sights, indeed, to be seen in Frankfort, and a boy like Johann, lively and inquiring of spirit, eagerly investigating everything, wishing to experience all the fullness of life and loving its beauties, missed none of them. In Frankfort the imperial coronations were held, and when Johann was fifteen, he saw the son of Frances I and Maria Theresa crowned as heir to the Empire. He beheld the great procession enter the city—soldiers and officials and lackeys and sixteen six-horse state carriages, the Emperor and his son in a magnificent carved and gilded coach with a whole mirror forming the back, and the top and inside upholstered with crimson velvet. He saw the imperial pair returning from the ceremony at the cathedral, walking under the gold embroidered canopy borne by twelve judges, and he managed even to make his way into the great hall of the Römer and look on at the banquet that followed the ceremony.

But the thing that moved Johann most deeply in his youth was seeing the puppet play of Faust, an old, old German legend. Dr. Faust, so the little wooden puppets told the story, was a professor, foolish and arrogant of mind, searching into all things in heaven and earth, desiring all power and all knowledge. In his madness he turned to magic and one night he conjured up the devil with whom he made a compact. Mephistopheles was to give him all power and every pleasure he might desire for twenty-four years but after that Faust was to belong forever to the devil. Now, with the devil's aid, Faust ascended into the sky in a car drawn by dragons and spent a week among the stars. He visited every part of the earth, flying on the back of a winged horse. He played all sorts of tricks of magic. But at the end of the twenty-four years he had to pay for his pleasures. Mid a terrible hissing and whistling he was carried away by devils, and a great display of fireworks represented the Hell to which he was being borne.

This play stuck in Johann's mind. He could not forget it.

At sixteen he was sent to the University of Leipsig to study law, but he, like Faust, could not content himself with the knowledge of the schools, and so he went through a time of revolt, of mental storm and stress. He felt there was a great secret in the universe which was written in none of his books. Nature, he was sure, had some high secret to tell if one could only get closely in touch with her, some simple message that would render the weary plodding of the schools absurd, put an end to the sorrows of humanity and bring universal joy. With the story of Faust in his heart, he now saw in Faust not a mere seeker after personal power and pleasure, such as the legends presented, but a symbol of himself, his own reasoning, doubting, denying intellect, his own heavenly aspiring soul. Faust was no longer a sinner but a searcher after truth, misunderstood and maligned. When Johann went from Leipsig to Strassburg to pursue his studies, the legend of Faust which had lived for two hundred years in the hearts of the German people, was still his favorite theme. In his early period of mental tension, coupled with high soaring dreams, he began writing down bits of the poem. For more than sixty years it haunted him, no matter what else he wrote. When he went to Weimar to become a councilor of state for his friend, the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and later director of the court theatre there, he took a chaotic manuscript of Faust with him. Through the days of his happy friendship with the poet Schiller when Weimar became the center of the intellectual life of Germany, through the days of his travels in Italy when he knew his own soul calmed down from its early days of revolt, he was writing on Faust, and the changing story reflected the changes in his soul. But not until 1790, when he was forty-one years old, did the book *Faust, A Fragment*, appear; not until he was fifty-nine did Part I of the drama *Faust* find way to print, and not until he was an old man of eighty-three was he able to read to his daughter the whole of the second part. So the story of Faust occupied his thoughts from boyhood to old age and the completed drama is the greatest thing in German literature, one of the most magnificent flights of fancy in the world.

The Story of Faust



IN a high-arched Gothic chamber where the sunlight came but dimly through painted windows, lived Herr Professor Doktor Faust, hemmed in by mouldy books, worm-eaten, dusty, old. He had studied philosophy, law and medicine with every other rigamarole of human knowledge and yet could only cry:

*"Here I stand with all my lore,
Poor fool, no wiser than before."*

Human existence seemed to chain him to the earth. He

**Poems in this story are from the translation by Anna Swanwick.*

wished to know the secret that would free him from galling fetters of the flesh. He would fly through the air in a chariot of fire. He would glide with the moonlight over the meadows. He would pierce through the outward appearance of things to everlasting truth. He would be one with a life unlimited and divine. All these secrets he found written down in none of his university's musty tomes.

"I, the image of God," he cried, "who thought myself almost the mirror of eternal truth, would delight myself in heavenly light and purity, stripped of mortality!"

Dissatisfied and striving ceaselessly, he turned to magic and conjured up the Earth-spirit; but so giant-like and vast a vision only made the man feel shrunk and dwarfed before it. In despair he thought to kill himself, but as he put the poison to his lips, his hand was stayed. He heard the happy bells that usher in the Easter morn, with youths and maidens singing:

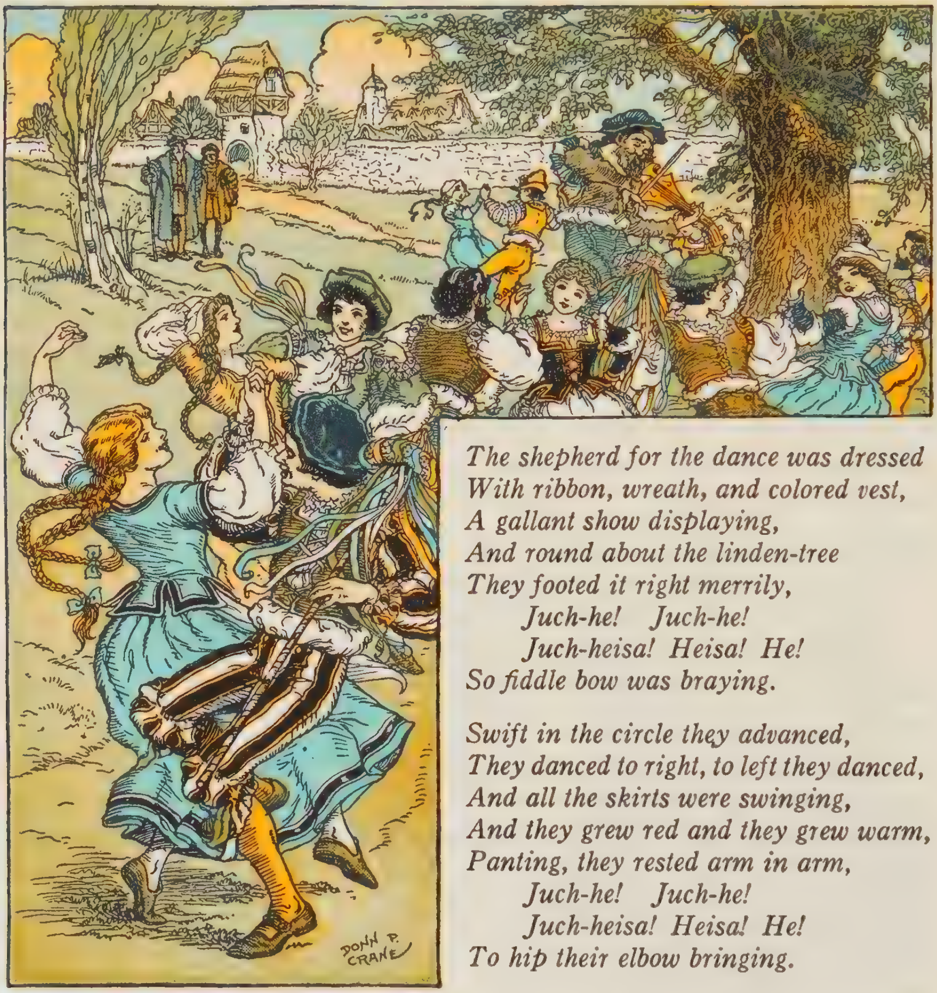
"Christ is arisen,
Blessèd the loving one."

Such heavenly songs recalled the simple faith in God that had been his in childhood. Tears filled his eyes; he put the goblet from him. He would remain on earth.

Now, Doctor Faust had as his servitor, a youth named Wagner, a narrow-minded bookworm, satisfied with mouldy knowledge. On the afternoon of Easter Wagner went to walk with Faust outside the city gates. Old Winter's cold was disappearing and the budding joy of Spring lay over all the valley. There were no flowers as yet to give a color to the meadows, but the motley throng in gala dress invested all with brilliant hues. From out the gate they streamed in bright array,—soldiers, students, beggars, burghers.

"Look," cried Faust in loving sympathy. "Look how the throng on nimble feet spreads over field and garden. How the boats glide gaily on the river, and even there from yonder far-off hill come flashing back the brilliant hues of colored garments."

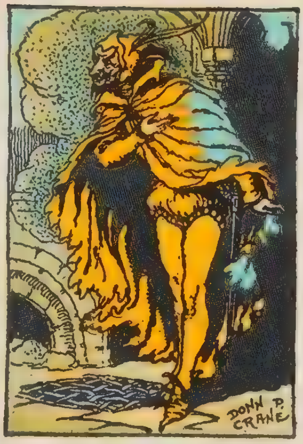
Underneath the linden tree were peasant lads and lassies dancing.



The shepherd for the dance was dressed
With ribbon, wreath, and colored vest,
A gallant show displaying,
And round about the linden-tree
They footed it right merrily,
Juch-he! Juch-he!
Juch-heisa! Heisa! He!
So fiddle bow was braying.

Swift in the circle they advanced,
They danced to right, to left they danced,
And all the skirts were swinging,
And they grew red and they grew warm,
Panting, they rested arm in arm,
Juch-he! Juch-he!
Juch-heisa! Heisa! He!
To hip their elbow bringing.

At length the air grew chill and evening mists began to steal like ghostly wraiths across the valley. Then Faust espied a strange black poodle slipping in and out amid the grain and circling ever nearer. A fateful beast he seemed, a creature drawing magic snares to make a band around their feet. Say, was not that a track of fire he left behind him on his path? Nay, Wagner could



see nothing save a simple dog who wagged his tail.

"Come hither, sir!" cried Faust. The poodle came and followed him back home.

And now the tumult in the heart of Faust was calmed.

"In evening quiet, all unholy thoughts must die," he cried. "The love of man doth sway us and love to God inspires the soul."

But at his words the dog began to scamper noisily and sniff about.

"Peace, poodle, peace," cried Faust. "Go lay thee down behind the stove."

He spoke of hope new-sprung within his breast, whereat the poodle snarled and when he opened up his Bible and began to read, the poodle barked and howled till Faust would fain have sent him from the room. Then in a flash the beast grew long and broad. A hippopotamus he seemed with fiery eyes.

"What devil have I brought home?" cried Faust.

A devil indeed. The creature swelled and swelled until he faded into mist, and when the mist had sunk, there stepped from out the shadow of the stove one, Mephistopheles, the Lord of all Destruction, Prince of Darkness, Master of Deceits and Adversary of God. To him all yearning towards a high ideal in men was but a laughing stock. Hi, yi! The strivings of these little human grasshoppers who fain would fly but could not, seemed antics quite ridiculous. Said he to Faust:

"Come, stop your brooding. Go out and see the world. Eat, drink, be merry. Let pleasure cure your sorrows."

He would make the man eat dust! He would stop his strivings after truth and freedom with mere animal delights, enjoyment of the senses. Faust was desperate. He did not really believe the devil's lure could bring him peace and yet he could not go on living as he had. And so he signed a solemn compact with his blood. The devil should serve him faithfully so long as he should live on earth, but when his earthly life was ended, Faust would yield himself to Mephistopheles forever, on this one condition only—the devil should sometime bring to him such happiness that he would stretch himself upon a bed of ease completely satisfied, and wish the passing moment to endure forever.

The compact made, off sallied Mephistopheles with Faust to taste the revelry of Auerbach's Cellar in Leipsig, where the students of the university caroused. But here amid the maudlin crowd, the drinking and the singing, Faust was only bored.

"The man's too old," the devil said, and so he took him off to seek from some old witch a magic potion that should make him young again.

The witch's kitchen was a gloomy place, with signs of magic all about. Above the fire there hung a huge black cauldron, whence arose mysterious forms appearing in the steam. Beside the kettle, skimming it and watching that it did not bubble over, sat an ape, while other apes crouched near.

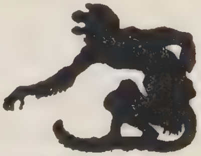
"It seems your dame is not at home," said Mephistopheles.

The apes made answer: "She's gone to carouse out of the house, through the chimney and away."

But soon they fell to playing and quite forgot the cauldron.

All at once it overflowed. A flame shot up the chimney. With horrid cries the witch came down, crying through the fire:

"Ough, Ough, Ough, Ough,
Accursèd brute! Accursèd sow!
The cauldron dost neglect? For shame,
Accursèd brute, to scorch the dame!"



Then seeing Faust and Mephistopheles, she shrieked:

"Whom have we here? Who's sneaking here? Whence are ye come? With what desire? The plague of fire your bones consume!"

And in the boiling pot she dipped the ladle, throwing flames about. The monkeys whimpered fearfully, but Mephistopheles began to rage and smash the pans and glasses.

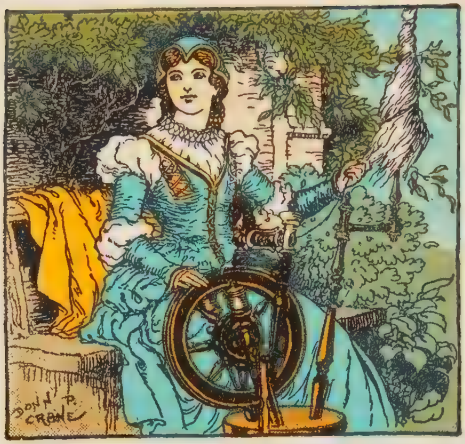
"Skeleton! Vile Scarecrow! Dost not know thy master?"

As he spoke, she recognized him for the devil, and crying in a master's voice, he bade her brew a magic potion for his friend. With gestures wild and weird, she drew a ring upon the ground and summoned Faust to come inside. Then, calling to the apes, she placed a book upon the back of one and read a charm from out its pages, while the others held the torches. As she read, the glasses rang, the cauldron sang, and Faust received a magic liquid from which rose a little flame the moment that he put it to his lips.

Now young again, he walked the streets with all the swagger of a youth, and soon he met a pretty lass, sweet Gretchen, soft of cheek and red of lip. He loved her in a moment and must have her for his own. 'Twas Gretchen in the garden, Gretchen at her spinning wheel, Gretchen at a neighbor's house. They loved each other dearly. Ah, but Mephistopheles knew well that warm and tender love must ever be an enemy to the devil. He feared lest real unselfish love within the breast of Faust should save the man and wrest him from his power. And so he planned to carry him away and fill his mind with foolish pleasures till he quite forgot the girl. But this he did not do, alas! till he had wrought sore havoc for pretty little Gretchen—slain her brother in a quarrel, tempted her to give a sleeping potion to her mother by means of which the woman died, and so left Gretchen in misery and alone.

Weeks passed for Faust in foolish pleasures. Gretchen he forgot. Then came the last of April and Walpurga's Night, the Witches' Fête, when all the witches gather on the Brocken, a rocky barren mountain peak. To that mad spot came Faust and Mephistopheles, as jaunty travellers abroad to see the sights.

The night was dark. A sad young moon gave only troubled light. With every step the wanderers ran sharp against a rock



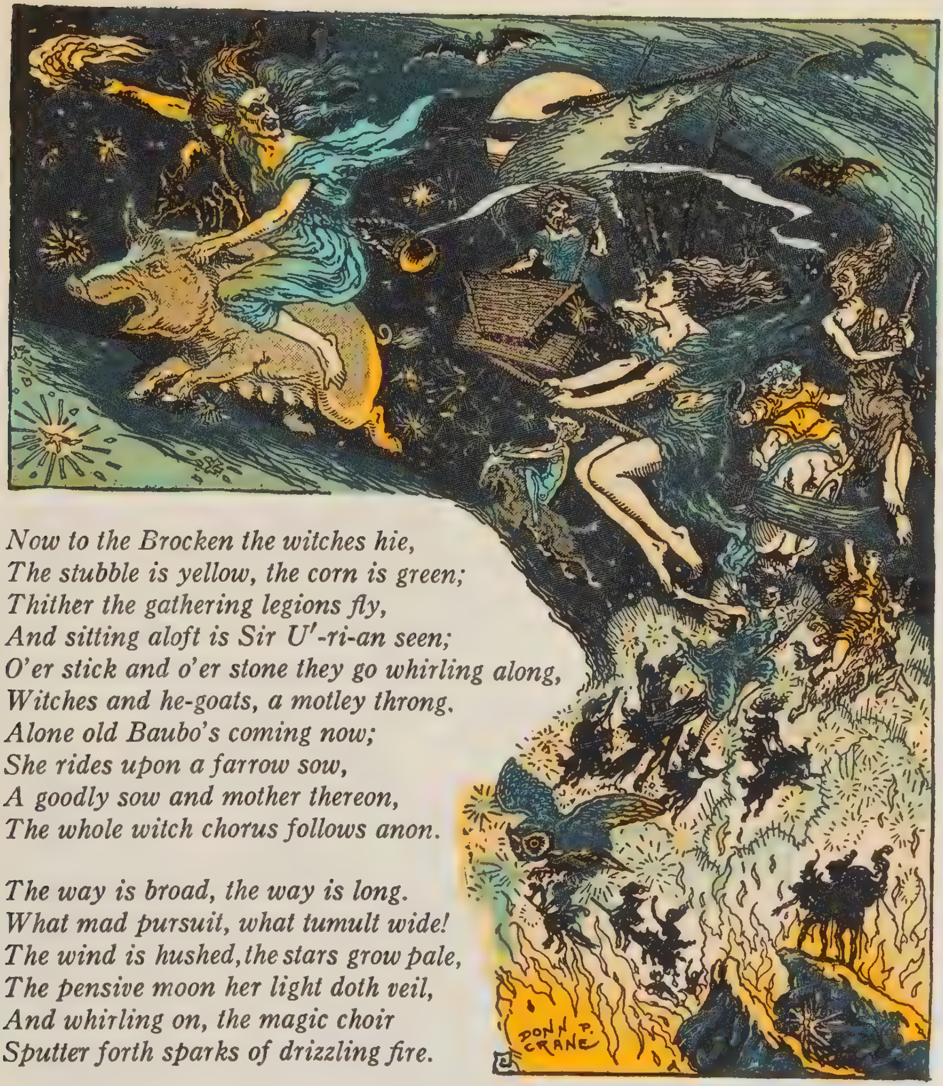
or tree. But soon they saw before them, gleaming eerily, now here, now there, upon the path, a dancing fire, a goblin Wisp. The devil called the little fellow, bidding him to light them on their way.

Trees on trees flew by and cliffs on cliffs. The rocks long-snouted, row on row, how they snorted and how they blew! The hill was magic mad. Tu-whit, Tu-whoo,—the owls! From bushes, salamanders peered like eyes of fire, the roots of trees seemed writhing snakes to coil and seize. Through moss and heath ran swarms of many-colored mice; fireflies, like wild things, danced above; the goblin Wisps increased and puffed their pale unearthly flames; rocks and trees made faces, and all things whirled and flew.

"Grasp tight my doublet," cried Mephistopheles to Faust. "At last we've reached the central peak."

Through all the chasms gleamed a strange and lurid light, pervading with its beams the gorges of the gulf below. Here vapors rose, there clouds went floating by. Now, like a fountain, light burst forth on high and scattered down a shower of golden sparks. Then all around the rocky walls blazed forth.

"Doth not the devil light his palace grandly for his fête?" cried Mephistopheles. "Thou'rt lucky to have seen the sight. Cling to those rocks, my friend, lest you be hurled down into some abyss. The murky vapors thicken. The storm blasts howl and roar. The owlets fly in wild affright. Trees are splintered, roots upriven. One crashing ruin overwhelms them all. Hark, along the mountrain streams a raving magic song."



Now to the Brocken the witches hie,
The stubble is yellow, the corn is green;
Thither the gathering legions fly,
And sitting aloft is Sir U′-ri-an seen;
O'er stick and o'er stone they go whirling along,
Witches and he-goats, a motley throng.
Alone old Baubo's coming now;
She rides upon a farrow sow,
A goodly sow and mother thereon,
The whole witch chorus follows anon.

The way is broad, the way is long.
What mad pursuit, what tumult wide!
The wind is hushed, the stars grow pale,
The pensive moon her light doth veil,
And whirling on, the magic choir
Sputter forth sparks of drizzling fire.

"Stay, stay," called a voice from below. "Pray, take me with you. Three centuries I've tried in vain to climb this height. I hobble after many a day. Already the others are far away!"

But the witches replied:

"Broom and pitchfork, goat and prong,
Mounted on these we whirl along.
Who vainly strives to climb tonight
Is evermore a luckless wight."

Rounding the topmost peak, they appeared and let themselves down to earth, to cover all the heath with their mad swarm of witchery.

They crowd and jostle, whirl and flutter; they whisper, babble, twirl and splutter; they glimmer, sparkle, stink and flare, a true witch-element! Beware!

"Stick close," cried Mephistopheles, "or we'll be parted."

A hideous din of instruments snarling rent the air. In a circle round about, a hundred fires arose, with dancing, chattering, cooking, drinking round the glimmering coals. From fire to fire the devil led his friend in search of entertainment, till at last they spied a witch who wore a look of beauty and of youth. With this alluring dame Faust fell to dancing madly till there crawled a red mouse from her lips. Then, bah! he found her loathsome and danced with her no more. And as he went away alone, he seemed to see a maiden sad, forlorn, apart from all the crowd. Who was it? Was it Gretchen? He thought of her again, his Gretchen. Vainly now the devil told him that the form he saw was but a phantom, for the heart of Faust had wakened up to memory and was filled with thoughts of Gretchen only. What had become of her? In some strange way he knew. Mother and brother dead, deserted by her lover, she had wandered here and there forlorn, so sunk in misery that she had grown half-crazed and lay now on a bed of straw, like any common criminal in prison.

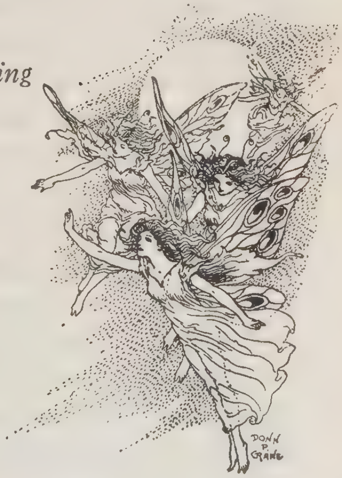
"Hound! Monster!" cried Faust to Mephistopheles, beside himself with grief. "You left her thus to die without my help and lulled me all the while with tasteless dissipations. Take me to her and save her or woe be unto you."

On magic coal-black steeds they mounted to the air and rushed along. The devil put the jailor at the prison to sleep, Faust took the keys and entered in to Gretchen. How she was changed, that pretty little Gretchen. Her thoughts ran here and there, a crazy round. She scarcely knew her lover, nor would she follow him although the door was open wide and freedom just beyond. She had committed sins for him. She had deceived her mother and committed sin on sin. Until the morning dawned Faust lingered choked with grief to see the ruin he had wrought and urging her to flee. She would not go. And then came Mephistopheles in search of Faust. At sight of him whom all her soul abhorred, poor Gretchen called on God: "Father, I'm thine! Deliver me!"

There came a host of angels to set the soul of Gretchen free, but, as before, the devil flew away with Faust.

*On a flowery meadow high up in the Alps, the weary Faust sought sleep, his heart sore rent with keen remorse and rankling horror. The holy stars shone clearly in the sky, the moon reigned in full majesty, and moon and stars were mirrored in the lake below. Then came a group of tiny graceful forms to flit on airy wing around the sleeper's head and calm the tumult of his pain. Fairies of sleep they were and Ariel sang a magic lullaby.

When in vernal showers descending
Blossoms gently veil the earth,
When the field's green wealth uptending
Gleams on all of mortal birth;
Tiny elves where help availeth,
Large of heart there fly apace;
Pity they whom grief assaileth,
Be he holy, be he base.
Now the hours are cancelled; sorrow,
Happiness have passed away,
Whole thou shalt be on the morrow,
Feel it! Trust the new-born day!
Gird thee for the high endeavor,
Shun the crowd's ignoble ease!
Fails the noble spirit never,
Wise to think and prompt to seize.



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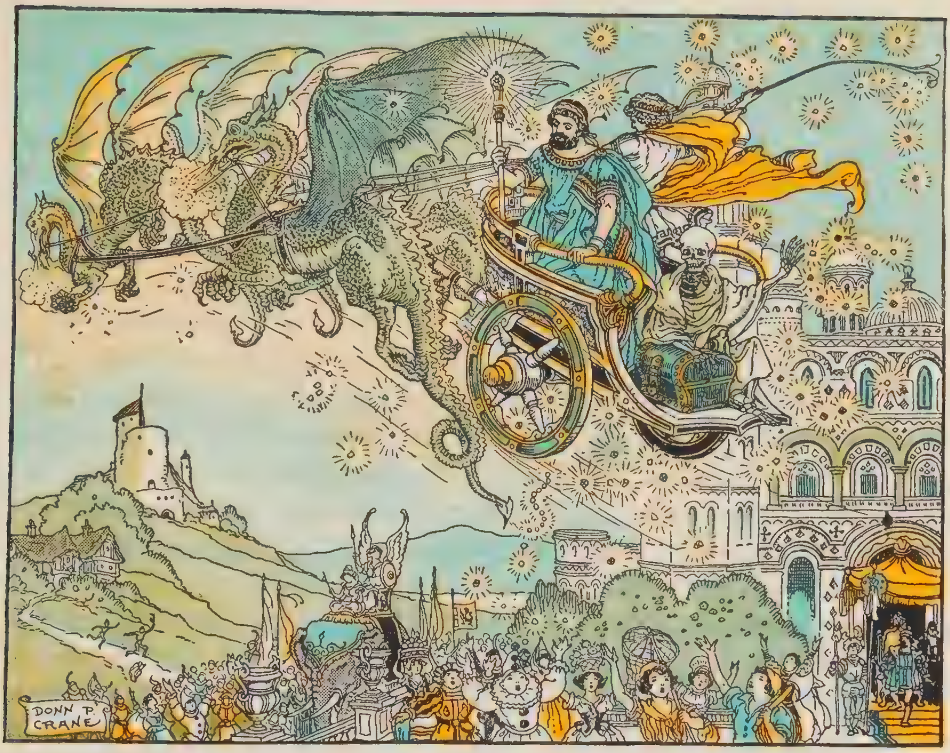
*Part II begins here.

As he sang, the east was dyed with splendor that proclaimed the rising of the sun. Thereat the elves took flight and crept away to hide in blossoms for the day.

Faust awoke. Before him lay the world in glimmering dawn. The woods resounded with a thousand voices. Mist wreaths shrouded all the valley; earth showed itself enameled with unnumbered dyes; on flower and leaflet hung the dewdrop pearls. And now the snowy mountain peaks caught the clear radiance of the new-born day. In blinding rays it blazed, and where the cataract went roaring down from fall to fall with showers of cooling spray, there glanced the rainbow's many-colored arch. With solemn joy, Faust drank in all the glories of that sight. A high resolve awoke within his heart. He would press on to being's very height.

But Mephistopheles had other lures in store. He had not satisfied the man with pleasures in the little world of common men. Then he would take him to the great world of the Emperor's court.

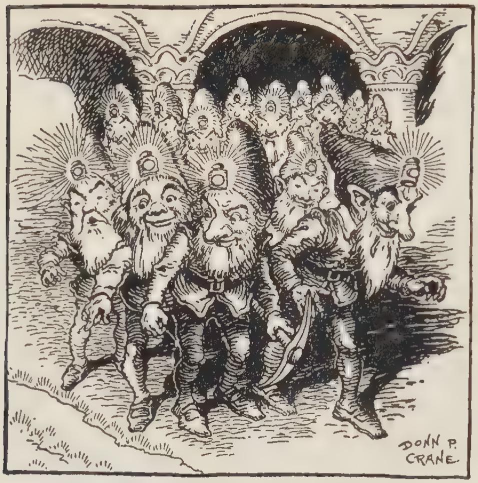
It was Shrove Tuesday when the two arrived at court, a gala day with preparations for a masquerade afoot. The palace was bedecked to represent a rustic scene at noon. Thither came a host of jolly Punchinellos, fishermen, woodcutters, gardeners and ladies dressed as flower girls from Florence with baskets full of blossoms on their heads. And after these there came an elephant with Prudence on her neck as driver and Victory on her back, a woman radiant with broad white wings. On either side of her walked Hope and Fear in chains. But these had scarce appeared when Mephistopheles began his tricks. He conjured up a hideous dwarf with two great heads. The monster pressed up close to Lady Victory and mocked at her so that the herald whose duty was to keep the peace, struck at the fellow with his staff. Thereat one head became a crawling snake which wriggled off in dust, the other showed itself a bat and flew away. Great consternation seized the crowd at such a sight but wonders did not cease. Above



their heads appeared a magic chariot drawn by four great dragons; beside the charioteer rode Faust as Pluto, god of Wealth, and Mephistopheles, a living skeleton, upon a box of treasure.

The charioteer began to snap his fingers and there came a glance and glitter all about the car. Bright jewels appeared to fall on every side—gold spangles, earrings, necklaces and crowns. The crowd pressed forward eagerly to grasp the treasure. Ah, but look!—what one clutched frantically took wings and flew away, a worthless butterfly. A chain of pearls dissolved and turned to crawling beetles in a courtier's hand, and as the foolish fellow cast them from him lo, they buzzed and hummed about his head!

Amid such tricks as these, the chariot came to earth. Then Faust alighted while the dragons lifted down the chest.

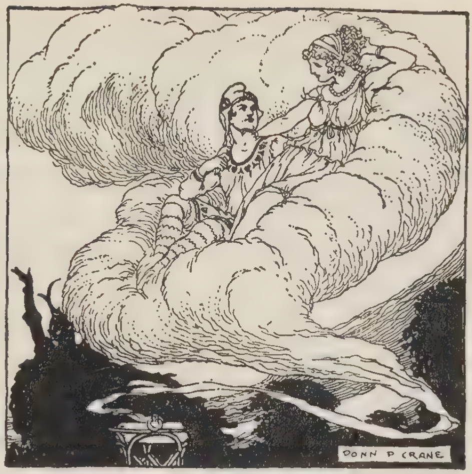


And now, with song and music, came the vanguard of the Emperor,—young fauns with broad and merry faces, pointed ears, snub noses and oak leaves on their heads; satyrs having feet like goats and hairy legs, all dancing two and two; a crowd of little gnomes with miner's lamps and mossy garments, tripping helter skelter; after them a bodyguard of wildmen, giants from the mountains with leafy aprons and pine tree trunks for clubs. Lastly, came the Emperor himself, a careless, pleasure-loving youth, as Pan, the monarch of the woods.

No sooner had the gnomes begun to pry about than they espied a glowing vein of gold that flowed from out the devil's magic chest; and off they ran to fetch the Emperor and show the stream to him. He needed gold, the Emperor, for matters in his kingdom were all topsy-turvy through mismanagement, his people grumbled and the wisemen said that naught but gold could straighten out affairs. And so he went full willingly to see the magic stream.

And now the gold became a shining fountain, seething forth from the abyss and scattering showers of pearls like foam, to sink again and leave a cavern darkly yawning. The Emperor leaned down to see the source whence this rich stream had come. Alas, his beard fell in and bursting into flames flew back again to set his garments all on fire. His people rushed to help him, but the flames appeared on all, a burst of fire that spared no corner of the hall. Loud cries of woe arose, then all at once a magic mist appeared and quenched the flames.

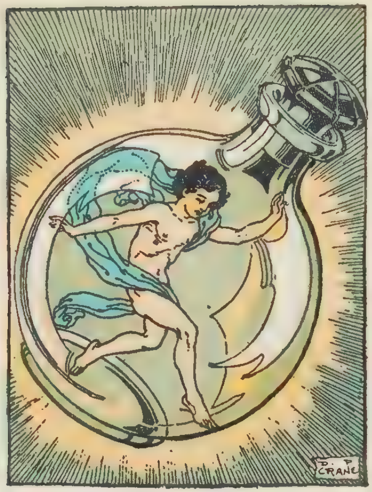
Such wizardry! The Emperor delighted in it all. Next day he



gave the devil and his friend a place at court. Aye, let them stay and entertain the crowd. Since power like this was theirs, pray let them, for amusement, conjure up that loveliest of women, from the ancient land of Greece, fair Helena of Troy. In answer to the Emperor's command, it came about that Faust and Mephistopheles made bold to summon from a magic tripod's smoke, the shades of Helena and Paris, cloud-like forms that moved in rhythmic grace with strains of heavenly music. So lovely was this Helena that Faust quite lost his head for love of her, forgetting that she was a phantom only. Stretching forth his hand he sought to seize her, whereupon there came a loud explosion, both the phantoms vanished into air and Faust fell senseless to the earth.

Now Mephistopheles pretended not to know what ailed his friend and so he bore him, lifeless as he seemed, back to that old building where his one-time servitor, Herr Dr. Wagner labored still. The devil found the doctor with a great experiment in progress. Wagner had been trying to produce a human being by a mixture of the different chemicals, and now he felt success was just ahead. A moment more and he would have his man. The devil slyly added to his work a touch of magic, and in Wagner's bottle, lo, a manikin appeared, the small, transparent figure of a man, all luminous and glowing. Doctor Wagner was beside himself with joy. Behold what he had done!

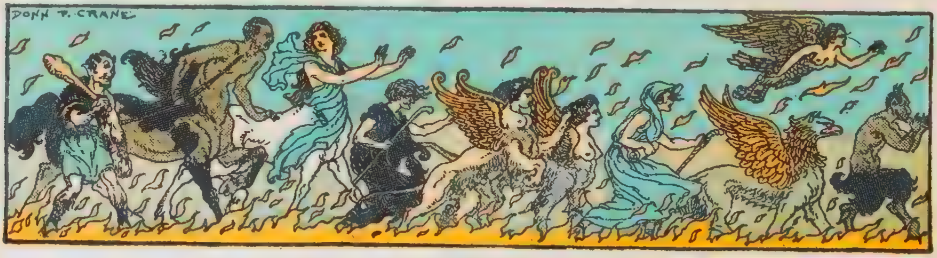
At once Ho-mun′-cu-lus began to speak. He wished to break his glass like any chick prepared to break its shell and so commence



existence on the earth, but as he looked about he did not like the ugly spot where now he found himself. Herr Wagner's laboratory, ah, indeed, was that, a place where one would wish to live? Nay, rather, he would say farewell to Dr. Wagner. He would stay there in his little house of glass and travel all about the world, nor break his shell until he found the spot of greatest promise where he might with joy begin to live.

Homunculus was small but he was wise. He told the devil what was troubling Faust and how he might be cured. The man would not regain his senses till they took him to the classic land of Greece where he might hope to find his Helena again. A Greek Walpurga's Night would soon be held, he said, a gathering of classic ghosts in Thessaly on dread Pharsalia's Plain where Caesar fought with Pompey. To this spot Homunculus proposed that they should journey. Now the devil was not loth to make acquaintance with these classic witches and compare them with the northern hags of whom he was the master. So the two left Dr. Wagner and set out, the manikin within his shining little house of glass, flying through the air and gleaming like a meteor, the devil bearing Faust inside a magic mantle.

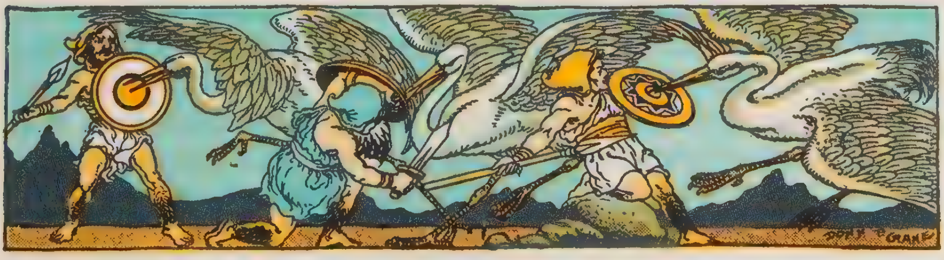
Pharsalia's Plain lay covered with a swarm of ghostly tents, as though the two great Roman armies bivouacked on the field.



Pale bluish watch-fires gleamed about, and everywhere the soil sent up a phosphorescent flame like blood. Here gathered every sort of classic ghost and monster, sibyls and Thessalian witches, sphinxes, griffins, centaurs.

No sooner had the devil laid his friend on classic ground and gone to entertain himself, than Faust regained his senses once again, all eagerness to seek for Helena. He wasted not a moment but set out at once to question where she might be found, and soon he met an aged sibyl who agreed to lead him down the path of shadows to the underworld where dwelt the shades of those who lived no more on earth.

Homunculus, meanwhile, his duty done in bringing Faust and Mephistopheles to classic ground, had started out to seek his fortunes by himself. Still in his house of glass he flew from place to place with but a single thought,—to find the proper spot for him to crack his shell and enter into mortal life. He met with more than one kind sir who offered him advice. A certain wiseman sought with weighty words to win him for a glorious career on land. "Ah, things on land change suddenly!" said he. "There growth is quick and violent and one may find himself a hero overnight!" Even as he spoke, the giant Earthquake, he who dwells within the center of the earth, pushed up his head to see the light of day; and as he hove his mighty shoulders through the ground, he cast a new volcanic mountain up. Hereon there dwelt a race of little Pgymies, over whom the wiseman wished to make Homunculus the King. Alack, no sooner did these Pygmies see



the light of day, than what must they begin to do? Prepare for war. Prepare to fight the Herons, raise the cry that they must take by force the Herons' lovely feathers, to adorn the Pygmy helmets. Pygmy elders held a council of debate and ordered weapons forged. Their little Generalissimo went bustling busily about. The war began and into it the Pygmies dragged the peaceful race of Ants and Dactyls, tiny metal workers no bigger than your thumb. It was a bloody fray, but soon the Cranes of Ibycus, the kinsmen of the Herons, flying high in air, beheld this wanton, unprovoked assault upon their friends. A cloud of Cranes descended to the earth to punish the offenders. Beak and claw they fought. Then, pray, of what avail were Pygmy shields and spears? The little men were put to flight, their army went to pieces, Ants and Dactyls ran away to hide, and in a moment more, a meteor descending from the sky, upturned the mountain, overwhelming all. Lo, where was now the little race that strove by violence? It was no more at all.

Homunculus was breathless with the haste. "With small men, one grows small," he said. "I will have none of such a world of sudden violent upheavals," and he turned away and sought the sea with all its beauties, its slow and ordered processes of peaceful growth and change. Before him stretched the blue Aegean, smiling, glistening in the sun. About, on all the cliffs, the sirens lay at ease, with Nereids and Tritons sporting in the waves. Homunculus was overjoyed with such a sight, so peaceful and so calm. And then arose from out the sea that nymph most lovely of them all, the Queen of Love and Beauty, Galatea, gliding over rippling waters in a chariot of tortoise shell with dolphins for her steeds. So beautiful was Galatea and so grateful was the sheer serenity of all that calm and peace, that here Homunculus was fired with one great overwhelming wish to live. His little house began to glow and grow with deep intensity of longing. In an ecstasy he dashed his shell against the car of Galatea till it broke, his flame suffused the water and he swam about beginning life with joy where he might have the chance to grow through peaceful change, unto the stature of a man.

Now while all this was going forward, Faust was coming back from Hades with his Helena, a lovely shade. The devil conjured up a mediaeval castle and, amid a shadowy train of Trojan maidens, Faust and Helena disported them and lived a short love idyll. All the beauty of old Greece, its joys of poetry and art, came back to life for Faust in person of his Helena, yet even here, his warmly pulsing northern heart could find no lasting satisfaction. Helena, alas, was but a shade and not a living woman. They had a son, a buoyant bounding little fellow named Euphorion, the very spirit that is Poetry itself, as handsome as Apollo, and forever singing to his little golden lyre. One day in reckless vehemence he climbed a rocky height,—higher still and higher. Presently he saw afar a battle. Martial frenzy seized him. In his longing he would fly to reach the scene of glory. Thus he cast himself upon the air and crashing fell before his mother's eyes. The spell that held fair Helena to earth was broken then. She followed her beloved son back to the underworld and in the fond embrace of Faust was nothing left except her dress and veil.

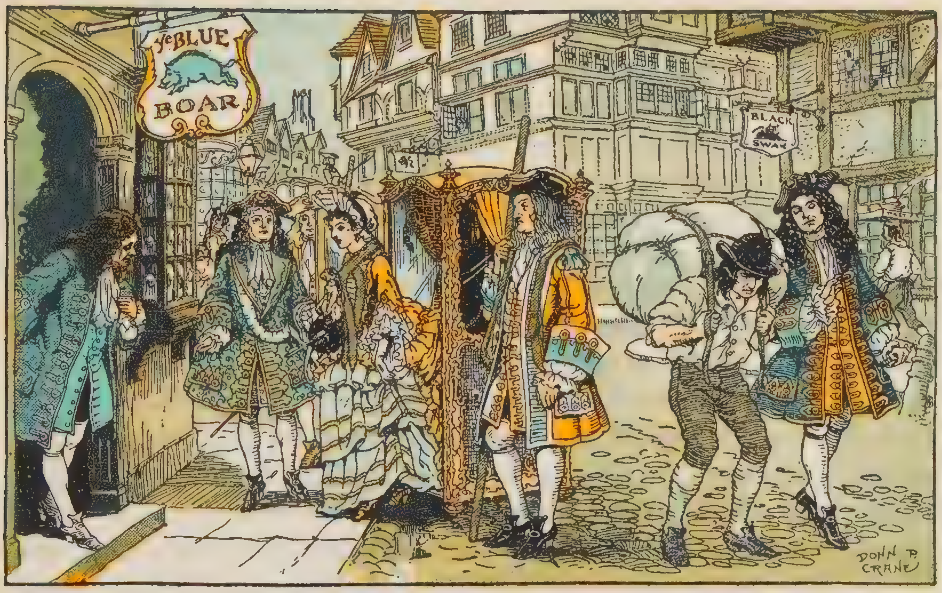
Thus Faust must know a deep, heart-breaking sorrow once again; but Helena did not depart without bequeathing unto him the old Greek spirit of heroic enterprise. The thing for him was action. Ah, he saw it now. He would go back to Germany and build great dykes, reclaiming from the sea a huge low-lying tract of swamp land that he knew. To get a title to this land was easy, for the Emperor, through issuance of worthless paper money had involved himself in war, from which the devil's magic saved him, and in gratitude he gave the swamp to Faust.

And now the clouded thoughts of Faust grew clear. To do and plan, to drain the swamp and make a home for happy burghers, thousands of them who should dwell forever free and peaceful in the state that he would found, their happiness secure in industry and not in idleness. It was a glorious vision and it thrilled him through and through. Never had he sought before to use his mighty powers of mind in action for the good of others. Here was joy he had not dreamed of. Seeking pleasure for himself had brought no satisfaction, neither in the small world nor the Emperor's court, nor through the tricks of magic. Even all the arts and poetry of ancient Greece were lovely phantoms that could never satisfy the deepest longings of the heart. But he whose days are all activity with real purpose for the good of men finds life to be no riddle. He has never need to stretch and strain to reach the stars. Each day the knowledge that he needs he finds within his reach and so he journeys toward his final goal, the height of perfect being, slow perhaps and like Homunculus, by gradual and ordered steps, but conscious of his unity with all that lives and never more bound down by any sense of limitation in his human lot. In dreams of what he meant to do for all those happy burghers, Faust cried out with joy:

"Could this be realized, then I might say, 'This moment is so fair, I would that it might last forever'."

Even as he spoke he fell prone to the ground. His earthly life was over. Then the devil said, "His soul is mine. In this last moment he was satisfied." Therewith, he summoned hosts of devils bidding them to bear the soul to Hell. But ah, the joy that Faust had felt at thought of bringing happiness to others was not of the devil's giving. It was not to Mephistopheles that he belonged, and so there came to rescue him a choir of angels singing songs and ever scattering roses. Up and up they bore him from the devil's very grasp, and to the Holy Mountain.

There, amid a throng of sacred forms, appeared sweet Gretchen, purified of all her sins, embodiment of holy and redeeming love, to lead him ever upward where he, too, should cleanse himself of false desires and find the light of everlasting joy, at one with God.



In the Days of Queen Anne

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)   SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729)

IN days when Queen Anne sat on the throne of England, Dick Steele, his eyes agleam with the light of Irish vivacity, walked the streets of London and found them paths of adventure. He dodged among gilded hackney coaches and fashionable sedan chairs, elbowing his way among porters bent under heavy loads. He escaped the persuasive arts of apprentices and shopkeepers standing in their doorways beneath the sign of the blue boar, the black swan, the red lion, or the hog in armor. He avoided a quarrel with a dandy who wished to walk on the inside nearest the wall to save his fine clothes from the flood of water pouring from a water spout into the gutter.

What a stream of people went by, rich men, poor men, beggar men, thieves, the big town bully and the sauntering fop. Look at him with his cane, his powdered wig, his cocked hat, his embroidered coat, his lace ruffles, his knee breeches, his high-heeled shoes with silver buckles and his diamond hilted sword. If the weather were only cold he would complete his costume with a precious little muff. And there goes milady in a fine sedan chair borne by a couple of servants. Now she descends in her scarlet cloak with a monkey under her arm and condescends to mince down the street in order to see the fashions. Her skirts are enormously full, her heels are enormously high, her hair is powdered and she has set off the whiteness of her skin with little black patches of velvet, cut into moons and stars.

Dick Steele knew the whims of milady well. If the weather was gloomy she would stay at home and have the "vapors," be moody and irritable, and when crossed in her desires, she might, if she were fashionable enough, weep and grow hysterical or possibly manage to faint. She did nothing that was useful, this pretty lady of fashion, nor did she indulge in any exercise more strenuous than dancing, gliding through the mysteries of the masked ball, the minuet or the country dance.

But Dick Steele saw all these artificialities with a kindly eye. He was a lovable fellow, warm-hearted, simple, loyal. His own wife, Prue, was a petulant little piece, yet he always managed to be gallant to her, patient, tender and witty. He was off now to the coffee house to meet his friend, Joseph Addison. A coffee or chocolate house in those days was the proper place, indeed, for one to be meeting one's friends. Your man of fashion arose at nine and frequented some great man's levee, but at twelve he must go to his coffee house, there to find gathered together mid a brilliant flow of conversation, all the wits, gallants, politicians, poets and essayists of the age. Perhaps he would see the grave old satirist, Jonathan Swift, he who wrote *Gulliver's Travels*, stalking up and down, glum and silent between the tables, or he might happen on the little poet, Alexander Pope; or, better still, as he laid his penny of admission down on the bar, he might rub shoulders with the highwayman, who, carefully masked, had robbed him the night before as he rode into London.

At Button's coffee house Addison was speedily becoming the central attraction. So charming was his conversation, so sweet his temper, so delicate his humor, so graceful the simplicity of his language that he was accounted the leader among the wits and writers of the day. Steele and Addison were the warmest friends. They had been so from their school days at Charter House, when Addison, the son of the Dean of Lichfield, gentle and kindly but rather reserved, met the impetuous little Dick Steele, an orphan from Ireland. They had been in Oxford together, too, till Steele went off to the wars in France. When he left off soldiering, Steele had started a paper called *The Tatler*, to which Addison, then secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, frequently offered articles; but in 1711 the two began to publish a famous daily journal called *The Spectator*.

Until nine years before, daily papers had been unknown in London. For news people still depended on the coffee house, on queer little weeklies and what was called the news-letter, a journal written out by the editor with his own pen and copied by hand by his clerks. Half even of this sheet was left blank that the purchaser might add to it his own private correspondence before he mailed it to friends in the country. On account of laws still restricting what might be said in papers, news in the weeklies was meager and mixed with contemptible gossip, always written with a great air of mystification, stars and asterisks often being inserted in place of the names of people. *The Spectator*, which proved to be the great, great grandfather of all the daily papers, reported no news and aimed never to discuss politics. In reality it was a daily essay or sketch to be read by men and women of fashion over their morning chocolate.

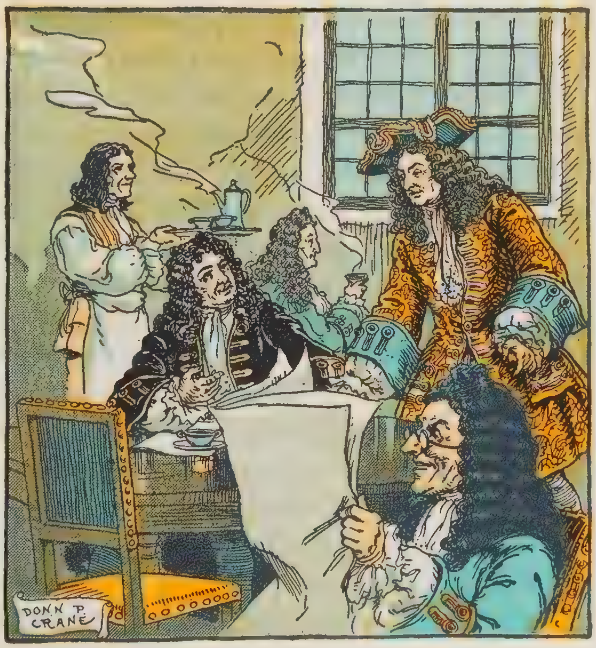
Addison and Steele had plenty to talk about as they sipped their coffee. They had set themselves to civilize a lot of barbarians who already considered themselves the most civilized of men. For people whose sole concern had been oaths, coquetry, duelling or the latest affectation in dress, they meant to set up simple and wholesome ideals of life and to make these standards popular. In their paper they commented with a fine sense of humor but always with a kindliness that left no sting behind, on the little things of daily life. They jested at extravagances, made vanity ridiculous and held meanness up to contempt. Old Sir Roger de Coverly was often their mouthpiece. He was an interesting character they had created, a country squire, whose doings ran through many of their papers.

In general, country squires of that time were roisterous fellows. They lived surrounded by hounds, horses, pipes and beer, devoted chiefly to hunting, cock-fighting, smoking, drinking and lording it over their fellows. Occasionally they met at some central bowling green to bowl, dance, dine, or discuss the latest news, but they seldom ventured over the rutty roads in the springless coaches of the time so far away as London. Sir Roger, however, was a simple, kindly old fellow, who commented wisely on the foibles of his time. He, together with certain other worthies, Sir Andrew Freeport, the merchant, and Will Honeycomb, the gallant, was supposed to belong to a club, one member of which was the Spectator who was editor of the paper.

There was certainly enough that needed correcting in the London of Queen Anne. At night the tin vessels that served for lamps diffused so little light that every man with an honest errand engaged a torch-bearer to light him on his way. Watchmen cried the hours of the night and the state of the weather, but they had no wit to serve one in time of danger. The greatest fear after dark came not from ordinary criminals, though these were common enough, but from bands of aristocratic young rowdies with too little to do and too much money to spend, as it came to them easily from great landed estates in the country. The most notorious of these bands was called the Mohocks. They would seize some peaceable citizen, roll him about in a barrel, tattoo his face or, imitating the fox hunt, chase him till they had him at their mercy, then keep him dancing with pricks of their swords.

The editors of *The Spectator* were concerned with all these abuses and likewise with the stage. How earnestly they tried to write better dramas, for the coarsest, most vulgar plays were then regarded as entertaining. In the evening people went to the Opera, to Spring Gardens at Fox Hall, an amusement park on the Thames where nightingales and roses were mingled with boiled lobster. They went to see Powell, the inventor of Punch and Judy, exhibit his puppet show at Covent Garden, but the theatre still remained the favorite place of meeting. There at six o'clock the fashionable world gathered to see and to be seen.

Addison and Steele continued *The Spectator* for over a year. Thereafter, history shows Steele twice in Parliament and Addison with a large estate in Warwickshire and married to Lady Warwick. Toward the close of Addison's life a sorry quarrel separated him from Steele, a pathetic page with which to end the story of their friendship, but *The Spectator Papers* remain a perpetual monument to their efforts and a graphic picture of life in the bygone days of Queen Anne.



Old Noll

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (*Irish*, 1728-1774)

Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll!

POOR little Doctor Goldsmith, with his kindly eyes, his squat little figure, his awkward, ungainly legs, his halting tongue, and that absurd love of fine clothes! How everybody laughed at him, though sometimes with tears, and how they all loved him. Now, if his fortunes were poor, his coat was bought second hand, a tarnished green and gold with an ugly patch on the breast, but he strutted along quite proudly and carefully hid the patch by holding his hat well over it; now, when his fortunes were fine, he blossomed out in peach-color, claret, sky-blue! And yet, in spite of his vanity and a thousand other weaknesses, what a great, generous, loving heart! Who could do other than love him?

He had always a crowd of children at his heels, had little Doctor Goldsmith. His favorite enjoyment was to romp with them, the merriest and noisiest of all. Sometimes he played them a tune on his flute, sang them an Irish song, or told them stories of Irish fairies. Again, he led them at blindman's buff, or a game of hunt-the-slipper. And if the children were very small, he would turn his wig hindside before and play ridiculous tricks to amuse them.

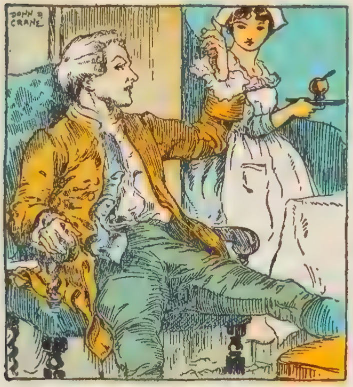
Once when he was drinking coffee with a friend, he took the friend's little five-year old son up tenderly on his knee. Moved by some perverse instinct, what did the tiny George Coleman do, but slap him on the face, a spiteful rap that left a tingling red mark. The father indignantly took his small son and locked him up alone to suffer for his crime by solitary imprisonment in the dark. But soon, very soon, there was some one come to the little fellow's rescue, some one holding a candle and smiling tenderly.

It was Dr. Goldsmith himself. Georgie sulked and sobbed at first, but Goldsmith fondled and soothed him until he began to brighten. Then the little Doctor placed three hats on the carpet with a shilling under each. "Hey, presto, cockolorum!" he cried. And lo! when he lifted the hats, all three of the shillings were found in a heap under one! George Coleman's heart was won!

It was way back in the lonely hamlet of Pallas, in Ireland, that Oliver Goldsmith was born, in a little old house that the peasant folk said stood on haunted ground, where "the good folk," the fairies, held their nightly revels. But when little Noll was still very young, his father moved to a better home on the outskirts of Lissoy. This home was part parsonage and part farm; for Father Goldsmith was a country curate, large of heart and small of means, and as guileless and ignorant of the world as the dear old Vicar of Wakefield. Lissoy was a charming village, with sheltered little white cottages and cultivated farms.

At the age of six little Noll was sent to the village schoolmaster, Thomas Byrne, and what a man he was! He had served in the Spanish wars, and now, when he should have been teaching the village urchins their sums, he held them spellbound with tales of his vagabond wanderings abroad, adventures of which he, himself, was usually the hero. To this he added tales of fairies, ghosts and banshees, pirates, robbers, smugglers. Indeed, little Noll imbibed in his youth far more of romance than of learning. When he grew older he was sent to a higher school at Edgeworthstown, some twenty miles from Lissoy, and on his last journey home from there, a mere stripling of sixteen, he met with a most absurd adventure.

Little used to money was Oliver Goldsmith, and now a friend had given him a whole round golden guinea to cover his traveling expenses. Noll's head was quite turned by his riches! Off he started on horseback over a road so rough as to be impassable to coaches, determined to play the man and spend his treasure in lavish fashion. For the night he halted at Ardagh, and, intending

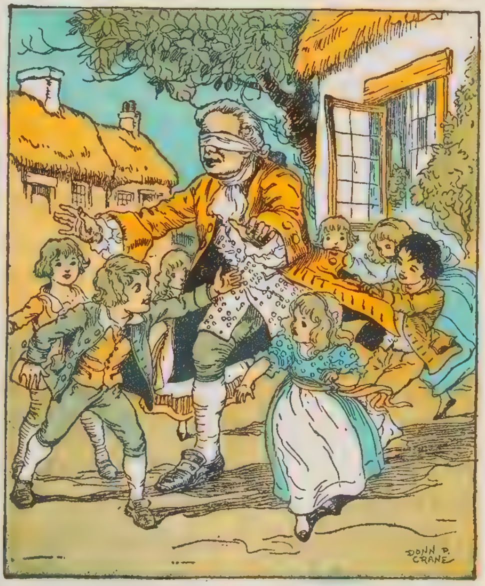


to ask the whereabouts of the inn, he accosted the very first person he met, demanding with swaggering importance to know where was "the best house in the village." Now it chanced that the man whom he thus encountered was a famous wag and, amused by the stripling's importance, he directed him literally to "the best house in the village," the family mansion of one Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of great fortune. With all the airs in the world, up rides young Noll to the house, which he thinks is an inn, and orders his horse to be led away to the stable! He then walks into the parlor, seats himself by the fire and curtly demands to know what he can have for supper! The owner of the place, seeing the lad's whimsical mistake, and learning by chance, that he was the son of an old friend, determined to carry out the joke. So young Goldsmith was fooled to the top of his bent and permitted to have full sway all the evening. Usually Noll was shy and diffident of manner, but thinking himself now among inferiors, he grew very free and easy, showing off and making out that he was a most experienced traveller. When supper was served he condescendingly insisted that the landlord, his wife and daughter should sit at the table and partake of the meal with him, and when he went to bed, as a last flourish of manliness, he gave special orders that a hot cake should be ready for his breakfast. Imagine his dismay next day when he learned he had swaggered thus in the house of a private gentleman! Years later he turned this ludicrous blunder into the play "*She Stoops to Conquer or The Mistakes of a Night,*" which set all London laughing.

But Goldsmith's school life, henceforth, was far from happy. He was ugly, awkward and poor, and, moreover, little given to learning. In Trinity College, Dublin, he had to earn his way by holding the position of a servant, and tutors and boys seemed in league together to jeer at and torment him.

Time and again he failed, failed, failed. He was to have entered the ministry, but he appeared before the Bishop to seek his appointment in such loud scarlet breeches that the Bishop was scandalized and sent him packing. He failed at the law; he failed as a student of medicine. So at last he took his flute and off he went alone for a walking tour through Flanders, France and Switzerland. As he journeyed he played on his flute and wherever he went his tunes earned for him his supper and a bed.

After wandering through Italy, likewise, Nolly returned to England with no friends and no calling. At length he took a garret in a dark, miserable, little back court that could only be reached by a steep flight of narrow flagstone stairs, called Breakneck Steps. Here washings hung out all day and frowsy women quarreled over the washtubs, but for the first time in his life Goldsmith set earnestly to work. He began to write, to drudge at writing, doing whatever the booksellers ordered. Now these were the days when hustling little John Newbery kept his far-famed shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, where the first real children's books were displayed, bound in gilt paper and adorned with queer, old, hideous wood-cuts. Goldsmith did a great deal of work for Newbery, probably editing the first *Mother Goose* and writing the famous tale of *Goody Two-Shoes*.



But even in such dark days Goldsmith was never bitter. He was always inviting his landlady or some poor child into his rooms to cheer them with a cake or a sweetmeat and to play for them on his flute. Moreover, all his life long he believed with childlike simplicity anything that was told him, and many a tale of woe, either true or untrue, wrung from him his last penny. Sometimes, too, with that curious unworldliness that kept him from ever truly understanding money, he gave away things he did not possess. Once his landlady came to him with a sorry tale of her husband cast into the debtor's prison for desperate need of money. Moved to the heart, Goldsmith sold a new suit of clothes which he had not paid for, in order to give her the money. He was then called a knave and a sharper by those who had sold him the suit, and nearly went to the debtor's prison himself trying to pay for what he no longer possessed.

Slowly, slowly, however, his writings began to be noticed. Ah, now he commenced to make worthy friends! At length the great Dr. Samuel Johnson himself, the most famous literary light of the day, became his friend. In 1764 he was one of a group of most remarkable men who formed a club that met regularly, to talk over their coffee cups, at the Turk's Head Tavern. There was the big, burly Doctor Johnson, so important and high-and-mighty, and there, always tagging after him was his humble little toadie, James Boswell, forever delighting in being snubbed by the great Dr. Johnson. There was Edmund Burke, the brilliant Irish orator, to be known in the days of the American Revolution for his eloquent speech in Parliament on *Conciliation With the Colonies*, and there was the famous portrait painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds. The actor David Garrick, was likewise a friend of the group. All these great men loved their "Nolly," though they often made merciless fun of him.

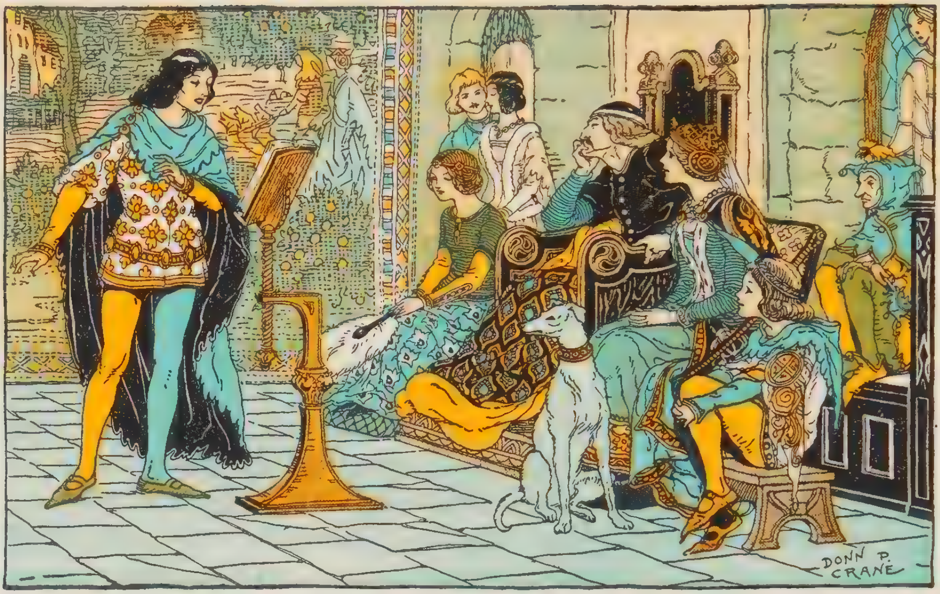
One day word came to Dr. Johnson that Goldsmith was in great distress and besought him to come to his lodgings at once.

Off went Dr. Johnson to find that Goldsmith's landlady had had him arrested for failure to pay his rent and a sheriff's officer had him in custody. Goldsmith told Johnson, however, that he had the manuscript of a novel ready for print, but could not go out to sell it because of the officer. Johnson glanced hastily over the manuscript, saw that it had merit, and went out and sold it for sixty pounds ($300). That manuscript was the famous story, *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

Soon after this, Goldsmith's poem, *The Traveller*, appeared, and it was at once pronounced so fine that his friends at the Turk's Head could scarcely believe he had written it. Now, at last, Goldsmith began to prosper and to earn a great deal of money. But alas! funny little man that he was, he would still continue to make such ridiculous blunders. The Duke of Northumberland sent for him to congratulate him on *The Traveller*. Dressed in his best, Goldsmith sallied forth to Northumberland House, preparing on the way a lot of studied compliments to recite to his noble patron. After he had waited some time in Northumberland House a very grand personage appeared, most elegantly dressed. Taking him for the Duke, "Goldy" delivered unto him all the fine compliments he had prepared. To his great astonishment the gorgeously dressed individual informed him that he was only a servant, and his master would presently appear! As the Duke came in just then, he found Goldsmith so confused that, far from repeating his compliments, he could scarcely stutter a word.

During his latter days Goldsmith became famous and had such delightful friends as the Hornecks, a widow and two lovely daughters, one of whom, Miss Mary, he called affectionately, the Jessamy Bride. But in spite of his fame, he never learned how to manage money, and throughout his life he remained the same simple, kind-hearted gentleman whose friends, though they smiled at his blunders, always loved him so dearly.

LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES VICAR OF WAKEFIELD SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER THE DESERTED VILLAGE



The Royal Page

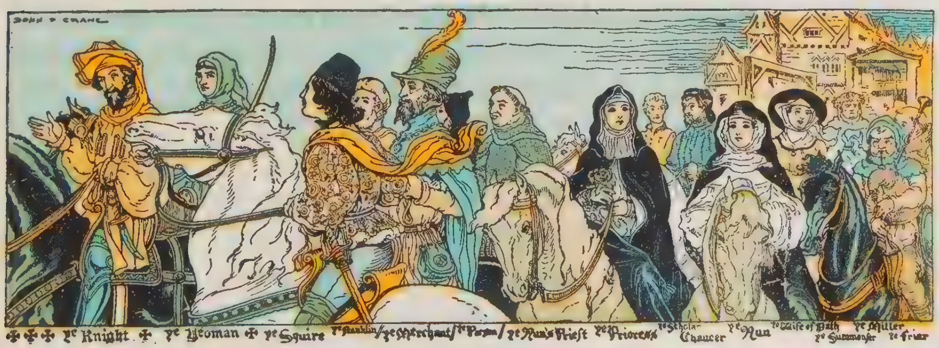
GEOFFREY CHAUCER (*English* 1340-1400)

IN DAYS when all the fire of chivalry still burned in knightly breasts, there dwelt at the court of Edward III a young page named Geoffrey Chaucer. Clad in red and black breeches, with a short cloak and elegant shoes, he attended upon his mistress, the wife of Prince Lionel, Edward's son, at many a gay festivity. Much he learned there of the ways of gentles, and many a time he sat in some tapestried chamber, amid embroidered lords and ladies, while someone read a graceful poem in French of the style then fashionable at court. Ere long, young Geoffrey, himself, began to write poems with all the sweet la-de-da's of the French.

When he was barely nineteen, Geoffrey was off over seas with the King to fight the wars in France. Right nobly he bore himself there, till the days of the English retreat, and then he was taken a captive. For months he languished in prison, but King Edward held him so dear that at last he paid his ransom. Thereafter, behold Geoffrey in the King's own household and risen to be a squire with an annual salary and a gift of a suit of clothes each Christmas-tide. Soon, too, there were wedding bells and Geoffrey was off to church with a fair young bride, Philippa, a lady in waiting to the Queen.

A man of kindly and gentle humor and great courtliness was Chaucer, and as the years went by, his royal master sent him on more than one important mission to foreign parts, now to Genoa, now on a very secret affair to Flanders, and now to France. What a deal of the world Geoffrey Chaucer saw on his travels, and how he was touched with the warm-glowing charm of Italy! Thenceforth, the poems he wrote were no more after the graceful and tender, but slight and shallow manner of the French. He could now be satisfied only by the rich life and color of Italy's powerful writers, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio.

When Chaucer was at home he devoted himself to business. Aye, he was not only a courtier, a poet, a soldier and diplomat; he was Comptroller of Customs at the Port of London as well, and he spent his days at the wharves. There he must watch the trade in wools, in hides and skins, and with his very own hands he must make a record of the same. On the wharves he made acquaintance with stevedores and sea-going men and saw human


JOHN D. CRANE
✣✣✣ ye Knight ✣ ye Yeoman ✣ ye Squire
ye Franklin / ye Merchant / ye Parson / ye Nun's Priest
ye Prioress
ye Scholar
Chaucer
ye Nun
ye Wife of Bath
ye Summoner
ye Miller
ye Friar

nature of quite a different sort from that he had known at court.

So passed his days in the reigns of three different kings, Edward III, Richard II and Henry IV. Now he must erect a scaffold at Smithfield whence the King and Queen might view the jousts; again he was off on the weightier task of arranging a marriage for his King. The height of his success came in 1386 when he sat in Parliament in all his glory as a Knight of the Shire from Kent. Thereafter, he lost all his friends at court. His offices were taken from him and he was obliged henceforth to live with a purse exceedingly lean and slender.

But now what new life for his poetry! At last he wrote no more after the French or Italian fashion, but developed a full, rich English style of his own. Heretofore, French had been the language of the court,—bah, English was rude and vulgar! But Chaucer was the first great poet to make the homely English tongue the language of a new and splendid literature. His greatest work was **Canterbury Tales*, a rich and colorful picture of Old England in those stirring Middle Ages. There they wend their way along the white and dusty Kentish road, that company of pilgrims on their horses, journeying to the shrine at Canterbury. From every walk of life they come,—knight, squire, monk and miller, doctor, merchant, meanest churl; and as they journey they tell their precious tales, now one all courtliness of phrase, now one overflowing with the broad and coarser humor of the churl; and, throughout them all, such vivacity of movement, such tender play of feeling, such rich and merry humor, and such delight in nature, in all the "smale foweles" that "maken melodye," the wood-dove and the throstle, in sunshine and soft breezes, in April's fresh, sweet showers. The greatest poet of his period was Geoffrey Chaucer, and when he died he was the first of England's poets to be buried in Westminster Abbey, now sacred to the memory of the greatest of her great.

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*CHAUCER STORY BOOK *by Eva March Tappan:* STORY OF THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS *by F. J. H. Darton*

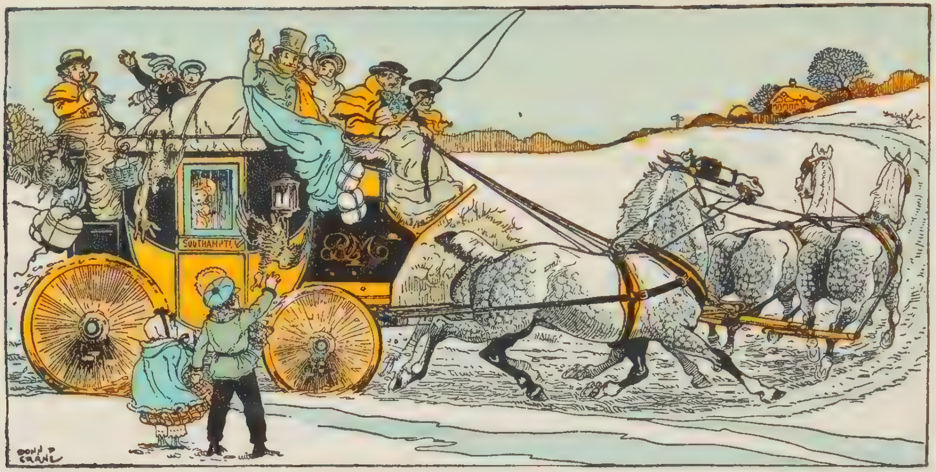
The Little Girl of Griff House

MARY ANN EVANS (GEORGE ELIOT) (*English*, 1819-1880)

ON A bright, frosty morning in old England's picturesque stage-coach days, a little girl and her brother stood before the gate of Griff House, just at the bend of the highroad, waiting eagerly for His Majesty's mail coach to go dashing by. And now they hear the far-off, ringing beat of the horses' hoofs on the ground. Ah! there the great coach comes flashing into view with its four gallant greys at full speed—coachman and guard aloft in scarlet, outside passengers muffled in furs, and baskets and bulky packages dangling merrily at the rear.

That coach was the chief connecting link between Griff and the outside world, and little Mary Ann Evans and her brother, Isaac, watched for it every day; for Griff was a country place in the Midland section of England and far enough from the world it seemed in those days of no railways, no penny post, and no telegraph. Mary Ann's father managed the Arbury estate for its owner, and their home was a charming, red brick, ivy-covered house in the midst of Arbury's pleasant lands. Here, day in and day out, the little brother and sister played. Mary Ann was always at her brother's heels, doing whatever he did. They raced about the old-fashioned garden; they fished in the pond and canal. They peered into the farm offices, the long cow-shed and the broad-shouldered barn; they watched their energetic mother churning the butter and cheese.

An affectionate and impulsive little Maggie Tulliver was Mary Ann, but proud and sensitive to the highest degree, moved easily to either smiles or tears. Moreover, she was too jealously fond of her brother. Her jealous love was painful enough to hurt. She wanted him to love her more than anyone else in the world, and when he was given a pony to which he grew so attached that he



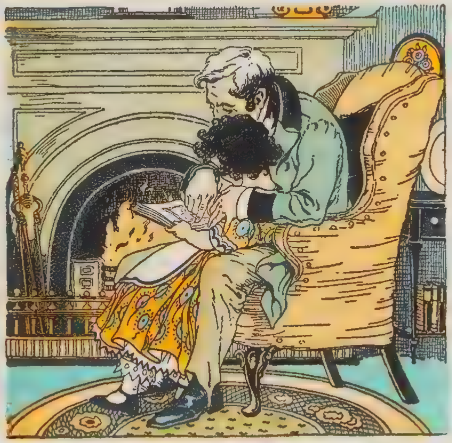
cared but little to play with her, the child was broken-hearted.

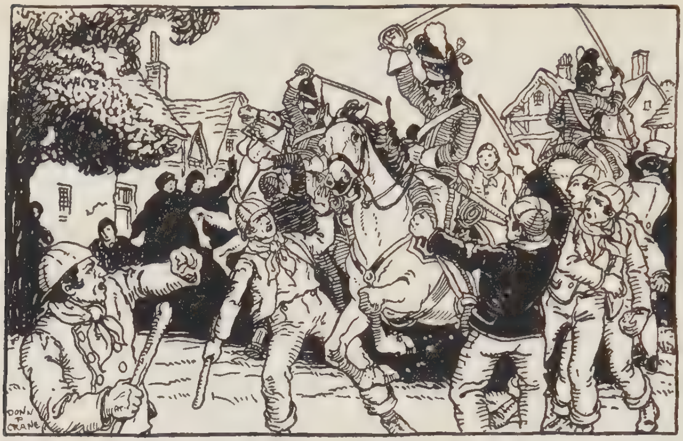
Mary Ann had, also, an older sister, Christiana, or "Chrissy," who was always as neat and tidy as Mary Ann was frowsy-haired and wild. Chrissy, because of her neatness, was a great favorite with her three worthy aunts, Mrs. Evans' sisters, who were very like Maggie Tulliver's aunts, the highly superior Dodsons. With these aunts Chrissy used to spend a great deal of time, so that Mary Ann and Isaac were left much alone together. And then came that sorrowful day when the two must be separated, he to go to a boys' school, and she to a girls'. How she looked forward then to the coming of the holidays and how anxious she was when Isaac came home to know all that he had been doing and learning since they parted!

In those days, if one had looked into the Griff dining room on a Saturday night after tea, he would have seen a pretty sight. There in the deep, leather-covered armchair at the right of the ruddy fire-place sits the father, powerful and middle-aged, with strongly-marked features. Between his knees crouches Mary Ann, and he is explaining to her a pretty book of pictures. Her features are strong like her father's, and her rebellious hair is all in her eyes, much to the sorrow of her mother, who sits busily knitting on the opposite side of the fire. Near the mother, all prim and tidy, is the older sister with her work, and between the two groups is the boy, who keeps assuring himself by perpetual search that none of his favorite means of amusement is escaping from his pockets!

Mr. Evans was already very proud of the astonishing intelligence of his little girl. Now, when she came home for the holidays, she and Isaac would devise and act out charades before their aunts and the Griff household, and these were so cleverly done that even the highly superior aunts had to admit their niece of the rebellious hair to be a person of real ability.

From a very early age Mary Ann was accustomed to accompany her father on his drives through the neighborhood. Standing between his knees as he drove leisurely along, she drank in eager impressions of the country and its people. In the Warwickshire of those days they passed rapidly from one phase of English life to another. Now they drove through the countryside with green fields and hedge-rows stretching away as far as the eye could see, and all the people they met were farmers and countryfolk; now they passed a fine old park which shut in some noble mansion house and allowed just a glimpse of its treasure to shine here and there through the trees. Here, they caught sight of grey steeples, pricking the sky, and green and shady churchyards. There, they came on barren land all blackened with coal-pits, and looked down suddenly over a village dingy and dirty with coal dust. Soon they were clattering along on the pavement of a manufac-





turing town. Powerful men they saw here, grimy with coal dust and walking queerly with knees bent outward from long squatting in the mines. These men were going home to throw themselves down in their blackened flannels and sleep through the daylight. In the evening they would rise and spend a good share of their wages at the ale-houses with their fellows. Everywhere were poor cottages and dirty children, and over all could be heard the busy noise of the loom. From windows and doorways peered the pale, eager faces of the handloom weavers, both men and women, haggard with sitting up late at night to finish their toilsome labors. These people made a deep impression on Mary Ann. They had no right to vote, and had long been ground down by the tyranny of their masters. Such towns were often the scene of trades-union meetings and riots. Indeed, when Mary Ann was thirteen years old, she saw one of these riots in the town of Nuneaton. It was the year 1832, when the poorer people, for the very first time, had been given the right to vote for members of Parliament. So eager were they to elect their own candidate and keep out the representative of the wealthier classes, that they formed in a mob threatening and attacking those who wished to vote for their opponents. The magistrate had to call out the Scots Greys to quell the riot, but on the arrival of the soldiers the tumult increased until it assumed alarming proportions. The magistrates themselves were attacked and injured in the very discharge of their duties. Several officers of the Scots Greys were wounded and two or three men, who were attempting to reach the polls, were dragged from the protecting files of soldiers, cruelly beaten and stripped naked. This unhappy outburst of hatred, caused by so many years of oppression, was never forgotten by Mary Ann.

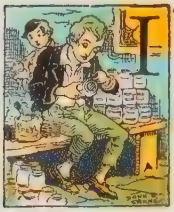
An old-fashioned child she was, living in a world of her own imaginations, impressionable to her finger tips, thinking deeply already, and often at odds with the accepted beliefs of her time. She was full, too, of an eager love for all that was beautiful and longed in her inmost heart to achieve something great, though she often blackly despaired of ever doing anything.

When Mary Ann was sixteen years old her mother died, and soon after this her brother and sister married, so that she became, henceforth, housekeeper and sole companion to her dearly beloved father. As long as he lived she spent the greater part of her time with him in their remote country home. But when he died, she found her way, through the help of friends, out into the greater world. For years, now, she wrote and wrote, translations and articles; but it was not until she was a woman of middle age that she found the work which really made her famous. It was suggested to her then that she write a story, and what should she write about but that old Midland English life which she knew so well and with which she had sympathized so deeply? All at once she found that she could write of men and women so truly and sympathetically that here lay her real life work. Under the name of George Eliot she published a number of novels.

George Eliot was the first English novelist to find all the stirring comedy and tragedy of her books, not in outward events, but in the hearts and souls of men, their inward victories and defeats. And so the little girl of Griff House became England's greatest woman novelist.

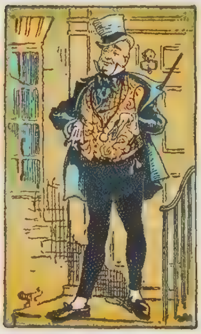
London Streets

Charles Dickens (*English*, 1812-1870)

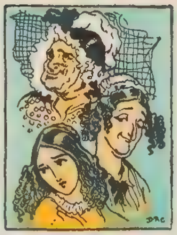


IT WAS a crazy, tumble-down old building on the river, the blacking factory where Charles Dickens worked, and it was literally overrun with rats. Charles was only ten years old, shabbily dressed and underfed. He lived in a garret and he had a sausage and a slice of cold pudding for his dinner. Day after day he sat before a little table in the factory and covered pots of blacking with oiled paper, for which work he received the magnificent sum of six shillings a week. Poll Green and Bob Fagin, a rough boy in a ragged apron and paper cap were his companions.

Sometimes, before work began in the morning, Charles would sit on a flight of steps leading down to the Thames and tell stories to a quaint little cockney girl, a slavey who scrubbed floors and washed dishes all day long. Then the dingy warehouses that bordered the river would give way to castles of romance and knights and ladies would cross a bridge of splendor. But when the clock struck, play time was over. The boy went off to his pots of blacking, the girl to her scrubbing, and little did either dream that Charles would some day make that little slavey famous as the "Marchioness" in one of his stories.



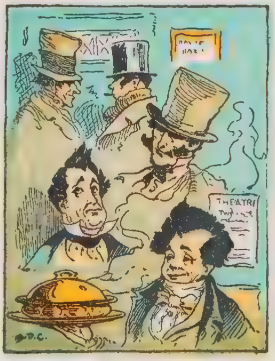
Charles Dickens' father was a regular Mr. Micawber, always confidently expecting something to turn up, and always going steadily down in the world. Once he had been a clerk in a navy pay office. There had even been fortunate days when Charles could go to school and read *Robinson Crusoe* and *Don Quixote*. Then for weeks at a time he was not Charles Dickens at all, but one of his heroes. Armed with a broken rod from an old



pair of shoe-trees, he would be Captain Somebody-or-Other of the Royal British Navy and would purchase his life from savages at the cost of a fearful scrimmage. But alack! Mr. Dickens ran into debt and was thrown into a wretched debtors' prison called the Marshalsea. Mrs. Dickens made a forlorn attempt to open a small school and provide for her eight children, but soon the whole family followed the father, and Charles went to work in the factory.

The little fellow felt a bitter sense of neglect and wasted talents. Sometimes, full of fancies and secret ambitions, he would tramp for miles just to look at an elegant red brick house on Gad's Hill, to imagine that it was his and he lived there. After a few years Mr. Dickens inherited enough money to get him out of prison and send his son for a brief time to school. Nevertheless, it was little enough schooling the boy could get. In dark days of grinding toil he would wander, if he had the leisure, through the British Museum to learn what he could by himself.

By the time he was nineteen Charles had fitted himself to be a reporter and, sitting up in the gallery, he reported discussions in Parliament. When he was twenty-five *Pickwick Papers* made him famous. A novelist of the poor before all else was Charles Dickens. What a procession of characters he gives us from the London streets, ludicrous or grotesque, pathetic or lovable. Only those hard days in the blacking factory could have taught him to know these types so well, and his appeal to the hearts of men brought about more than one reform in England in the courts, in the schools, and in wretched debtors' prisons. So at last the little boy was able to buy for his own the elegant house on Gad's Hill.



David Copperfield Great Expectations Oliver Twist A Christmas Carol

A Lady and Her Knight

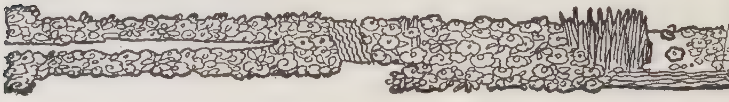
Elizabeth Barrett (1806-1861) *and* Robert Browning (1812-1889)

IN a picturesque and lovely home in the Malvern Hills, near Wales, there lived once with ten lively brothers and sisters, a little girl named Elizabeth Barrett. The country round about that fine old place was wonderfully green and beautiful:

Dimpled close with hill and valley,
Dappled very close with shade;
Summer snow of apple blossoms
Running up from glade to glade.

And the little girl drank in the loveliness of it all as she raced and chased and romped with her brothers and sisters. On rainy days when she had to stay indoors, she pressed her face close against the window pane, drawing her little fingers down the long, trailing drops. "Rain, rain, go away, come again another day," said she, and sure enough, at last the rain would hum dimly off and the thrush begin to sing. Then the sun and she went rushing out of doors together, over hill, over dale, glimmering hither, glimmering thither in the footsteps of the showers!

She was very fond of books, too, that little girl, and when her best beloved brother, Edward, began to study Greek with a tutor, she joined him and sat in her little chair with her book in one hand and a doll tenderly cherished in the other, persistently twisting her tongue around the strange Greek words. Ever after, Elizabeth loved those



old Greek stories. Sometimes she said that she dreamed more often of Agamemnon than of Moses, her beautiful black pony. One year the little girl had a great flower bed laid out under the old pear tree, where the birds sang in the garden. It was shaped like an enormous giant. This, she said, was Hector, son of Priam, mighty hero of Troy. He had eyes of blue gentians staring winking at the skies, his locks were scented grasses that went waving in the breeze; his helmet was of golden daffodillies, his breastplate all of daisies; and in his hand he bore a sword of flashing lilies.

Elizabeth's closest chum in her childhood was her father. Often she used to write little poems and show them to him in secret. When she was fourteen, she wrote a long poem, *The Battle of Marathon*, and her father thought it so fine that he had it really printed in ink.

The girl was a wonderfully graceful, dainty little creature, of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face. Her eyes were large and tender, richly fringed by dark lashes, and her smile was like a sunbeam.

One day, when she was fifteen, Elizabeth decided to go for a ride on her pony, Moses. But Moses was not brought up ready and harnessed, exactly on the moment, and so, in a fit of impatience, she flounced out after him into the field. There she attempted to saddle him herself, but as she did so, she fell and the saddle came crashing on top of her. Poor little impatient Missie! She was severely hurt, and there followed years of invalidism, during which she never went out again in the same old free way, to ramble over the hills and romp in the out-of-doors.

As time passed she lived in various different places, but wherever she went this cloud of illness continuously hung about her. The long days when she was confined to her room she spent in study and in writing poetry, but for many years she only talked with the outside world by means of letters,—letters always bright and vivacious with little mention of her troubles.

Gradually the young woman, thus so constantly confined to a sick room, grew to be a well known poet, and then one day a great man, one of the greatest of English poets, wrote Elizabeth Barrett a letter. He admired her, admired her work with all his heart and soul. This man was Robert Browning, and Elizabeth admired him as much as he did her. Soon the mail-coach was carrying letters regularly between them. After a time along came Mr. Browning to see the delicate little lady, and almost before she knew what had happened, he had married her and carried her off like a knight of old from the prison of her sick room to the golden land of Romance. In her joy and happiness she found herself transformed and lifted out of her illness. Mr. Browning took her to live in a palace beneath the sunny skies of Italy.

It was chiefly in the interesting old town of Florence, with its hoary, gray stone buildings and its splendid treasures of art, that they made their home henceforth. Mrs. Browning took the keenest interest in the Italian people who were just then struggling for their independence, and as she looked down on the ardent young patriots from the windows of her home, the famous Casa Guidi palace, she wrote poems full of sympathy for them.

It was in Florence, too, that a little son, Robert, was born, and the mother, who had become the greatest of women-poets, had as much joy in all the wonderful things her little boy did as any less famous mother.

The life of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning was remarkably happy together. They visited Venice and all the most beautiful spots in Italy and were absolutely one in the love, admiration and devotion which they bore to one another.

When Mrs. Browning died, and Mr. Browning went back with his little son to England, the citizens of Florence, grateful for her love and sympathetic understanding, placed on the wall of Casa Guidi a marble tablet sacred to her memory.

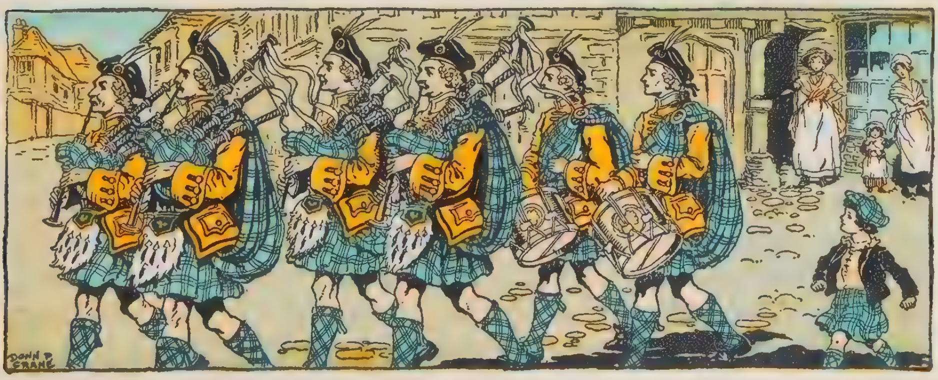
Robert Browning: THE PIED PIPER OF HAMLIN AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

The Ploughboy Poet

ROBERT BURNS (*Scotch* 1759-1796)

WILLIAM BURNS might live in a tiny, one-room mud cottage near the town of Ayr in Scotland, but he was a sturdy farmer for a' that, and he meant that Robert and his other children should have an education. Aye, he and four of his neighbors hired John Murdoch to keep a school for their bairns and they all took turns at boarding this kindly Scotsman. Little Robert, it is true, liked to play truant. He loved each "wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flower," each "cowerin', timorous beastie" of the field, and the "sweet, warbling woodlark on the tender spray" far better than his lessons. He loved the "wild, mossy mountains," too, where grouse led their coveys through the heather and shepherds piped while they tended their sheep. Only by infinite patience did Murdoch win the boy to his studies.

Now there was at this time in the Burns' household an old woman named Betty Davidson, who knew more tales than anyone else in the country concerning fairies, ghosts and devils. In the eerie dusk of the cottage firelight, Robert sat at old Betty's knee and soaked in stories of witches and warlocks, of wrinkled beldames and withered hags, which were later to make a riot of fun through his poem of *Tam o' Shanter*. His mother, too, told



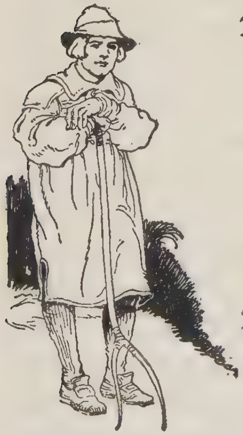
him the early romances and tales of Scottish history, arousing in his breast the deepest tenderness for his country. Many a time the little fellow was to be seen strutting down the village street in the wake of the drums and the squealing bagpipes. Teedle dee, teedle dum, teedle deedle, and Bobbie Burns after the bagpipes! Later, while he followed the plough through the fresh-turned fields, he always had some book of ballads before him. When the village blacksmith gave him a life of William Wallace to read, off he must go at once to explore every den and dell in Leglen Woods where Wallace was said to have hidden.

All on a summer's day young Robert went a-reaping in the golden harvest field beside a bonnie lassie who sang like a lark for sweetness. The sight and sound awoke in his heart the gift of song. Oh-hey for somebody! He must needs pour forth a poem!

A sturdy, affectionate lad was Bobbie Burns in those days, and no doubt about it, whatever; but when he grew to be a youth he fell in with evil companions, certain jovial smugglers who plied their trade in the deep-hidden caves of the rocky Ayrshire coast, and he liked all too well their lawless ways and speech. He began to frequent the taverns, to drink and join in swaggering revels. Poor lad! His life went from bad to worse. His father died leaving a burden of debts; the farm was poor, crops failed and Robert found himself at last tangled and fast-bound in a host of difficulties. The only way out seemed to be for him to leave home and go adventuring to Jamaica.

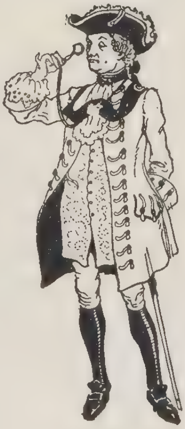
In order to raise the passage money of nine pounds, friends urged Burns to publish the poems which he had long been writing. This book was instantly praised and Burns became so popular that instead of going to Jamaica, he was off to Edinburgh to be feted and praised by all. From the little farm in Ayrshire he made his way to the fine old city which towered up proudly before him from Holyrood to the Castle, picturesque and smoke-wreathed by day, by night a climbing tier of lights and cressets.

But alas! Success in the city was short-lived. Burns found himself wholly out of sympathy with the standards of the world. How could he, whose heart was yearning to pay honor to whom honor was due, endure to see a fellow whose abilities would scarcely have made an eight-penny tailor and whose heart was not worth three farthings, meet with all the fawning notice and attention which were withheld from a man of genius, merely because he was poor? This was a state of affairs never to be endured by one who could write:



Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Our toils obscure and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gold for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie called a lord,
Wha struts and stares and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.



In the very heyday of his success in Edinburgh, Burns began to see that he should have to return to the country, don his "hodden-grey" once again and follow the plough. Accordingly, he turned his back on the city and married a country lassie. Then he settled down to a small farm at Ellisland, with high hopes that here he should be happy. But poor Burns! In spite of his warm heart and his love of laughter, he yielded too easily to temptation ever to be happy. The taverns and ale-houses saw him

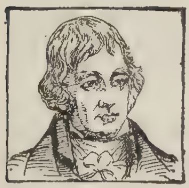
frequently again. How then could he make Ellisland pay? In a short time he had to sell it. With his wife and children he moved into the little town of Dumfries. And now he was separated from all that rustic country life and picturesque, rural scenery that had been his inspiration. He turned down no more daisies in the field; the horned moon hung no longer in his window pane; he saw no more rosebuds in the morning dew, so pure among their leaves so green. Amid the dirty streets, the gossip and dissipation of a third-rate Scottish town, he was neither in harmony with himself nor with the world. And so, at the age of thirty-one, worn out and old before his time, the greatest poet of Scotland died.

Robert Burns' songs came to him as naturally as the carol to the blackbird. In one short summer's day he dashed off all of *Tam o' Shanter*. His songs are full of laughter, full of tears, and tender as the crooning of a mother. In his heart was a great sympathy which reached out to all mankind, and to beasts and flowers of the field as well. He makes us smell the new-turned earth, the breath of kine, and the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale, and yet his deepest interest was in men—in men and women, lads and lassies. First and foremost he was the poet of the fireside and the hearth, of the wee white cottage glinting through the trees, with smoke slow curling from its ingle-nook, where wait some thrifty wife and wee, sweet bairns to welcome home their Dad. His touch falls on men's souls like the touch of tender hands and of all great men from the North Country there is none who holds in his countrymen's hearts a place like Robert Burns.

TAM O'SHANTER   TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY   THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT   FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

The Laird of Abbotsford

SIR WALTER SCOTT (*Scotch*, 1771-1832)



UNDER the ruins of an old castle in Scotland a tiny boy once played on the soft green turf among the lambs and dogs. This was little Walter Scott who had been sent down from his home in Edinburgh to his grandfather's farm at Sandyknowe, that he might live out of doors and grow strong, for the child had been lame from his babyhood. Here, under the great shade trees or in a corner of the drawing room, Walter's grandmother and aunt told him endless ballads of Scottish history and tales of the Border heroes. Before he could read he learned these ballads by heart and he loved them so dearly that he would shout them out at the top of his voice, even when the minister came to call, much to the discomfort of that worthy gentleman, who could neither speak nor hear above such a terrific din.

Once Walter's aunt took him to the theatre in London. The play was *As You Like It*, and it all seemed intensely real to the child. When Orlando and Oliver fell to quarreling, he was so grieved that he cried aloud in a voice to be heard throughout the house, "But aren't they brothers?"

As soon as he was strong enough to go to school, Walter became, in spite of his lameness, a leader in frolics and "high jinks." Sometimes he wandered about the country to gather from the peasant folk the quaint old ballads he loved, and he brought away as souvenirs of the different places he visited, the branches of trees from which he eagerly planned to carve a set of chessmen.

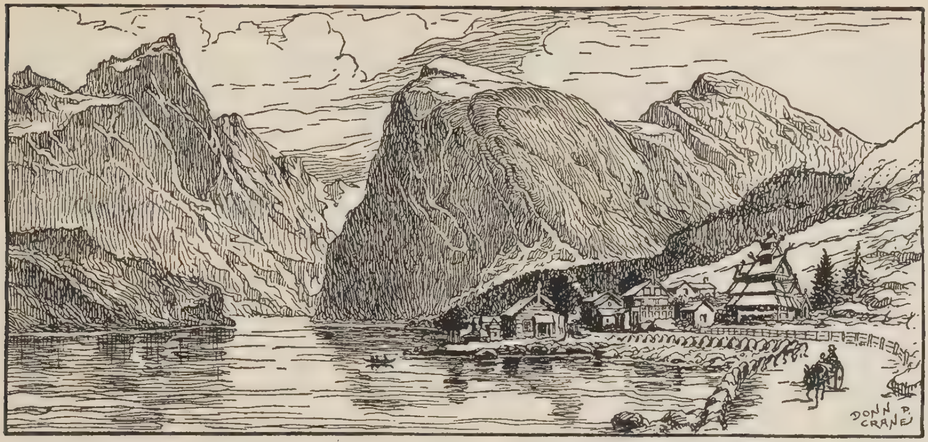
"I will make kings and queens from branches growing near palaces," he said, "and bishops from those that have shaded an abbey."

When he said good-bye to school Scott hung out a shingle announcing that he was a lawyer, but his beloved ballads kept running in his head, and so, instead of trying cases, he began to write ballads of his own, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *The Lady of the Lake*. Presently he found himself famous as a poet. Then he bought himself a beautiful home at Abbotsford on the river Tweed, where he lived like a country laird, keeping open house for all visitors amid the gray hills and the heather of the border country that he loved so well.

Here he hoped he should live in peace forever, but he had among his acquaintances a certain swaggering little tailor nick-named Rig-dum-funny-dos. This Rig-dum-funny-dos he placed at the head of a publishing house which he had just organized. But, alack, the little man knew more of cutting a pair of breeches than of running a business, and all too soon he involved his friend in enormous business debts. These must be paid off honorably, and in order to earn the money, Scott plunged at once into work, writing his first novel, *Waverley*. This he published without signing his name to it, and now in an incredibly short time he wrote novel after novel of the splendid Waverley series, calling vividly to life the past of English and Scottish history. Few even guessed that the hospitable Laird of Abbotsford, always surrounded by guests, living in fine old feudal fashion with baronial splendor and hospitality, was the author of these novels. Where did he ever find time to write them? Even the few who knew how early he rose to write, insisted it seemed like magic. "He must keep a goblin," said they, "hidden away in attic or cellar to help him!"

In 1825, after eleven years of brilliant and prosperous labor, he seemed at last about to be free from debt. Just at that very time, however, he found he had been involved again through that publishing business of his, to the huge amount of 130,000 pounds! It was a terrific blow! To pay off this enormous debt, he toiled incessantly once more. Seven years he toiled, a long heroic struggle and in the end his health broke down and he died, but he left a name unstained and held in the highest honor.

IVANHOE WAVERLEY THE TALISMAN COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS GUY MANNERING



Fjords and Mountain Peaks

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON (Byurnson) (*Norwegian*, 1832-1910)

THE minister's little lad was a dull scholar. One must have the patience of Job to get anything into his head. His teachers were in despair and sometimes his parents thought they must send him to sea to be tamed by the stern discipline of a sailor.

But ah, it was a beautiful spot where he lived in the Romsdal, one of the finest valleys of western Norway, and the boy soaked in all the weird loveliness of the place. There the dark hues of mountain masses crowned with ice and snow, are mingled with the variegated splendor of the green and flower-clad valley. Dark fjords stretch their long arms into the land. From the very edge of their waters the mountains often rise, abrupt and rugged and sombre, with waterfalls and cascades, like silver ribbands, like bridal veils, like sheets of mist, leaping down from the snows and coquetting with the rainbows.

Trolls could live in such a spot and giants of ice and mist. Aye, they could play ball with boulders or snowball with an avalanche. In all the old Norse sagas, eddas and tales the boy felt the thunder of Norway's rivers, the roar of her waterfalls, the sighing of her groves, the shadowy melancholy of her fjords and sombre mountains, and the sunny joy of all her flower-clad valleys.

He was twelve when he went to the grammar school at Molde, a small coast town in Romsdal. Would he ever learn his lessons? Say, would he ever fit himself for the university? His teachers urged but he only said: "They want me to study and read so much, while I would rather write."

Sometimes people flung at the lad the title of Agitator. When he was only fifteen, he organized a club of boys to talk over political matters. Even to those remote valleys of Norway, the revolutions that threatened thrones all over Europe in the year 1848 had sent their thundering echoes and awakened a response. Young Björnson, in a land with a King, was the outspoken leader of the boys who favored a republic and he started among them a paper called *Liberty*, which had to be written painstakingly by hand.

At length, with great difficulty, the Agitator passed the entrance examinations for the University of Christiana. But now he found a new line of activity which awakened all his interest. Since 1814, when Norway had separated from Denmark to become an independent kingdom, she had been struggling to create a national literature, untinged by the color of any foreign influence. Asbjörnson and Moe had already made their pilgrimages among the picturesque villages and quaint little hamlets of Norway, collecting from the peasants the fine old fairy tales of the people, and these had had their effect upon the writings of the day. Yet, save for her ancient stories, Norway had still little literature that was really her own. One might easily trace the finger of Denmark or France or Germany in everything that was done. At this miserable state of things young Björnson's patriotism took flame. Fjords and mountains and peasant-folk! Let Norway have her own literature.

Henceforth the boy whom teachers could not drive to work that did not interest him, labored and worked without ceasing. His first story was *Synnove Solbakken.* It was different from anything else that had ever been done in Norway. Heretofore it had been the fashion for Norwegian authors to write romantic tales of Italy or some other far-off land, but Björnson had the courage to seek his subject right at home. He wrote about Norway and homely Norse peasant life, and how simply, how freshly, with what infinite sympathy for his people! His work at once became popular.

Tall, erect, broad-shouldered son of the frozen North, he could speak with a silver tongue, he could write like no other Norwegian. Three times he edited a paper, once he was director of the National Theatre at Bergen and again of the Royal Theatre at Christiania. Now he began to publish in rapid succession a series of national dramas, the subjects of which were taken from Old Norse or Icelandic sagas. As in his novels, he aimed to depict the modern Norse peasant, so in his dramas he strove to present what was most thoroughly Norse out of Norway's historic past.

As time went on a still more serious purpose took root in his heart. It was no longer his ambition only to please and amuse. He began to see clearly the faults in Norwegian society and to wish to bring home to the people a real desire for reform. So now he spoke out plainly and depicted these faults in his dramas. When he saw the dishonesty of the press, he put all that he saw on the stage in the shape of a play called *The Editor;* when he saw the corruption in the world of trade and commerce he wrote *The Bankrupt*, and, in his drama *The King*, he gave free expression to his ideas about a republic as the ideal form of government.

During the later years of his life Björnson was awarded the Nobel prize for literature and he proved to be one of the greatest poets, dramatists and novelists that Norway ever produced, the most Norwegian of Norwegians. When he wrote a national song it was sung by the whole nation from Lindesnes to the North Cape and the Land of the Midnight Sun.

The Rector's Son

ALFRED TENNYSON (*English*, 1809-1892)

SOMERSBY lay a mere dip of green in the treeless waste of hills. To the north stretched the wind-swept wolds, to the south the wide sadness of the fens, to the east the marshes moaning in the gale. In contrast to all this bleakness the gentler beauties of nature that showed themselves at Somersby touched with a deeper feeling the heart of Alfred Tennyson, the Rector's little son—violets and cuckoo flowers, warmth and scent and color, the song of birds and the music of running water.

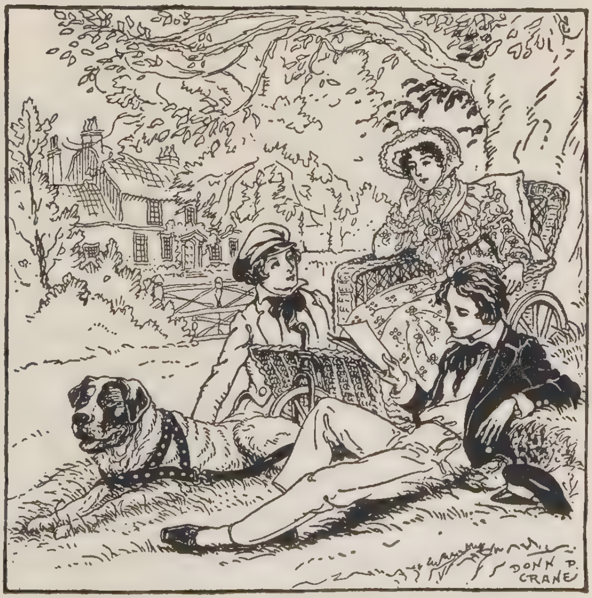
Above the lane, deep sunken in flowery banks, rose the squat little church, small and unpretentious beneath its yew trees, the slim Gothic cross among the gravestones its only claim to beauty. Directly opposite stood the Rectory, a tiny house built of white-washed brick covered with woodbines, and nestling beneath a mass of elms and larches that dappled the lawn with sun and shade. How in the world could seven lanky boys, four girls, a father, a mother, an occasional aunt, indefinite servants and intermittent guests all squeeze themselves into a building so small?

Alfred was a lean dark little fellow with a firm-set, leonine head and a mane of thick hair. When he was very little he would put words together into lines which pleased him and run about shouting, "Far, far, away!" or "I heard a whisper in the wind." At eight he covered two sides of a slate with blank verse. At twelve he had composed an epic in twelve books which he would go shouting about the fields in the dark.

Alfred was not happy in school. He preferred the hollyhocks and lilies and friendly faces of the Rectory, and so he was taught largely at home by his father. Up in the attic he had a favorite room, clean and white, with dimity curtains and the smell of honeysuckle, and the hooting of owls at night time. Here he and his brothers read to each other the poems they had written.

The Rector, a tall, stern man, was not pleased with his sons for writing poetry. Was that any way for a poor boy to earn a living, pray tell? But their mother, on the contrary, was thrilled by their ability. When she was dragged up the hills in her basket chair by a great Newfoundland dog—for she was often an invalid—she hearkened proudly while they read her the poems they had written, a pleasant little confederacy of mother and sons. One wonderful afternoon when Alfred was seventeen, Mrs. Tennyson stood at the cross-roads waiting for the carrier, and when he came jogging along in his cart, he left her a parcel of proof, marked *Poems by Two Brothers*. What an event! Alfred and Charles were really in print, and with ten pounds for their efforts!

At Cambridge Alfred continued making a music of words, but he had a hard row to hoe, for the critics trounced him and pounded him and left him for dead, so to speak. His greatest comfort was his friendship with Arthur Hallam, but, alas, young Hallam died and Alfred mourned his death in the poem *In Memoriam*. For years he worked, often struggling with poverty, but when success came, it came in a flood. He became the best loved poet in England. He married, he was made Poet Laureate, he enjoyed the friendship of Queen Victoria and was raised to the peerage, as Baron Tennyson.



THE CITY CHILD THE PRINCESS IDYLLS OF THE KING

The Father of American Song

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (*American*, 1794-1878)

ONE of the descendants of that arch little Puritan maiden, Priscilla Mullins, and her bashful lover, John Alden, was a small boy named William Cullen Bryant. William was born in the beautiful hilly country of Cummington, Massachusetts, fit cradle for a real poet of Nature. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, was a country physician, and he used to love to wander with his sons out into the wild woodlands and up into the hills, keen-eyed and alert to each flash of little woodland creatures through the leaves, loving them all and lifting up his heart with joy for all Nature's ways of beauty. In the long winter nights, when the snow lay white on the world without and a roaring fire blazed on the cosy hearth within, Dr. Bryant would read aloud to his children from the treasures of his library which was one of the largest in the neighborhood. During the day the boys went to the public school, but when the school hours were over they raced out into the woods and fields, exploring all the country round about.

When Cullen grew to young manhood he was sent to Williams College, but his father was too poor to permit him to finish his education at Yale University, as he had hoped, and so for a time he pursued his studies at home. It was at this period, when he was still little more than a youth, that, as he was one day wandering in the forest, his thoughts framed themselves into *Thanatopsis*.

> *To him who in the love of nature holds*
> *Communion with her visible forms, she speaks*
> *A various language:*

Having written the poem down on paper he laid it aside and forgot it altogether. It was not until some six years later that his father accidentally discovered it, took it to Boston and had it published. It produced a decided impression at once, for no American poet had yet written anything to equal it.

From this time forth, though Cullen had been educated for a lawyer, he continued to devote himself to literature. In 1825, he became editor-in-chief and part proprietor of the New York Evening Post, a position which he held for fifty years.

When the question of the abolition of slavery began to be agitated, Bryant in the Post, took the side of the Abolitionists. This stand was decidedly unpopular in those days and brought down upon it a storm of abuse. Mr. Bryant, however, refused to surrender his convictions, although he was denounced and deserted by many of his former friends, and was more than once threatened by the violence of the mob.

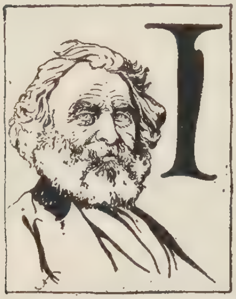
In 1860 he was one of the presidential electors who chose President Lincoln, and ever afterward he enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Lincoln. During the dark days of the Civil War, when all too many deserted and betrayed that gaunt, lone man in the President's chair, Bryant stood firmly by him, ever aiding and supporting him; and no other journal was more instrumental than the Post in bringing about the great changes of public opinion which ended in the destruction of slavery.

Mr. Bryant lived to be a very old man. He was the first American poet to win permanent distinction and he exercised a mighty influence over the younger literary men of America.

THANATOPSIS THE FOUNTAIN TO A WATERFOWL

The Children's Hour

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (*American*, 1807-1882)



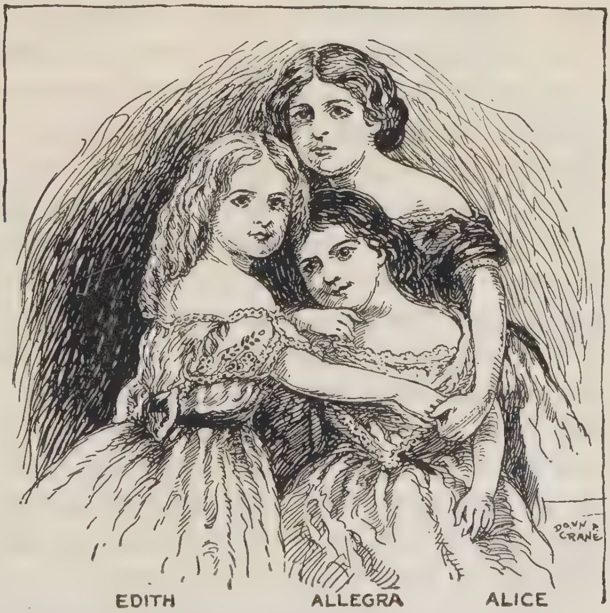
IN an historic old wooden house, overshadowed by splendid elms and standing on one of the spacious streets of Cambridge, that delightful old university town, there lived once a modest, deep-hearted gentleman whose highest ambition was to be a perfect man and through sympathy and love to help others to be the same. The old house had been built before the Revolution and occupied by Washington when he took command of the American army in 1776. Its study windows looked across the green Brighton meadows far away to the Brookline hills. It was in that study just at twilight that the poet used to hear the patter of little feet in the room above him and see, in the lamplight, his children on the stairs. A rush and a raid from the doorway, they were swarming over his chair—Alice, laughing Allegra and "Edith with golden hair."

A scholar and a poet was Longfellow, a Professor at Harvard University, and yet he always seemed to have time for everybody and everything. Never was he too busy to see a caller, or to help by word or deed whoever was in distress. Often strangers called to see him, or children, not venturing to call, hung about his garden gate, hoping just to catch a glimpse of him. To such his courtesy was complete. He never seemed to think they had come for a peep at him, but took it for granted that they wanted to see Washington's study, which he showed them with simple pleasure. Indeed, far from trying to hide himself from intruders, he rarely even drew the blinds of his study windows at night. What a sunny, genial nature was his, full of courage, tenderness and strength. In joy and sorrow, he lived life beautifully and happily, with neither envy nor malice and with unbounded charity.

Through his mother Longfellow was descended from John Alden and Priscilla, those precious Puritan lovers whose quaint courtship he described so beautifully in *Miles Standish.* In his boyhood he lived amid the quiet surroundings of Portland, Maine, where he was born, and he never forgot the pleasant streets of that dear old town, the shadowy lines of trees which permit, here and there through their branches, a sudden glimpse of the sea. He never forgot

"the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free,
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

His college days at Bowdoin, where he was a classmate of Hawthorne, introduced him to the falls of the Androscoggin River, wild scenery and rich in Indian lore and legend. The greater part of his life, however, was spent at Cambridge, writing and teaching, quiet days and little varied save for frequent trips to Europe. He was a poet of the past, of legendary heroes, and not like Lowell, a moulder of the present, but the music and deep feeling in his work have made him more beloved than any other American poet.



HIAWATHA. THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH. EVANGELINE. MY LOST YOUTH

The Lonely Boy

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (*American*, 1804-1864)

THE solitary figure of a boy, alone on a rocky cliff overlooking the sea at Salem. The surge beating up on the shore and the vast ocean stretching away before him. How Nathaniel loved the sea! His father had been a sailor and sailed far away to the Indies, to Africa and Brazil. Sometimes Nathaniel said to his mother that he, too, would go to sea and never come back again. A shy, solitary lad was he, fond of his own fancies, and of long, lonely rambles along the shore or through the queer little streets of Salem with their quaint old doorways and tragic memories of early witchcraft days.

When Nathaniel was fourteen his mother moved to a little town in Maine on the fresh, bright waters of Sebago Lake. Here the lad began again his solitary walks. He roamed the woods by day with his gun and rod, and in the moonlight nights of winter, he skated upon the lake till midnight, alone, always alone. When he found himself far from home and wearied with exercise, he often took refuge in some wood-cutter's cabin, where half a tree would be burning upon the hearth.

But when Nathaniel grew up, he did not go to sea. He went to Bowdoin College, instead, where he met two interesting youths, Franklin Pierce and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. While he was here certain new desires took root in his heart, for he wrote to his mother, "How would you like some day to see a whole shelf full of books written by your son, with '*Hawthorne's Works*' printed on their backs?"

When he was graduated from Bowdoin, instead of making off to sniff salt whiffs of old Ocean from behind the mast, he returned to Salem, and took to writing, living in such seclusion that even his own fellow citizens scarcely knew him by sight!

Little money, however, came from his magazine articles, and all too soon, life unrolled another picture,—Nathaniel now a weigher in the Customs House at Boston, measuring coal, salt and other bulky commodities that came in on foreign vessels. Thereafter, Nathaniel doing a farm hand's chores at Brook Farm, striving with other earnest thinkers, to work out a way for men to lead better and simpler lives.

In 1842 Hawthorne married and settled down in the handsome Old Manse at Concord. A beautiful place it was and all his rich life there called forth a book which he named with tender affection *Mosses from an Old Manse.*

In the years that followed Hawthorne lived for a time in a little red wooden house at Lenox in the Berkshires where he led an idyllic life of peace, happy in the companionship of his wife and their three children. Their home stood in the midst of a broad valley that was like a great bowl flooded with golden sunshine. In the center there was a lake and all around an amphitheatre of hills about whose quiet peaks hung delicate purple mists like the softest of airy veils. Here Mr. Hawthorne would lie in the sunshine flecked with the shadows from a tree, and his little Una, Rose and Julian would climb over him and cover his chin and breast with grass till he looked like Pan, the merry god of the woods, with a verdant woodland beard. With children he was always happy and he loved to tell them stories.

In 1853 Hawthorne's college friend, now President Pierce, sent him to Liverpool as American Consul and for seven years he remained abroad. When he returned once more to America, he went to live in Concord, where he knew Louisa Alcott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Thoreau and all the other interesting Concord people. In that lovely spot he spent the rest of his days.

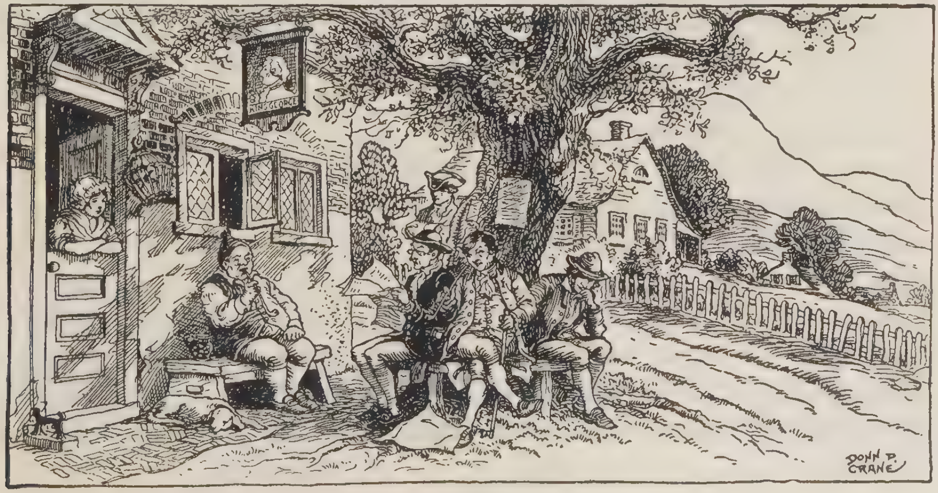
A Rover in the Catskills

WASHINGTON IRVING (*American*, 1783-1859)

LONG, long ago, just at the close of the American Revolution, when New York was a little old town with all the air of an overgrown village, a small boy was born there whose mother named him Washington Irving in honor of General Washington. When the little fellow was about six years old his nurse took him one day to see the procession escorting General Washington to Federal Hall to take his oath as first President of the United States. Pressing through the throng, the nurse dragged her small charge up to the great man and told him that the boy had been given his name. With a kindly smile Washington stopped to give his young namesake his blessing.

Washington Irving grew to be an adventurous lad. He liked to visit new scenes and observe strange manners and customs. When he was still the merest slip of a child he made long tours of discovery into foreign parts, the foreign parts of his own little city, and more than once his parents had to employ the town-crier to hunt up their wandering son by crying his name through the town. He loved to roam around the Battery, and to wander out on the piers to watch the out-going ships departing to distant climes. With what longing eyes did he gaze after their lessening sails and waft himself in fancy to the very ends of the earth. As he grew into boyhood, Washington extended the range of his adventures. He now spent his holiday afternoons in rambles far out into the country round about New York, visiting the little viliages where the descendants of the old Dutch settlers continued to dwell, and pushing on, on to the very distant hills. He made voyages, too, in a sail-boat up the lordly Hudson River whose cliffs and towering highlands breathed forth the very spirit of old Dutch and Indian legends. He penetrated into the heart of the Catskill Mountains, that rise to the west of the river, changing their magical hues with every hour of the day.

At times he peered into some dark glen, lonely and wild and tangled, or stood at the foot of a waterfall, a sliding sheet of silver, slipping down over mossy rocks; again he came out on the edge of a precipice, whence he could look out for miles and miles over all the sun-flooded valley and see far down below the twisting ribbon of the Hudson. He knew those mountains in sunshine and in storm—now in the calm of evening when they threw their long blue shadows peacefully over the valleys, or gathered a hood of gray vapors about their heads to glow in the setting sun like a crown of glory—now when the thunderclouds lowered, the lightning went leaping from crag to crag and peal after peal of thunder rolled crashing down their heights. And at the foot of these fairy mountains, its smoke curling up through the trees, would nestle a little Dutch village, where the houses had latticed windows and the gable fronts were surmounted by the quaintest of weathercocks. Here in the shade of some great tree before the old tavern, Irving



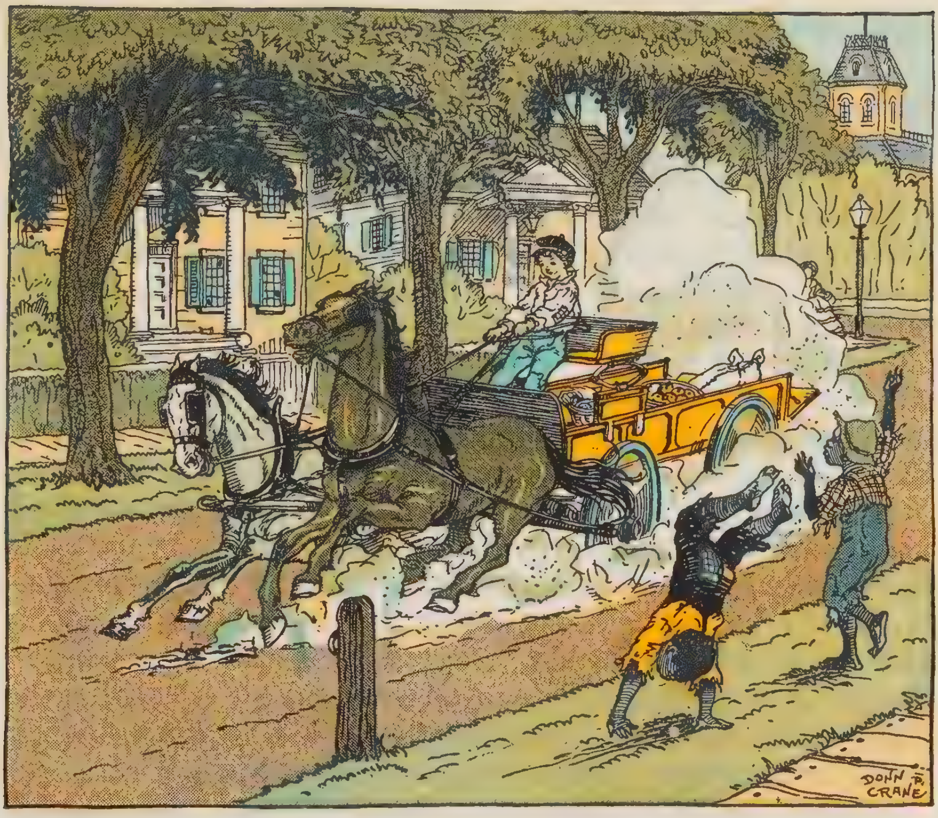
could always find a club of worthies smoking their pipes and whiling away the long, lazy summer's day by telling endless stories.

But as the boy grew to young manhood, he began to long to go further still in his travels. He had seen and loved so much of the natural beauty of America, her mighty lakes and mountains, her valleys and trackless forests, her broad, deep rivers and boundless plains, but now old Europe beckoned him. He longed for her treasures of art, her quaint and different customs, her poetic associations. He longed to loiter about her ruinous old castles, and reconstruct in his fancy all the shadowy grandeur of her past. And so when the young maid who had been his sweetheart died and there was nothing more to hold him in America, off he went to England. Already he was known there as the author of *Salmagundi Papers* and that humorous mixture of fact and fancy, *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. And so in England he found a place ready made for him. He could travel now as much as he pleased and he set down in his *Sketch Book* all the interesting things he saw—little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet, peasants in country lanes, as well as the solemn magnificence of grand old Westminster Abbey.

A journey to Spain gave him the rich store of Spanish and Moorish legend to put into *The Alhambra* and *The Conquest of Granada*.

After seventeen long years abroad, Irving returned to New York and bought the beautiful place called Sunnyside at Tarrytown on the Hudson, not far from Sleepy Hollow. No woman ever replaced the sweetheart of his youth and Irving never married, but here at beautiful Sunnyside he passed all the rest of his days, quitting it only once for any length of time, and then to serve for four years as American Minister to Spain. But however great was the volume of work that Washington Irving put forth, his name always calls first to mind the magic of the Catskills and the Hudson, gleaming through mists of romantic old Dutch legends.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW RIP VAN WINKLE



’Way Down South in Dixie

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS (*American*, 1848-1908)

A LITTLE, red-haired, freckle-faced midget of a boy dashing down the main street of a sleepy Georgia town behind a team of powerful horses and handling the reins with all the confidence of a six-foot hostler! Joel Chandler Harris, you mischievous little monkey! Whose horses have you borrowed? Come down off that box at once! Your mother is horrified.

It was well for Joel that he did not distress that good mother of his too often, for all her hopes were centered on him. Long years ago the boy's father had deserted the two, and his mother had shouldered with splendid courage the burden of their support. She took in sewing and the two lived in a tiny cottage behind the great house of a friend.

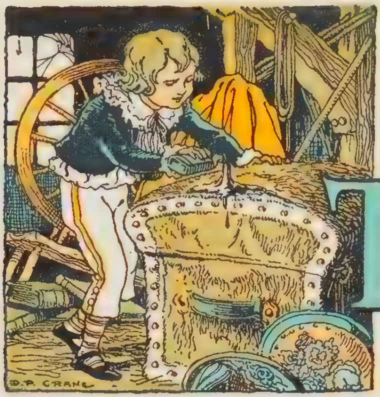
Eatonton was a typical little Southern town of the days before the Civil War. It had a courthouse and a town square, a tavern and several wide streets shaded by rows of fine old trees. On either side of the road, behind the trim boxwood hedges, rose stately colonial houses, the white pillars of their piazzas glinting here and there through the screen of odorous cedars, brightly blossoming myrtles and oleanders around them.

A fun-loving, rough-and-tumble lad on the surface was Joel, playing all sorts of pranks with his friends and rolling in the white mud gullies or munching ginger-cakes with the little negro children. But he was a tender-hearted boy at bottom and never forgot a kindness. See him now behind the old school house, showing a wren's nest to three little girls with such delight in the tiny, fragile thing. And how gentle and kind the little girls are to the lad. A simple thing, but he never forgot it!

One day Joel found these words in a newspaper, "Boy Wanted to Learn the Printer's Trade." Here was his opportunity. He was only fourteen years old but he put away his tops and marbles, packed up his little belongings in an old-fashioned trunk, kissed his mother good-bye and was off. He went to work for Mr. Joseph Addison Turner of Turnwold, a fine old plantation, with cotton-fields white as snow in the season, and a group of negro cabins hid in a grove of oak trees behind the house. Mr. Turner published a paper called *The Countryman*, and the little printing office where the boy worked was a primitive place on the roof of which the squirrels scampered and the bluejays cracked their acorns. Not twenty steps from the office door a partridge had built her nest and was raising a brood of young, while more than once a red fox went loping stealthily by to the woods.

It was hard to say whether Joel enjoyed most the out-of-door life on the plantation, tramping about with a boy just his age who knew every path in the countryside, or browsing in Mr. Turner's fine library, for he dearly loved to read. But when the work and play of the day were ended, and the glow of the light-wood knot could be seen in the negro cabins, Joel and the Turner children would steal away from the house and visit their friends in the slave quarters. Tucked away in the nook of a chimney corner, Joel listened with eager interest while Old Harbert and Uncle George Terrell, their black faces a-gleam in the firelight, told their precious tales of Brer Rabbit and all the other lore of beasts and birds handed down from their African forefathers. And sometimes, while the yellow yam baked in the ashes, or a hoe-cake browned on the shovel, the negroes would croon a camp-meeting hymn, or sing a corn-shucking melody.

So passed months and years at Turnwold. And then the Civil War! Joel Harris, a youth, with all the fire and passionate prejudices of boyhood, sitting up on a fence and watching the victorious Northern troops pass by, ploughing ankle-deep through the mud! The defeat of the South meant the end of *The Countryman* and the ruin of Mr. Turner. Joel had to start life anew. One paper after another gave him employment, and then, at last, he began to write for the *Atlanta Constitution* all those lively negro folk tales impressed so vividly on his mind in the old days at Turnwold—the stories of Uncle Remus. To Joel's immense surprise, Uncle Remus made him famous. And so it happened that the little red-haired boy, now grown a man with a wife and children of his own, could offer his mother a real home, and as his fame grew with the passing years, he brought her increasing happiness and fulfilled all her early dreams.



The Bad Boy

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH
(*American*, 1836-1907)

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH was born in the quaint, old, elm-shaded town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, which lies so near to the ocean that the constant sight of tall-masted ships and the smell of the sea are enough to set any boy's blood a-tingle with the spirit of adventure.

As a boy Tom spent whole hours with his nose in a book, all alone up in the attic of the old house where he lived. Here from the midst of castaway rubbish, he had dug out some exciting books of adventure, *Don Quixote* and the *Arabian Nights*.

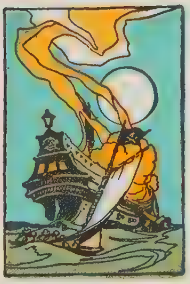
Among the antiquated furniture in the attic was an old-fashioned, hide-covered trunk, reminiscent of that fascinating age of adventure for which his whole being sighed. The trunk had worn exceedingly shabby, but still had enough of the air of romance to be very interesting to Tom. One day, as the boy was passing a barber's shop, he saw some hair restorer displayed in the window, in connection with marvelous promises as to what the magic liquid could do in the matter of bringing back hair where no hair appeared to be. Thinking of his beloved but moth-eaten trunk, Tom went into the shop immediately and parted with what must have seemed an enormous amount of his pocket money, to buy a bottle of the hair restorer. He then returned at once to his attic and began applying the liquid copiously to the hide of the trunk, in eager hopes of seeing new hair appear in the bald places. Every day, thereafter, he patiently climbed the stairs to observe the expected sprouting. But strange to say, the old trunk remained as sadly bald as before!

Before he was twelve years old, Tom had written a pirate story called by the highly exciting name of *Colenzo.* The scene of this thrilling tale was a wild, lonely and tropical isle located, according to Tom, somewhere about seven miles off Portsmouth Harbor!

When Tom was sixteen, his father died, and there was no money to send the boy to college, so he set out to seek his fortune in New York. There he became a clerk in the office of an uncle who was a banker. All the time, however, the impulse which had prompted him to write *Colenzo* was urging and urging within him, so that, by the time he was twenty, he had decided to break away from the business world altogether and devote himself to writing. At first it was by no means easy, trying to earn a living by writing. He obtained work as a proof-reader in a publishing house to make both ends meet, but he stuck pluckily to his profession and at last found himself editor of one of the well known magazines.

Henceforth for many years he was a writer both of prose and of such lovely poems as *Robins in the Treetop.* But always Tom's boyhood and the happy days of boyish adventure and fancy in Portsmouth were with him. Rivermouth, the scene of several of his stories, is really Portsmouth, and in *The Story of a Bad Boy,* he tells much that was true of his own boyhood.

In the old Aldrich home at Portsmouth visitors may see, to this very day, the marvelous ship and the little room that were Tom's, and in the garret, the playthings of which he tells and which he so dearly loved.



THE STORY OF A BAD BOY

In Search of Adventure

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (*Scotch*, 1850-1894)

ROBERT'S old nurse, "Cummy," held him up to the window when he was tired of hearing her read, and let him gaze on the wonder-world without. He watched the carts in the dawn rumbling cityward, his peaked white face pressed hard against the pane in his eagerness, and in the evening the appearance of the lamplighter was almost as exciting as a raid by a pirate.

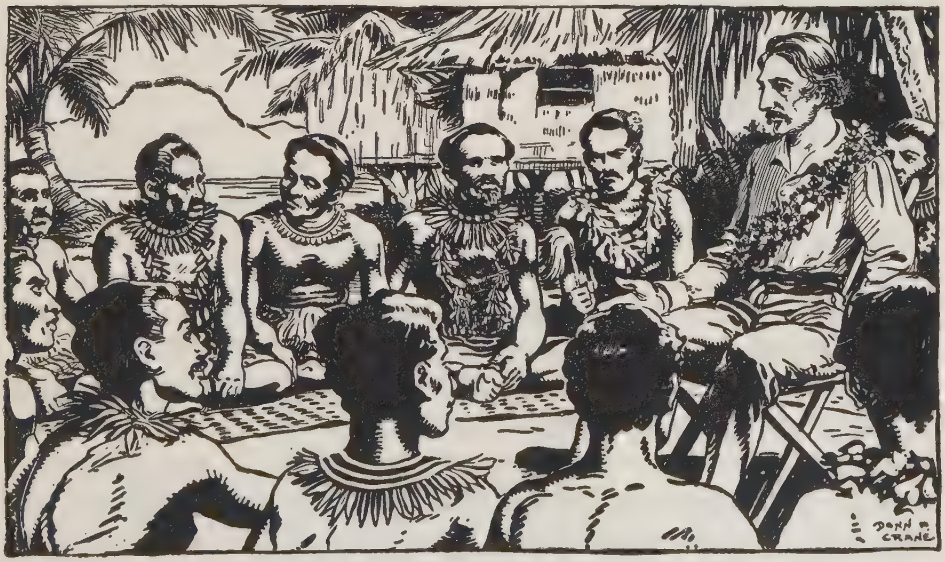
Robert lived in Edinburgh and his father was an engineer who built great lighthouses that flashed out their lights all along the Scottish coast; but the boy was scarcely strong enough to follow his father's calling.

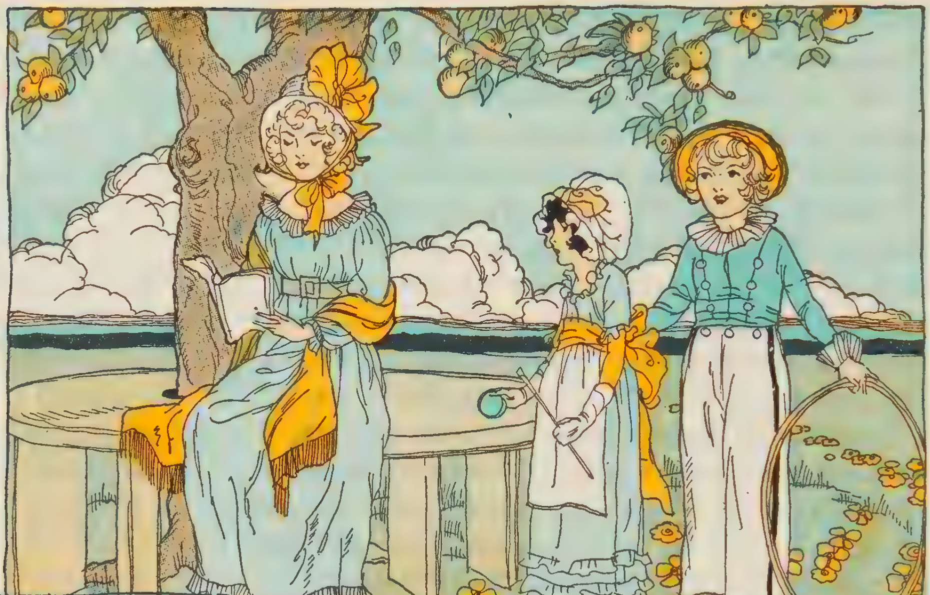
When he was a young man he went off with his canoe to paddle through the canals and rivers, the quaint, trim villages and pleasant fields of Belgium and France. This adventure he followed with a walking trip through Southern France, having as his only companion a particularly stubborn donkey. When he returned to England he wrote so delightfully of these journeys, *An Inland Voyage*, and *Travels With A Donkey*, that his friends began to urge him to give up other work and do nothing but write.

A year or so later, Stevenson heard that the young lady whom he was to marry, a Mrs. Osbourne, was ill in California, so he set out to join her. Travel was expensive and he had little money, so he went as a steerage passenger among all the hodge-podge of immigrants—queer characters, jabbering the strange tongues of half the countries of Europe. Then he crossed the American continent on an immigrant train. In San Francisco he married Mrs. Osbourne and after some months in a desolate mining camp, he returned with her and his stepson to Scotland.

Stevenson had never been strong or well, though he was the cheeriest man imaginable and never let illness keep him from his work. In the years following his marriage he wandered about with his family into all sorts of curious places, seeking a spot where he could live more comfortably. At last he settled down on one of the Samoan Islands, a tropical paradise amid the soft blue waters of the South Seas. Here he had a beautiful place called Vailima at the foot of a lofty mountain. How truly he enjoyed making acquaintance with the simple, hospitable, brown-skinned natives. He acquired great influence in their affairs and used to sit in state at their councils.

In spite of his physical weakness, Stevenson was ever at work, and his heart was so full of keen boyish love of adventure that he left boys and girls such stories as no man has ever surpassed. In 1894 he died at Vailima as courageously and cheerily as he had lived, and his body was borne by sixty natives up Mt. Vaea to rest in a beautiful spot above his home.





Rosies and Posies

KATE GREENAWAY (*English*, 1846-1901)

ROSES and posies and quaint little children in old-fashioned gardens,—what magic in Kate Greenaway's name! Her lovely pictures of children, so dainty and full of grace, seem to breathe forth the very fragrance of prim little, trim little gardens.

A happy little mite was the tiny Kate Greenaway, a London child sent into the country to be nursed by an old family servant. Sometimes she ventured out with her "Nanan" into the grain fields where the wheat towered high above her head. What enchanted vistas opened before her, stretching away forever—avenues of golden grain made brilliant with scarlet pimpernels, blue and white veronica and gorgeous crimson poppies. But when she could visit her far-off Flowerbank it was more exciting still. She must climb over queer old stiles and cross delightfully terrifying foot-planks over a deep, dark, mysterious stream. Then, away through a shady wood to the mill. In the woods grew the large, blue cranesbill, the purple vetch and wild morning-glory, and up in the trees the wood-pigeons cooed. Around the mill wound a little river with forget-me-nots on its banks and apple-trees trailing their heavy branches almost into the stream.

After a year or two in the country Kate was sent back to London. Her father was a wood-engraver but he had not succeeded in business, so Mrs. Greenaway set up a shop to sell laces, children's dresses and fancy goods. Kate was sent now to an infants' school kept by a little old lady who wore a large, frilly cap, a frilly muslin dress, a scarf over her shoulders and a long apron. What a happy child she was, happier than either her brother or sisters, though they had the same surroundings. Her rich fancy found beauty everywhere.

The Greenaway children were allowed to roam about freely in the neighborhood of their home. They had given their promise to go no farther than a certain exciting corner and they always kept their word. But what streets those were through which they roamed! Where else were to be seen such grand, mysterious children guarded by their nurses, such rustling, perfumed ladies and such fascinating shop windows? And on that street corner, what adventures! Now a sailor man with a wooden leg appealed to the sympathy of passers-by displaying a large, lurid picture of a ship overturned by a whale! Now, hark! a drum and the sound of a weird little shriek! A Punch and Judy show! Off the small Greenaways scamper to crowd around Mr. Punch. But alas! when their interest in the performance is at a white heat, just when the ghost is about to nab Mr. Punch, all too suddenly the manager stops and declares he will go no further unless he is paid with some pennies! Now the little Greenaways never had any pennies, and as the other small onlookers were frequently in the same plight, off would go Mr. Punch to more profitable fields, leaving black despair behind. But then, no use for long grieving! Punch was soon replaced by those fascinating mechanical puppets, the Fantoccini,—Mother Goose with her milk-pails from which jumped little children, the skeleton that came to bits and joined itself together again, and four little figures dancing a quadrille. Rarely was the corner unoccupied. There was always the chance of tumblers, tight-rope dancers, and that delightful street-organ, on top of which the ingeniously contrived figure of an executioner cut off the head of a queen about once every minute to the tune of the Marsellaise!

While Kate lived in London, her bedroom window looked out over naught more beautiful than red roofs and chimney pots, but she used to imagine that steps led up from those roofs to a lovely garden where nasturtiums and flowers were blooming so near to the sky. She used to fancy, too, that a secret door had opened for her in the queer old houses that joined their own, and that that door led through lines of interesting old rooms, all so curious and delightful, and ending at last in a garden. By and by she began to want to express all her love of children and gardens, and so she set to work and studied to be a painter.

First, she painted designs for valentines and Christmas cards, then she illustrated books, and at last she wrote *Under the Window*, her own book of rhymes, and drew its quaint little pictures. Soon Kate Greenaway's fame spread around the world. The little frocks and aprons, hats and breeches of her children, so funnily prim and neat, and yet so simple and graceful, set the style in dress for Europe and America. Dear, bright, quiet, little lady living in such seclusion! She showed people more of the charm of children's ways than they had ever dreamed of—their graces, their thousand little prettinesses, and she left a pure love of childhood in many a heart that had never felt it before.

MARIGOLD GARDEN UNDER THE WINDOW MOTHER GOOSE

The Sailor Boy

JOHN MASEFIELD (*English*, 1878-)

JOHN MASEFIELD was a wanderer. School held no joys for him. He loved the out-of-doors. 'Twas

"Hey for covert and woodland and ash and elm and oak,
Tewkesbury inns and Malvern roofs and Worcester chimney smoke,
The apple trees in the orchard, the cattle in the byre,
And all the land from Ludlow town to Bredon church's spire."

He was away from home for days at a time tramping the countryside. Wayward lad! He must learn in some way a sense of responsibility. For the good of his soul he must go to sea. He must be indentured to the captain of a merchant vessel. He was only fourteen but he sailed all the Seven Seas from India to Brazil, and his comrades were the sailor-men who sailed the bounding deep. For many a year he followed the gull's way and the whale's way over clean, green, windy billows, with the flung spray and the blown spume and the white clouds flying. And the queenliness of the ships was a magic that thrilled him to the bone. Now, 'neath an arching sail he sees looming high the peaks of the Cordilleras; again, behold tiny white houses and orange trees, and hear mid the ghostly palm trees the long, low croon of the steady trade winds blowing.

Once he came home to tramp again the vagabond's trail on land, but London town of all towns he was glad to leave behind. The sea, the sea was calling him once more. And the sailor boy sang to himself:

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sails shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

When he was a young man he left his ship at New York City with a chest of clothes and five dollars in his pocket. He lived in a street of Greenwich Village, doing odd jobs in a livery stable, a bakery, a factory or along the water-fronts. He worked at the Columbia Hotel and took care of the bartender's baby, but he was haunting the book shops on pay-day. He was buying books and reading.

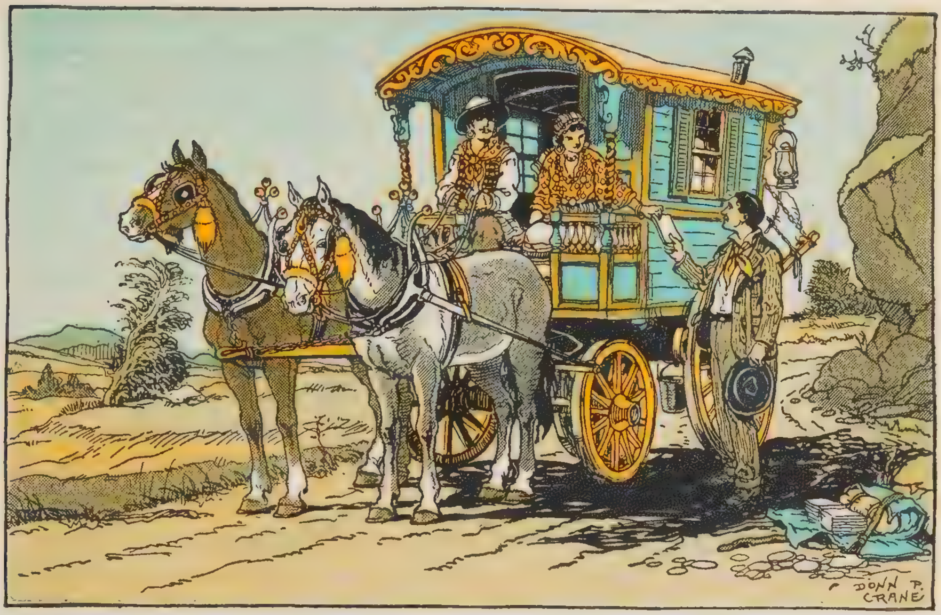
At last he is back in England writing tales of adventure or putting into verse all the yarns of sailor-men, the stateliness of ships and the bounding rhythms of the sea. In his heart he still sings:

A wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels,
I am tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon wheels.
I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the land,
Where the wild old Atlantic is shouting on the sand.

"Oh I am tired of brick and stone, the heart of me is sick
For windy green, unquiet sea, the realm of Moby Dick;
And I'll be going, going from the roaring of the wheels,
For a wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels."

DONN P. CRANE

MARTIN HYDE, THE DUKE'S MESSENGER   JIM DAVIS   SALT WATER BALLADS



*The Tramp

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY (*American*, 1879-)

AROUND the cliff, with a boom and a bang, came rattling a gypsy wagon. On the front seat sat a man and a woman, laughing and showing white teeth, and appearing to think this the gayest morning the sun had ever shone on. The woman was covered with bangles and spangles and more bedecked than Carmen. Suddenly, at her suggestion, the horses were pulled up short. Before them appeared a fellow tramp, a tall and sunburned young man in yellow corduroys, a fancy sombrero and a vivid scarlet tie. At his back, done up in oil-cloth, he carried a pack which appeared to Mrs. Gypsy a delightful professional mystery.

"What you sellin'? What you sellin', boy?" she asked.

The Tramp obligingly opened his pack and took out a couple of pamphlets. First he handed Mrs. Gypsy the *Gospel of Beauty*

**Told chiefly from Lindsay's own book,* ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY.

and then a little booklet called *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread.* Was that what he was selling? Strange wares indeed for a tramp. Mrs. Gypsy smiled and the horses went charging off down the road.

Vachel Lindsay had started from his home town, Springfield, Illinois, to walk across Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, up and down Colorado and into New Mexico. He had vowed to take with him no baggage nor money, but, as he went, to trade his rhymes for bread, and to preach his Gospel of Beauty. Surely, the common man, the farmer, had his secret dreams and visions. It was Vachel's mission to coax these forth, to urge a flowering of beauty on lonely farms or in ugly little villages. A sort of Johnny Appleseed was he, wandering about and sowing winged seeds of song.

Once he had been a lecturer for the Y. M. C. A. and now he was a poet, but at heart he was still an overgrown boy, strong and enthusiastic. At any moment he might make the heavens ring with a rousing cry of "Rah for Bryan!" or wake the sleeping echoes by shouting, "Liberty and union, one and inseparable, now and forever—r—r!" When he was back home reciting his poems on a stage he would go through the most extravagant antics, roaming up and down, shouting, gesticulating. Indeed, he was nothing if not original. Fancy a poet who could end a poem on Daniel in the lion's den, as if he were leading a football yell, by insisting that his hearers join in the roar: "Thus roared the lions:

"We want Daniel, Daniel, Daniel,
We want Daniel, Daniel, Daniel.
Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr,
Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!"

Or imagine a devotee of the same art as Tennyson's shouting:

"Black cats, gray cats, green cats, mi-au,
Chasing the deacon who stole the cow!"

Nevertheless, he was tremendously in earnest, that ragged tramp, and tremendously sincere. To the farmers he met on his travels he did not recite his vaudeville pieces. These he was later to use to challenge attention in the cities. To the country folk he gave the *Proud Farmer, The Illinois Village* and *The Building of Springfield*, or he pasted up on their walls his poster with drawings called, *The Village Improvement Parade.*

He was off to Kansas because Kansas was to him the ideal American state, a state of tremendous crops, of hardy, devout, and natural men, the state that is ruled by the crossroads church.

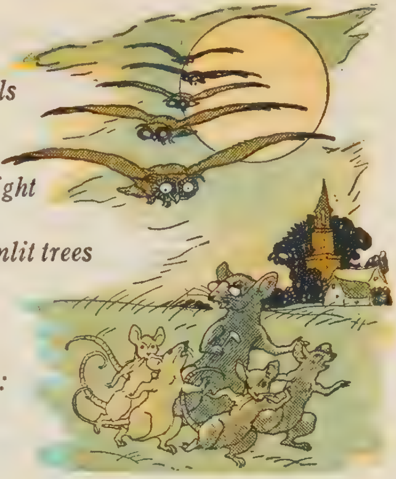
In eastern Kansas he tramped past rich fields with neat little hedges, past picturesque orchards and gardens till he came to the vast stretch of prairie, treeless, yet green, and patterned like a carpet with the shadows of the clouds. On and on he walked across unbroken prairie sod, where half-wild cattle grazed. Then came the alfalfa fields with their lavender haze of blossoms and busy music of gorging bees. Later he marched for days and days with wheat waving all around him as yellow as the sun.

Many a night he slept in the hay-loft of a barn or livery stable, with the wide loft-door rolled open and the golden moon for his friend. It was Romance itself sleeping in a hay-mow. The alfalfa was soft and fragrant, the wind blew clear and clean and the stars shone through the cottonwoods. Before he knew it, it was morning and the birds in the mulberry trees were singing, "Shivaree, Shivaree, Rachel Jane, Rachel Jane!" After a short walk he negotiated at a farm house for his breakfast and was on his way again. Sometimes he hoed corn all morning to earn his dinner, and as he worked, he talked to the farmer about his gospel of beauty or perhaps he earned a meal by entertaining the farmer's children. He knew a thrilling tale concerning Grandpa Mouse and what he said about the moon who was a dread Owl-queen. With the ketchup bottle for Grandpa Mouse, the salts and peppers for little mice and an old black hat for the mouse-eating owls that came swooping down from the moon, he acted out his story till the children were breathless with interest.

"She pours the owls upon us!
They hoot with horrid noise,
And eat the naughty mousie-girls
And wicked mousie-boys.

So climb the moon-vine every night
And to the owl-queen pray!
Leave good green cheese by moonlit trees
For her to take away.

And never squeak, my children,
Nor gnaw the smoke-house door:
The owl-queen then will love us
And send her birds no more!"



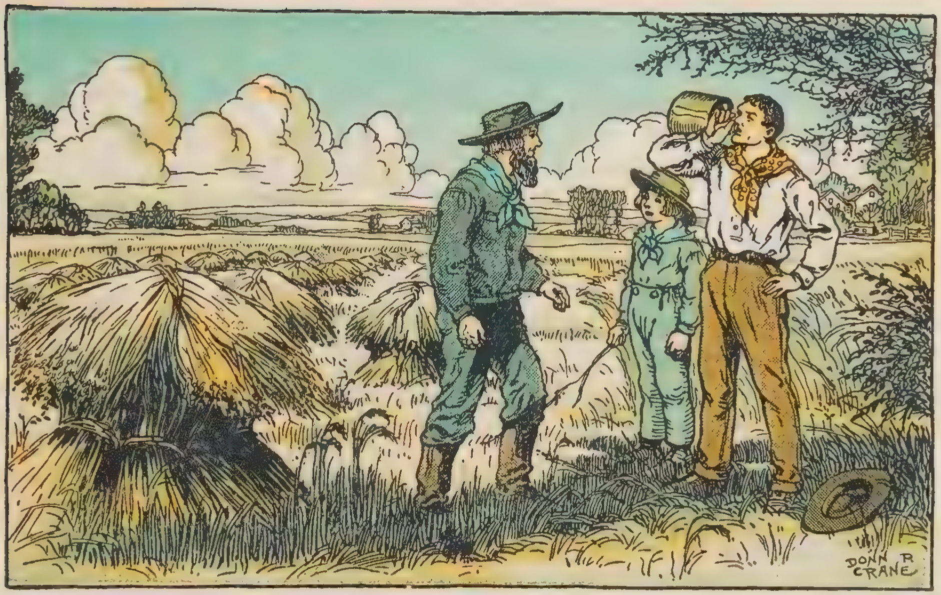
"Goin' west harvestin'?" the farmers asked of Vachel.

At first he answered no. But when he saw how the good folk toiled, happy and ungrudging, he presently answered, Yes!

One day he was tramping the railroad track through a drizzle and downpour of rain. Two sticks of candy which he had begged were all he had had for breakfast. He had walked for two days through the rain and was whistling to keep up his courage. Suddenly the mist lifted. He saw the track running on before him straight to the crack of doom. Not even a water tank was in sight, but just to his right was a shack with smoke pouring out of its stove-pipe. Hearing his whistling, two men popped their heads out the door and yelled in affectionate tones:

"Come in, you slab-sided hobo! Come in and get dry."

Inside he saw a red hot stove about as big as a hat with just enough room for three steaming coffee cans on top. Four white men of a Santa Fe section gang, their chins on their knees, completely filled the floor on one side of the mansion, while four Mexicans occupied the other. When the newcomer appeared, every man hunched himself up to take no more room than necessary, one Mexican sort of sat on another and space was made



for the tramp. Then the men passed up the coffee. They were nearly through eating and were throwing their extra sandwiches and bits of pie out the door. Said Vachel, "If any one has food to throw away, just wait till I step outside so I can catch it." They laughed and gave him all he could ever imagine eating.

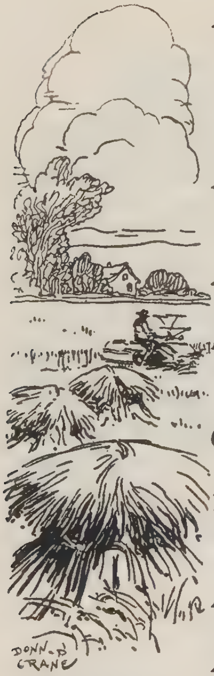
Sometimes he traveled a bit of the way with these section gangs on their hand-cars, but usually he walked. At length he found himself actually harvesting at the home of a Mennonite farmer. They were dear people, these followers of the Mennonite faith, and deeply, sincerely religious. In their prayer-consecrated fields Vachel labored with joy. On Sunday morning he went with them to meeting. There sat all the women on one side of the aisle, the most pious in front in their little black scoop bonnets. Towards the middle of the church these bonnets gain in color. Behold, a cream-colored satin, a soft gray or a dull moon-yellow. Here come the children running in with bobbing headgears of every hue, yet the same scoop pattern still. On the opposite side of the house not a few of the men have left off their neckties as a particular sign of their doctrines.

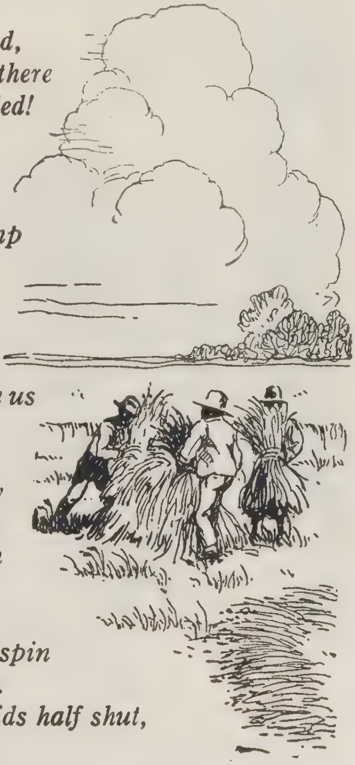
Tillie, the daughter of the family, like all other Mennonite women, had a pretty way of covering her head with a little lace prayer-cap before Bible lessons or grace at table, and after supper, she and the rest of the family, men and women both, went about in clean bare feet. They had no profane hour, these Mennonites. When not at work they sang hymns.

In the fields Vachel worked beside a Mennonite lad. He and the boy followed the reaper which was driven by the farmer's son, and built the sheaves into shocks, so stacked that they could not be shaken by any ordinary Kansas wind. As they worked the boy sang: "The day star hath risen." Billows of grain stretch away to the horizon. Each time round the field the men stop to rest and drink from the water jug at a certain gap in the hedge. As they go round, the Mennonite boy talks religion or else he says nothing at all. Vachel has caught the spirit of the farm and sings every hymn he knows. The laborers are glad when noon time comes and they catch a glimpse of the Mennonite maid with the wagon that bears them their dinner. Then they unhitch the mules from the reaper, Tillie or one of the men offers a prayer of thanksgiving, and they eat in the shade of the thorn-trees. In the afternoon the sun is a roaring lion. The men wrestle with the sheaves as though they had the sun by the beard. It is one long struggle with the heat. Then the sun acknowledges his defeat. He shows through the hedge as a blur. He becomes a mist-wrapped golden mountain that some fairy traveller might climb in enchanted shoes, no longer an enemy, but a fantasy, a vision and a dream.

The places where the armies of wheat sheaves are marshalled are magic places despite their sweat and dust. There is nothing small in the panorama. All the lines of the scene are epic. Vachel thinks of the book of Ruth and the Jewish feast of the ingathering.

He is happy indeed that he has had the strength to bear his little part in the harvest of a noble and devout household as well as a hand in the feeding of the wide world.





O, I have walked in Kansas
Through many a harvest field,
And piled the sheaves of glory there
And down the wild rows reeled!

Yet it was gay in Kansas,
A-fighting that strong sun:
And I and many a fellow-tramp
Defied that wind and won.

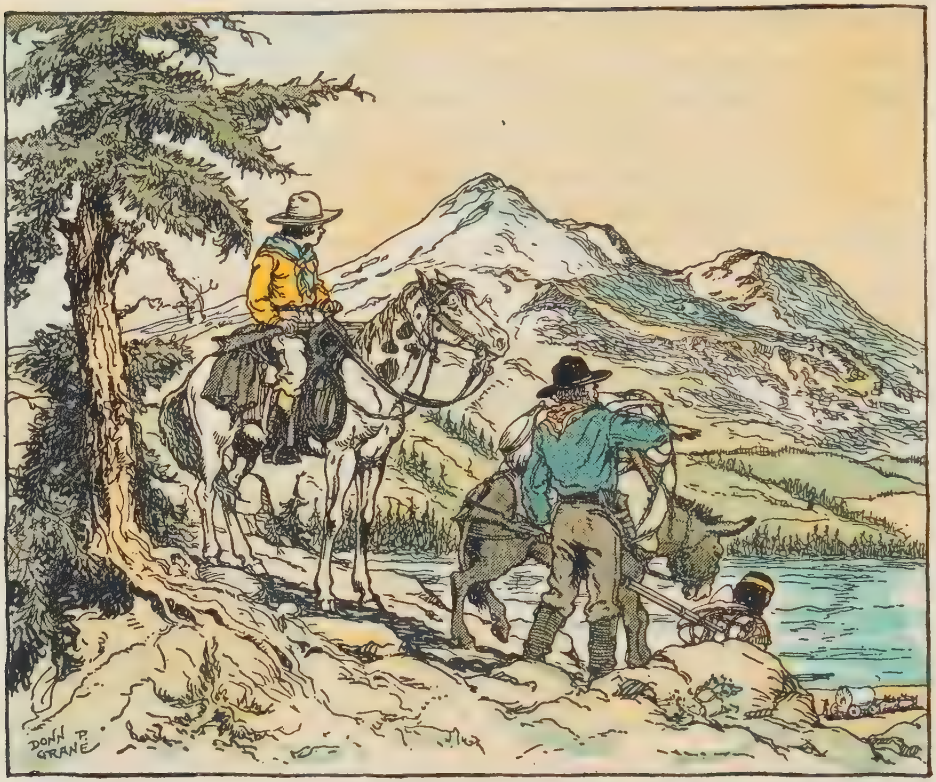
And we felt free in Kansas,
From any sort of fear,
For thirty thousand tramps like us
There harvest every year.

Our beds were sweet alfalfa hay
Within the barn-loft wide,
The loft doors opened out upon
The endless wheat-field tide.

I loved to watch the windmills spin
And watch the big moon rise.
I dreamed and dreamed with lids half shut,
The moonlight in my eyes.

When Vachel came home to Springfield after that long tramp, the moonlight was still in his eyes. As he had seen the wheat harvest rich and ripe before him he dreamed of another harvest, a harvest of art and beauty to be gathered there in Kansas. The children now born in that west should be poets, artists, actors, musicians, gardeners, architects, classic dancers. They should have in their eyes the vision of beauty and live to express that beauty for the world. So dreamt the poet-tramp.

ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY   THE CONGO   ABRAHAM LINCOLN



The Poet of the Sierras

JOAQUIN (Cincinnatus Heine) MILLER (*American*, 1841-1913)

MOUNTED on a little spotted pony, Cincinnatus Miller rode along the trail toward the mining camp. He had run away from his home in Oregon to seek his fortune mining gold beneath the snowy peak of Mt. Shasta in California.

One night a sailor-man from San Francisco drifted into camp and helped himself to the sluice boxes. The miners caught him in the act, tied him to a tree and told him to dig his grave. The digging proceeded but slowly, so Cincinnatus was called in to help. After they had dug a few feet the sailor-man announced mournfully that his sudden departure from this life would be a hard blow for his wife.

"Have you a wife?" asked the lad with interest.

"Yes, she's in Yrebe," a town a day distant from camp.

"You keep on digging," said Cincinnatus. "I'll tell the men."

The miners heard the story and decided to send for the woman. They told the condemned man that if his tale was true and his wife was brought to camp, his life would be spared on condition that they two should remain and do the cooking for the miners. The sailor-man meekly agreed. He preferred to cook rather than be hanged; and so the woman was brought to camp, a cabin was built for her, and to make sure that she was really the sluice-robber's wife, the miners decided to have them married before their eyes. Opportunity now knocked at the door of young Cincinnatus. There was need of a song for the miners to sing to celebrate the wedding. The only books Cincinnatus knew were Shakespeare and the Bible, but various ringle-jingles kept running in his head. Finally he ground out several yards like the following:

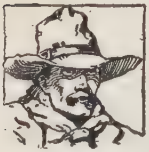
Samson, he was a mighty man,
Oh, a mighty man was he-e,
But he lost his beard and he lost his hair,
Likewise his liber-tee-ee;
For a woman she can
Do more than a man,
Than a King and his whole ar-mee-ee.

The sailor provided the music and the song was yelled at the torchlight wedding by a sturdy chorus of miners.

Now Cincinnatus made no glittering fortune at mining of gold but he managed to earn a living until he was eighteen years old, when he went back home to Oregon to get a little "book learning." Confinement in a schoolroom, however, was more than he could bear, and the next year found him enjoying life by driving the pony express. This was dangerous business enough, for he carried

Uncle Sam's mail, an alluring bait in those days for white or redskin highwaymen. Somewhere about this time, too, Cincinnatus made the acquaintance of a famous Mexican bandit named Joaquin (Walkeen) Murietta. This boy he regarded with pity as a brave and ill-used young fellow who had been driven to desperation by wrongs inflicted in his own country too brutal to be told. His sympathy was aroused, his love of daring and romance, and he cast away his burdensome appellation of Cincinnatus, replacing it forever with the far more picturesque name of Joaquin. Henceforth, when he contributed poems to the Eugene City Review, he always signed them Joaquin.

It was in a little cabin which he had built with his own hands on land given him by the Shasta Chief, Blackfoot, that Joaquin first began serious writing. By and by he had saved enough money to cross the ocean to London. Think of him now, coming from the land of far distances and great sweeps, shut up in narrow London lodgings. Whenever he stopped work he saw in place of the fog and smoke the snow peaks of Oregon looming clear against the sky. Imprisoned as he was, he yearned as never before for America's great plains, where there is "room, room to turn round in, to breathe and be free."



"And to east and to west, to the north and the sun,
Blue skies and brown grasses are welded as one,
And the buffalo come like a cloud on the plain,
Pouring on like the tide of a storm-driven main,
And the lodge of the hunter to friend and to foe
Offers rest; and unquestioned you come and you go."

Presently he caused to be printed with his own hard-earned dollars a thin little volume of poems which fortunately attracted the attention of the famous Rossetti family and their literary friends. They were struck by the breezy freedom of the poet from the west and with their help he brought out a book called *Songs of the Sierras*. Suddenly Miller awakened to find himself famous.

Henceforth, he was feasted and dined and entertained everywhere.

One evening he was invited to a grand reception to meet Lily Langtry, the celebrated actress, who had been reciting his poem *Columbus.* When the time came and the guests stood about all well groomed in their evening clothes, Joaquin appeared, to their astonishment, in a red flannel shirt with blue overalls tucked into tall miner's boots and a high crowned broad-brimmed sombrero. Led by his hostess, he advanced to meet Miss Langtry and lifting his hands to his sombrero, he dexterously showered from it a profusion of beautiful rose leaves. At the same time he exclaimed to the delighted lady: "The tribute of the California miners—California, the land of poetry and romance and flowers—to the Jersey Lily."

So it was England which first recognized Joaquin Miller's genius and he returned to America in the full noontide of his glory, to remain the most unique and picturesque figure in all the field of American letters—tall, broad-shouldered, long-haired and bearded like a pard, always in his big sombrero, his high-top boots and coat to match.

At last he settled down with his wife and daughter in a home called "The Heights," high up in the mountains overlooking San Francisco Bay. When a stranger once asked him where he lived he said: "Three miles east and one mile perpendicular." Indeed, he lived nearer the sun than most men and his normal dwelling place was always one mile perpendicular.

The poet who could picture California, "where the plants are as trees and the trees are as towers," had need of a wide canvas and a generous hand when it came to laying on color. These Joaquin Miller possessed; his poetry breathes of the pine-clad slopes of the Sierras. He was as typically Californian as a giant redwood, and it is due to him, more than any other American, that California literature has impressed itself on the world.

Columbus　　Songs of the Sierras　　True Bear Stories

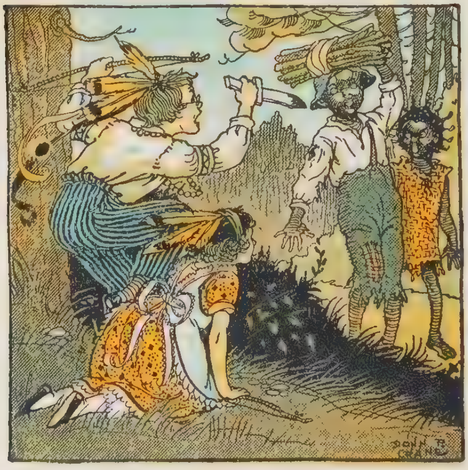
The Peace President

THOMAS WOODROW WILSON (*American*, 1856-1924)

TOMMY WILSON was a frail child in grotesque spectacles and he had two older sisters who bossed him and adored him. His father was a Presbyterian minister in Augusta, Georgia, whither he had moved from Staunton, Virginia, where the boy was born.

Tommy was only four years old when the Civil War broke out. He never forgot sitting alone on a gatepost of the parsonage watching a ragged troop of Confederate soldiers march by and shouting at them in the slang of the day, "O Joe, here's your mule!" Neither did he forget peering out through an upper window to see Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, passing in a carriage, a prisoner on his way to Fortress Monroe.

Dr. Wilson kept a big black buggy-horse which Tommy used to ride. His companions in such adventures got many a spill, but Tommy by riding "conservatively" always managed to avoid the "rough-and-tumble." The stable and the lot enclosed by the parsonage were a favorite resort for all the boys of the neighborhood, among whom Tommy was a natural leader. Together they organized the Light Foot Club, to play baseball with other nines, and they held meetings in the barn with such a nicety of parliamentary procedure as would have done honor to the Senate.



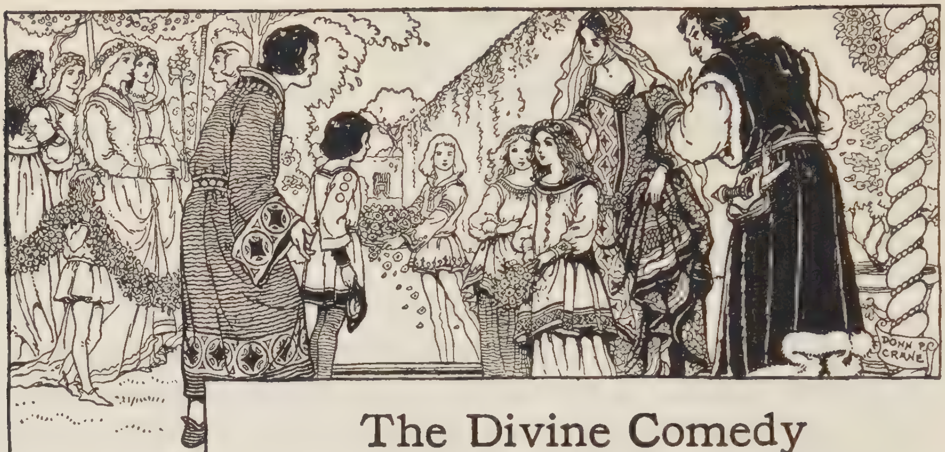
Often Tommy visited his Aunt Marion at Sand Hill and played with his cousin, Jessie Bones. In the twilight of the verandah Tommy told Jessie *Leather Stocking Tales*, and next day they stained their faces with pokeberry juice, stuck feathers in their hair, armed themselves with bows and arrows and hid by the side of a lonely road, lying in wait for the pickaninnies who went home through the piney woods. When the little darkies appeared with bundles of light wood on their heads, the savages sprang out emitting bloodcurdling whoops.

In Augusta about the church was a grove where Tommy often played. In his dreams he was the Admiral of a gallant ship called the Avenger, and he chased pirates by the scores in the South Seas. For three gorgeous months he kept the log of this ship, a bloody record of raids and battles and glittering treasures. But all Tommy's battles were in his dreams. Valiant as was his soul, he never got in a fight.

When Tommy was fourteen his father moved to Columbia, South Carolina, to become a college professor. Now for the first time the boy saw what war had done. The Civil War, scarcely touching Augusta, had left him no bitter memories, but here was a mile of business district standing sombrely ruined by the fires of Sherman on his march to the sea, a sight that marked Tommy's soul with a lasting horror for war.

So Tommy grew up in a cultured home with all that southern feeling that scorns sordid things, calmly and gently assuming nobility to be the natural state of man. Loving peace with all his soul, he left the Isle of Dreams to enter the world of action, no longer Tommy but Woodrow Wilson.

He was to be President of Princeton University, Governor of New Jersey, President of the United States, and a leader of world thought during the dark days of the World War. It was he who first made plain to the world that what the allies were fighting to protect and uphold was the principle of democratic government always so dear to his heart. It was he who represented the United States at the great Peace Conference and who sought to outlaw war forever by urging a league of nations.



The Divine Comedy

DANTE ALIGHIERI (*Italian,* 1265-1321)

THERE was to be a May-time festival in Florence at the home of the noble citizen, Folce Portinari. Dante was only nine years old but he went with his father to the merrymaking. Here among the children was the host's little daughter Beatrice, gay and beautiful in her childish fashion, and in her behavior very gentle and agreeable, so that many thought her almost an angel.

The image of this little maid Dante received into his heart with so much affection that from that time forward as long as he lived it never again departed from him. He saw Beatrice only two or three times in all his life and she married another, yet he venerated her as though she had been a saint and never ceased to love her. She died a very young woman, and it became his greatest desire to make her name immortal by writing of her as no woman had ever been written about before. Not until some time after her death did he marry Gemma Donati.

Now Dante was of the lesser nobility, and after his marriage he became involved in the sorry political quarrels of the day, the strife between Guelphs, the party of the Pope, and Ghibellines, the party of the Emperor. So bitter became the struggle that Dante was one day banished from Florence, his house was plundered, and he was condemned to be burned alive if ever he should be caught. Poor Gemma was left alone with a brood of little children, and Dante wandered for twenty years an exile from his home, to die at last in Ravenna among the lagoons of the Adriatic.

But Gemma, by her foresight, had hidden many of the family treasures here and there among friends till the first fury of the citizens should abate, and in so doing she saved a little copy book in which Dante had written with his own hand seven cantos of a poem which he called *The Divine Comedy*. This little book he had flung among other papers into an old chest and left behind when he went into exile. One day, a young nephew, helping Gemma to sort their papers, found this poem and read it again and again. To him it seemed so beautiful that he found means to send it to Dante. The poet had never expected to see it again, but he cried:

"Since it has pleased God that it should not be lost, I will do my best to follow up the work according to my first intention."

Thus in his exile Dante finished his poem, so wrapped in his visions as to make them seem wholly real. He dreamed that he travelled through Hell under the guidance of Vergil. In a vast conical abyss descending by circular ledges to the center of the earth, sinning souls were punished according to their sin. With passionate force the poet describes the scene. From Hell he ascended the Mountain of Purgatory where sin and suffering were less, and so he came at the top to a beautiful forest which shut out the sight of Paradise. A sheet of fire barred his path, but Vergil whispered that Beatrice was just beyond. So the poet leapt through the flames, and there, a vision of celestial purity and sweetness, was Beatrice. She took him by the hand and floated with him from star to star till he came at last to the very presence of God, as he knew by the light and glory that flooded his heart. So in a burst of triumph ends the greatest poem of the Middle Ages.

The Slave Boy

AESOP (*Greek, about* 619-564 B. C.)

SHINING in the sunlight, the stately marble temples, the white colonnades, the palaces and homes of ancient Athens! For the first time little Aesop sees them, clear cut against a deep blue sky. He is being brought to Athens to be sold as a slave. There in the city before him he will pass from master to master like any ox or sheep. No joyous prospect that,—to perform forever and ever the thankless tasks of a slave! Ah, but he has a clever wit, that Aesop. With that he can brighten even the hardest lot.

And now he is grown a youth, and he and his fellow slaves are about to set out on a journey with the merchant who is their master. Heavy are the bundles of clothing, heavy the bales of provisions prepared for the slaves to carry.

"Master, grant me to carry the lightest bundle," cries Aesop.

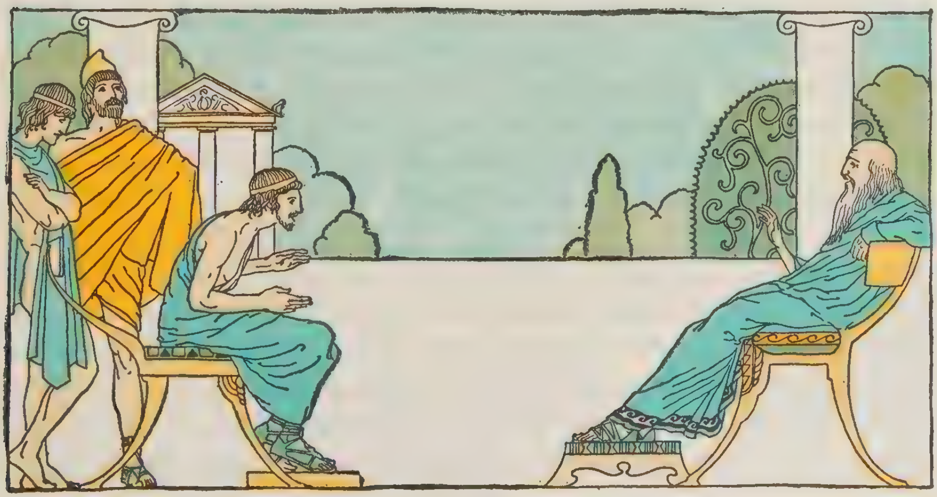
"Sobeit," the master replies. "Select the lightest."

Aesop is stepping forward, but look what he has chosen,—the heaviest, most unwieldy package of all, a bulky basket of bread. His comrades laugh, "Ha, ha!" He is very foolish, that Aesop. He has laden him down for a long and tiresome journey. But now the noontime comes and with it the noonday meal. "Aesop," the master calls. "Distribute half the bread!" Aesop obeys and his load is lightened by half at the very time when to the rest their burdens are seeming twice heavier from their having been borne so long. By-and-by comes supper-time. "Aesop," calls the master. "Distribute the rest of the bread!" And now where is Aesop's load? He has no load at all. He has only the empty basket. His comrades trudge on perspiring, yet they cannot but laugh as they see him: "It is Aesop who was clever and we who were stupid fellows."

Iadman, the Samian, is Aesop's master. He has many a chance to see how clever Aesop is and at last he sets him free. Io! Io! Aesop is now his own master. He grows to be a magnificent fellow. Think, he even journeys to the court of Croesus, King of Lydia, and there comes into high favor. Now he who was born a slave is the friend of the greatest men of his day, for who, pray tell, can turn a fable so perfectly as he, or pack so much truth into a story so short and exactly to the point?

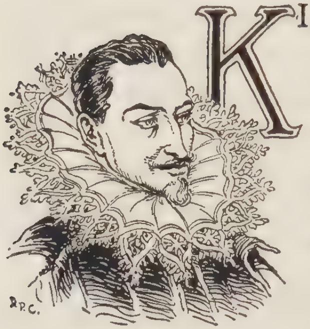
One day Croesus sends Aesop as his ambassador to Delphi. He is to pay a certain sum of money to each of the citizens there. On his arrival, however, he finds the people in fault. A dispute arises between them. Flatly Aesop refuses to give over to them the money. In a fury the Delphians cry: "Thou hast offered an insult unto the god Apollo whose temple is here at Delphi!" And that is the end of Aesop. They hurl him headlong from a precipice.

Who knows today how many of Aesop's fables were really the work of Aesop? They were not written down till many years after his time, for the old Athenian wags, walking two and two in the market place, passed them on by word of mouth. "Have you heard the latest from Aesop?" they chuckled. "Then hearken and I shall tell you, for he is a clever fellow!"



Kilcolman Castle

EDMUND SPENSER (*English*, 1552-1599)



KILCOLMAN CASTLE in the County of Cork stood on the north side of a fine lake, looking off across a plain to a fringe of wooded uplands, and commanding a view over half the breadth of Ireland. Once it had belonged to the Earl of Desmond, a champion of Irish freedom, but it had been lost to him in a recent rebellion which he had led against the government of England. It lay now a romantic old ruin, scarred and broken with the turbulencies of the past; and mid its shattered walls, as in some sequestered glade, lived one who sang sweetly, piped to the woods, and passed his days in peace and quiet like any shepherd among the flowery meadows.

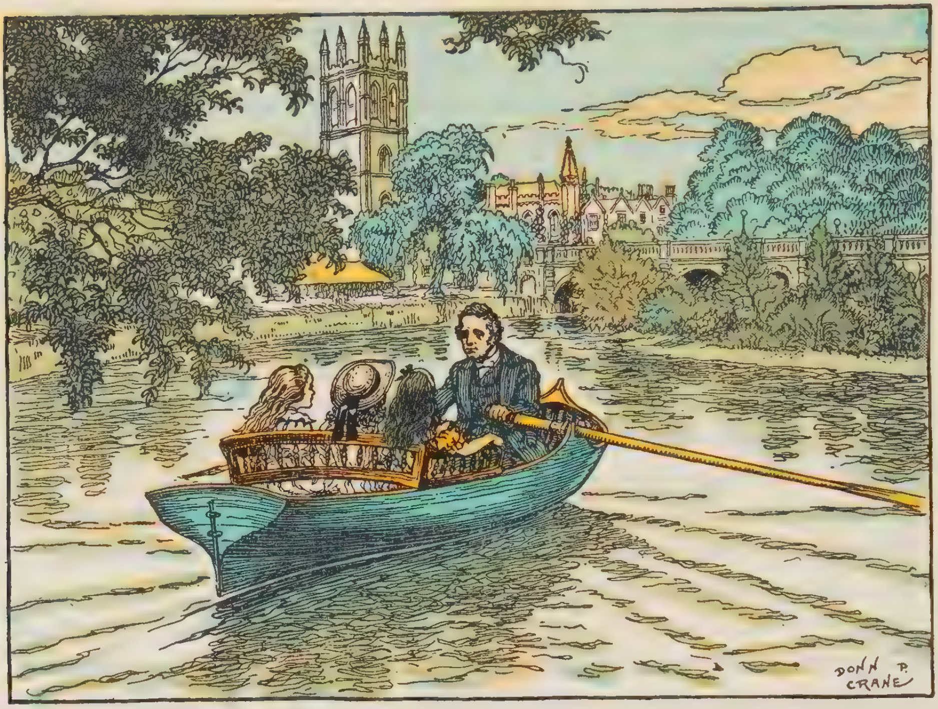
Edmund Spenser was an English poet to whom the old castle had been given by the government. He had come to Ireland in 1580 as secretary to the Lord Deputy, and there he had remained holding one clerkship after another, dreaming his dreams, and all unconscious of the hatred that was smouldering round about him, like a seething volcano, in the hearts of the Irish people.

It was no small sacrifice to remain away from London in the days of Queen Elizabeth. No more to see Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser's true ideal of knighthood! To be parted from that brilliant young dramatist, William Shakespeare! To hear of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and the exploits of Drake and Hawkins and Frobisher, only as a distant echo! But Spenser carried his own world with him wherever he went, and he found high company in the very air that flowed around him.

One day his old friend, Sir Walter Raleigh, came along to pay him a visit. Spenser told him that he was writing a poem called

The Faerie Queene. He had finished three books and he meant to write nine more, each one to have as hero a different knight who should represent some one of the principal virtues. Raleigh enthusiastically advised him to take these books to London and he himself presented the poet to the Queen. Now Spenser had already become famous through *The Shepherd's Calendar* which he had published ten years before and the public received his new work with delight and admiration. How sweet was its melody, how abundant its fancy! Queen Elizabeth herself granted the poet a little pension. For two hundred years there had been no great poem written in the English language. *The Faerie Queene* was the first great work since the days of Geoffrey Chaucer.

Nevertheless Spenser was glad to leave London and go back to Kilcolman Castle, and he celebrated his return with a song called *Colin Clout's Come Home Again.* By and by he fell in love with a lady named Elizabeth, and there was a long, long wooing, but at last she answered him aye, and he sang the finest wedding song ever written in English. Beneath the evening star and the fair face of the moon he brought his lady home to be the mistress of his heart. For four happy years he lived with his wife and little children at Kilcolman Castle and the publication of three more books of the *Faerie Queene* raised him to the pinnacle of fame, though they brought him little money. Then alack! the volcano that had slumbered so long burst into eruption. While he had dreamed his dreams in the valley, fierce curses had been uttered against him from the hills around. The peasant folk remembered their Irish lord whom they had been wont to see come in his splendour to Kilcolman, and their souls were filled with hate, for memory of Lord Desmond. Rushing down on Kilcolman they plundered it and set it on fire. The poet, his wife and babies barely escaped the flames. In profound distress they went to London and shortly afterward Spenser died, to leave forever unfinished, his beautiful *Faerie Queene.*



Picnics on the River

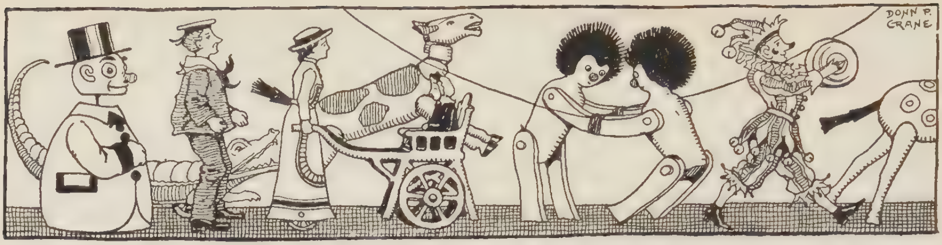
LEWIS CARROLL (CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON)
(*English*, 1832-1898)

ONCE there was a tall, grave Oxford Professor named Charles Lutwidge Dodgson and he wrote very deep and learned books with such awful sounding names as *Mathematica Curiosa*. But this professor had three little girls for friends, named Alice, Lorina and Edith. They lived close by Mr. Dodgson in the same college court and many a happy hour did he spend at play with them. Often he took them boating on the river on summer afternoons, picnicking under the trees along the bank, and spinning for them, on demand, marvelous tales to which they listened wide-eyed and entranced. When he paused they chorused, "Tell us some more;" and when he said, "Not now; next time," those insatiable youngsters cried, "It's next time now!" That is the way he told them *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*. He had more child friends, that tall, staid professor, than he could count on his toes if he had been a centipede—he said so himself—and here is a missive he wrote to a little Miss who had been sending him kisses in her letters.

"My dear Gertrude:

This really will not do, you know, sending one more kiss every time by post; the parcel gets so heavy that it is quite expensive. When the postman brought your last letter, he looked quite grave. 'Two pounds to pay sir,' he said. 'Extra weight, sir.' 'O, if you please, Mr. Postman!' I said, going down gracefully on one knee (I wish you could see me go down on one knee to the postman—it's a very pretty sight). 'Mr. Postman, do excuse me just this once. It's only from a little girl!' 'Only from a little girl,' he growled. 'What are little girls made of?' 'Sugar and spice and all that's nice—especially the spice,' I began to say, but he interrupted me. 'No, I don't mean that,' he said. 'I mean, what's the good of little girls when they send such heavy letters?' 'Well, they're not much good, certainly,' I said, rather sadly. 'Well, mind you don't get any more such letters,' the postman said, 'at least not from that particular little girl. I know her well and she's a regular bad one.' That's not true, is it, Gertrude? I don't believe he ever saw you, and you're not a bad one, are you? However, I promised him you and I would not send each other many more letters—'only two thousand four hundred and seventy or so,' I said. 'O,' said he, 'a little number like that doesn't signify. What I meant was, you musn't send many.' So you see, Gertrude, we must keep count now, and when we get to two thousand four hundred and seventy we mustn't write any more unless the postman gives us leave. Your loving friend,

Lewis Carroll."



Seein' Things

EUGENE FIELD (*American*, 1850-1895)

THE feller who knew so much about "Seein' Things at Night" was born in St. Louis, but his mother died when he was seven years old and he was brought up by a cousin in Amherst, Mass. Eugene's grandmother had high hopes of turning him out a minister and used to offer him ninepence to write her a sermon. When he grew up, however, he became a newspaper man, in spite of all the ninepences. He worked on the *Chicago Daily News*, but it was children he loved best. He would take all sorts of trouble to make a child happy. His room was crowded with toys, queer dolls, funny little mechanical toys that ran about or nodded strange heads or performed weird and wonderful tricks. His study was never shut to a child and he had many child friends of whom his family knew nothing.

Eugene Field's home was in the suburbs of Chicago where, on the lawn, he kept his donkey Don. Don was utterly useless. He did nothing but bray and eat, but Field loved him. Since there were no fences separating house from house, Don was kept tethered, but now and then he would break his rope and gallop off to work havoc in the neighboring gardens. So Field got into the way of keeping a lookout for him. Up to the top of the house he would run. Then he would open a window and lean out, proceeding to hee-haw in the most lifelike manner. Presently, faint from the distance, the answering bray of the affectionate animal would come, wafted on the wind, and Field would rush away in the direction of the sound to bring the truant home.

What a man he was for a joke! When he felt that an increase of salary was due, instead of asking for it in the ordinary way, he went to the office of his chief dressed in rags with four of his children likewise in rags. Falling on their knees, they all pretended to weep, while Field cried beseechingly: "Please, Mr. Stone, can't you see your way to raise my salary?"

Tenderness, beauty, fun, love of fairies, witches, and childhood—all these he preserved in the midst of Chicago's work-a-day world.

Once, in response to many questions about his tastes and habits he issued the following summary:

I am very fond of dogs, birds and all kinds of small pets—and I adore dolls.

My favorite flower is the carnation.

My favorite ballad is "Bounding Billows."

I love Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales and am deeply interested in folk-lore and fairy tales. I believe in ghosts, in witches and in fairies.

I should like to own a big telescope and a twenty-four tune music box.

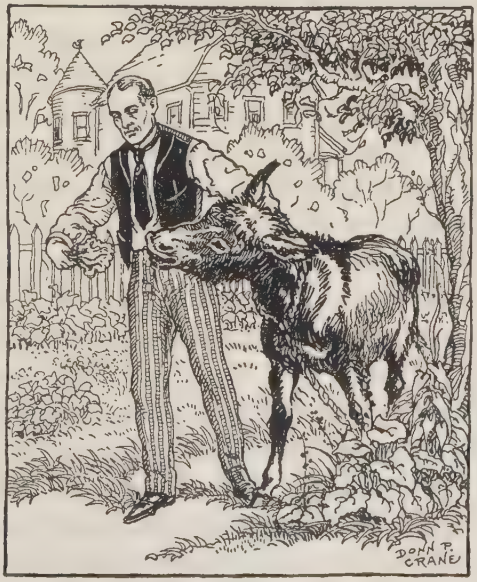
My heroes in history are Martin Luther and Abraham Lincoln.

I love to read in bed.

I believe in churches and schools; I hate wars, armies, soldiers, guns and fireworks.

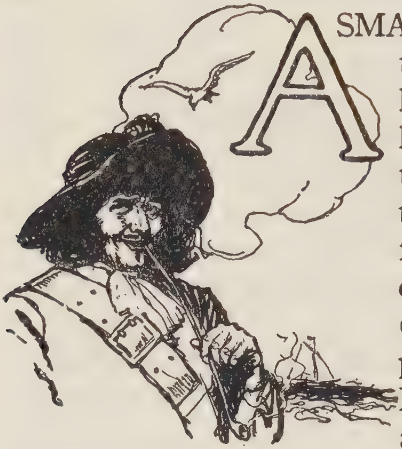
I love music (limited).

My favorite color is red.



Pictures

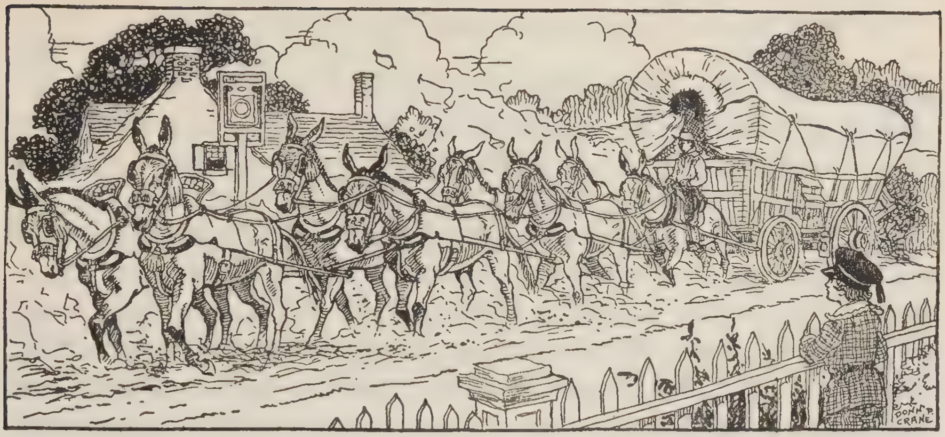
HOWARD PYLE (*American*, 1853-1911)



A SMALL boy once lay on the rug before the fire in a sunny, warm, little library in Wilmington, Delaware. The hickory logs snapped and crackled in the fireplace, the firelight twinkled on the andirons and snow was softly falling outside. Howard was turning over leaf after leaf of a book, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and looking at the pictures. There one might see Master Humphrey with dream people flying about his head. The boy's mother sat nearby busy with her sewing, and as he looked at the pictures, she told him the story that went with each. They loved pictures, that boy and his mother, particularly the pictures in books.

Howard lived in a quaint old stone house which was really three old houses put together. One of these was built as early as 1740. In front there was a grassy lawn with a terraced bank down which he used to roll over and over on a summer's day. Beyond a little grove one could see the main road where every now and then a train of Conestoga wagons carrying lime, passed along in a cloud of dust. These wagons were always very wonderful to the boy. They looked like great clumsy ships that had come from afar, and sometimes they were pulled by eight mules, the leading team of which was bedecked with a gay harness trimmed with crimson leather and brass and adorned with silver bells that rang a merry tune as the procession passed in the sunshine.

One afternoon when Howard was very, very small, he felt so full of the sunshine he wanted to write a poem. So his mother gave him a piece of gilt-edged paper and a pencil, and he went out



to sit down by a big rock in the garden and be alone with his inspiration. Not until he had wet the pencil in his mouth and was ready to begin his composition, did he realize that he could neither read nor write. How helpless he felt! How impotent!

Howard could never remember the time that he was not drawing pictures. He was eight years old when the Civil War began, and he long cherished a picture he drew at that time and colored with water color. It showed a bandy-legged Zouave, waving a flag, brandishing a sword and threatening a Secessionist with annihilation. There was lots of smoke, with bombshells, and blazing cannon, and an array of muskets and bayonets carefully passing behind a hill to save the boy the trouble of drawing all the soldiers who carried them. The legend attached to this picture read, "Ded, Ded, Ded is the Cesioner!" Howard was never a shining light in spelling!

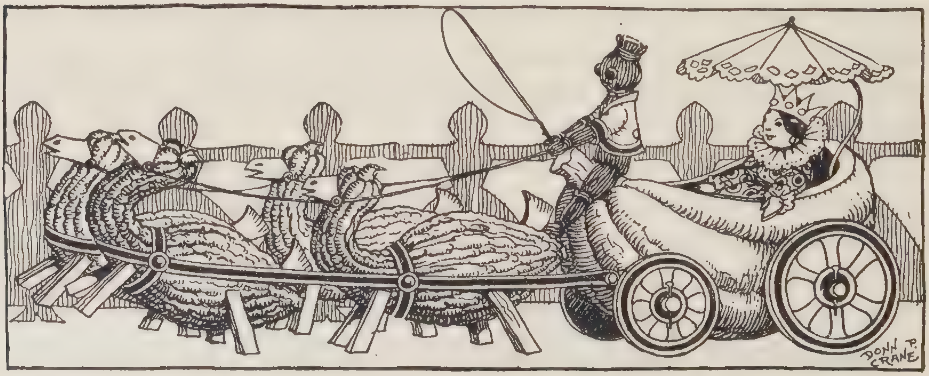
The boy loved quaint old tales of adventure, tales of knights or pirates and when he grew up he began writing such picturesque stories himself and illustrating them with vigor and a keen love of color and beauty. He became one of America's foremost illustrators and a favorite writer for boys and girls.

THE GARDEN BEHIND THE MOON THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD MEN OF IRON
THE WONDER CLOCK OTTO OF THE SILVER HAND STOLEN TREASURE PEPPER AND SALT

A Champion of the Slave

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (*American*, 1811-1896)

IN A little saucer-like valley of the lower Berkshires where the hills stand in a wide circle, lies that most beautiful of Connecticut villages—Litchfield. Here Harriet Beecher was born and she loved those hills beyond expression. To her childhood home she gave the name of Cloudland because of the trail of rosy clouds that veered round the purple heads of her mountains. The house where the Beechers lived was a big old New England homestead, but there were thirteen children, besides the father and mother, to fill it. There was plenty of work at the Litchfield parsonage but there was likewise plenty of fun. Chief among the entertainers, when work was over, was little Harriet, who was ballet and opera to the household group, mimicking the dog, the cat, the hens, the turkey or talking and flying about the room in lively imitation of some member of the family. She invented imaginary scenes and conversations too, and rigged up unheard of costumes from strange things rummaged out of the attic. Her father was Dr. Lyman Beecher, a well-known preacher and it was a religious household in which she lived. Harriet loved to hear her father read the Bible at family prayers. He read it in such an eager, earnest tone of admiring delight, with such an



air of intenseness and expectancy as if the Book had just been handed him out of Heaven.

Harriet's older sister, Catherine, was a master hand at making dolls. With scissors, needle, paint and other materials, she could make dolls of all sizes, sexes and colors. Once she made a Queen of Sheba with a gold crown and she seated her in a chariot made of half a pumpkin, drawn by four prancing steeds which were crook-necked squashes. Then she manufactured a negro driver and placed him above with the reins in his hands.

Favorite holidays for the Beecher children were Fourth of July and Thanksgiving when the kitchen was fragrant with the spicy smell of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and the children were set to tasks of stringing raisins, slicing orange peel for the pudding and cakes that formed an important part of the great feast. A tub of rosy apples, another of golden quinces and a bushel basket full of cranberries were set in the midst of the circle of happy children to be sorted and cut while the great fire in the wide chimney roared and crackled, lighting with its radiance the farthest corner of the room. After the glorious dinner of turkey, chicken, pudding and pies in endless variety, Dr. Beecher, following the old Puritan custom, recounted all the mercies of God in His dealings with the family. Then with the singing of the Puritan hymn, "Let children hear the mighty deeds which God performed of old," the ceremonies closed.

When Harriet was twenty-one, her father responded to a call to become the head of Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati, Ohio. The journey to the West at that time occupied many days and had something of the fascination of a wild adventure. It was made by steamboat, yacht, and stage coach. The coach was drawn by four horses and the tedium of the drive was relieved by the songs of the driver, who every now and then shouted back to his passengers a new set of stories acquired when the stage was changing horses.

For eighteen years the Beechers lived in Cincinnati. Here Harriet married Calvin E. Stowe, a professor in the Seminary, and here, since only the Ohio River separated her from slave territory, she had many opportunities to study the slavery problem. She and her friends aided many slaves who had escaped across the river, and from the lips of these fugitives she learned the story of their sufferings. Anti-slavery feeling was running high in the North and the "underground railroad" had come into existence. By means of friendly farmhouses which served as stations at convenient distances from each other, the negroes were taken at night on horseback or in covered wagons way across the state to Canada, where slavery was against the law. Mrs. Stowe grew more and more interested in the slavery problem, more and more eager to do something to help abolish the ugly system.

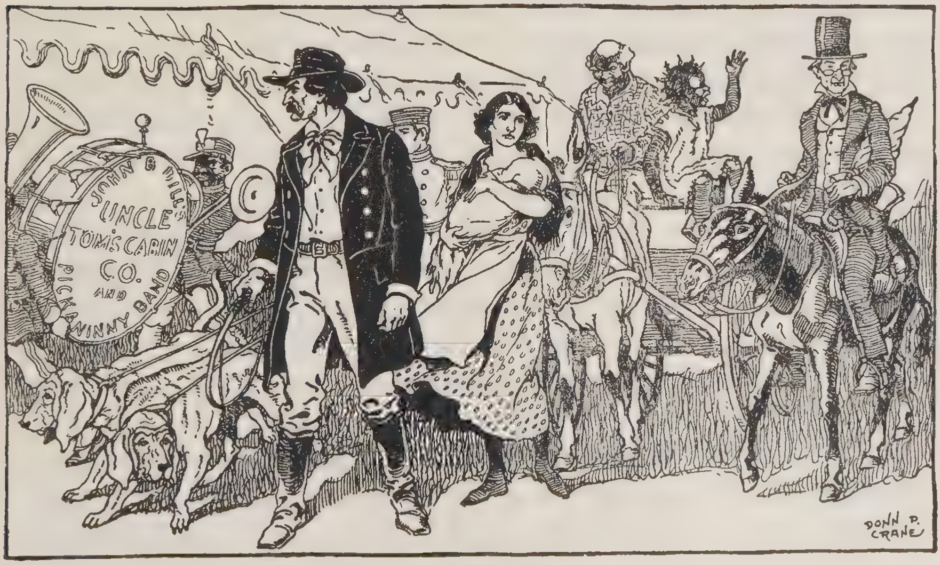
In 1850 she went with her husband to Brunswick, Maine, where Mr. Stowe became a professor in Bowdoin College. There, one morning when she was seated in church, she felt the strong inspiration to write a book about slavery and scene after scene unfolded itself to her. Going to her room, she locked herself in and wrote the chapter on Uncle Tom's death, and when her writing paper gave out, she used some coarse brown paper in which groceries had been wrapped. She had extraordinary household cares and six children including a new baby, yet the story possessed her. Even among such distractions she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

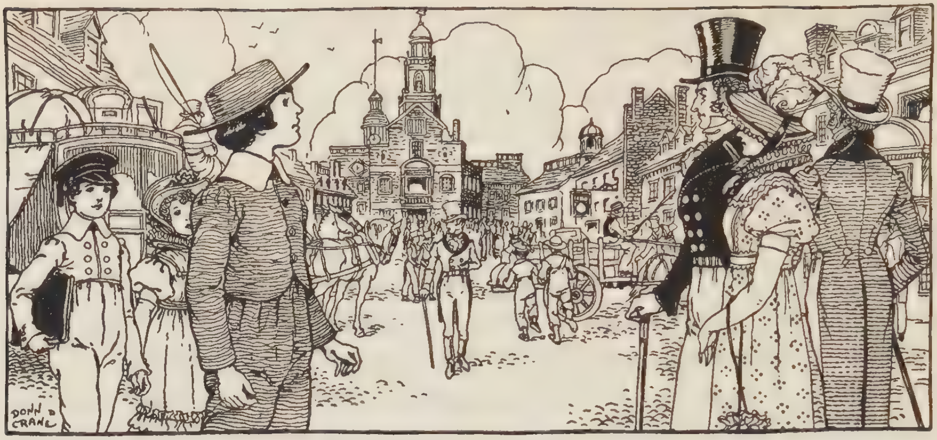
Uncle Tom was modeled upon a negro slave named Josiah Henson, who, in 1828 escaped into Canada and became a Methodist preacher. Many of the other characters in the book were suggested by real people. While she was visiting once in Kentucky, she discovered a quaint little Jim Crowe negro girl who was the original of Topsy, and she got the material for the dialogue between Miss Ophelia and Topsy while trying to give this wild little savage some religious instruction in a Mission Sunday

School. Said Miss Ophelia: "Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy? Do you know who made you?" "Nobody as I knows on," said the child, with a short laugh. The idea appeared to amuse her considerably, for her eyes twinkled and she said: "I 'spect I growed. Nobody ever made me."

Uncle Tom's Cabin aroused the people of the North against the evils of slavery and was one of the great forces in bringing about the Civil War. It was in many ways a one-sided picture, unfair to the better class of slave-owners in the South, and yet it depicted very real conditions existing in certain places, and it has never lost its power to touch the heart. It has been translated into more than twenty languages and presented countless times on the stage.

For many a year a procession of blood hounds through the streets of country towns and little cities, with a Topsy and an Uncle Tom and a comic negro dressed like a negro-minstrel, was notification to all the boys and girls that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would be presented that night at the town hall or the city theatre.





The Young Quaker

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (*American*, 1807-1892)

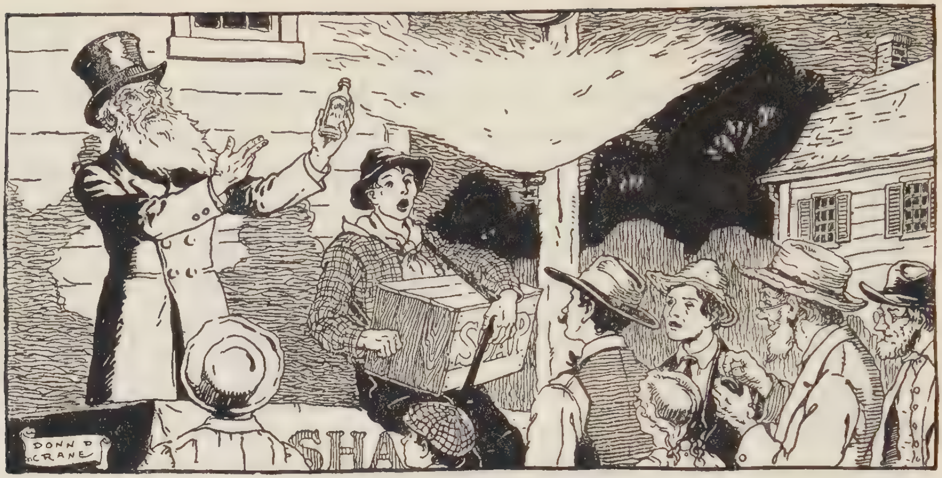
IT WAS cold in Haverhill in the winter. Sometimes the Whittier family was snowbound for days, but the house was cheery and homey with its blazing fire, and the snow without made a world of fairy beauty. John was the son of a hard-working, deeply religious Quaker family, and his days were spent in work, in quiet home joys and in husky out-of-door sports. Once he made a trip to Boston. What an event it was! With what expectation did he look forward to it, and how the whole household lent itself to furthering so great an expedition! He was not only to have a new suit of clothes, but they were, for the first time, to be trimmed with "boughten buttons," a clear mark of distinction, to the boy's way of thinking, between town and country fashion. In his fresh homespun clothes, cut after the best usage of the Society of Friends, he started bravely by the coach to pass a week with a relation, Mrs. Greene, in Boston.

Mrs. Greene greeted him with affectionate hospitality, and he sallied forth at once to the great business of seeing the sights. Up and down he wandered, up and down, but, alack, how bewildering did the streets appear! Somehow it wasn't at all as he had expected. The crowd grew worse and worse, thicker and thicker, more intent on jostling and pushing. Such a terrible stream of people! And they paid no heed to him whatever. He began to think his new clothes and his buttons were thrown away. Suddenly he felt very homesick. To these city folk it made no difference at all about his "boughten buttons." Sadly he went back to Mrs. Greene's to drink a cup of tea, but there he found a gay company gathered, who begged him to go to the theatre. This suggestion thoroughly shocked his careful Quaker training and completed his misery. With all his heart he longed to be at home.

John was always writing poetry which he hid from everyone but his sister Mary. One day he was helping his father to mend a fence when the postman, passing his gate, tossed him a newspaper and what should he see but one of his own verses in print! He could scarcely believe his eyes! His sister had secretly sent the poem to the *Free Press*, a paper published by that bold and sturdy foe to slavery, William Lloyd Garrison. Not long afterward Garrison came to see the poet while he was working in the cornfield and urged his father to send him to some higher school. Mr. Whittier had not the money for the purpose, but someone offered to teach the youth to make ladies' shoes and slippers during the winter. Thus he put himself through two years at Haverhill Academy.

Whittier became in time the great poet of the anti-slavery movement, and William Lloyd Garrison was always his friend. His office was burned and he was mobbed for his views, but it mattered not to him! His *Voices of Freedom* rang out like a trumpet call, nor was it till freedom was won, that his bugle notes softened into the quiet of deep religious feeling.

THE BAREFOOT BOY BARBARA FRIETCHIE MAUD MULLER IN SCHOOLDAYS



The Hoosier Poet

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY (*American*, 1853-1916)

BUDDY RILEY was a sturdy, flaxen-haired little boy with wide-open blue eyes. Greenfield, Indiana, where he lived was a region of cornfields, meadows, woodlands, and orchards, and the people there spoke that racy Hoosier dialect of the pioneer days of the Middle West. Hard work and ragged clothes were Buddy's daily companions and his chief delight was a plunge in the "old swimmin' hole."

When he was twenty-two Buddy was seized with the spirit of adventure. He could not go off on a voyage in search of the Golden Fleece, but he went away in a wagon behind a pair of glossy sorrel horses in the company of a traveling doctor who sold patent medicines, a queer old faker with breezy, long, white whiskers. How delightful it was to bowl over the country. Miles and miles of somber landscape were made bright with merry song, and while the sun shone and all the golden summer lay spread out before him, it was glorious.

It was Buddy's business to write "catchy" songs and to act in funny little plays to draw a crowd around while the doctor sold his wares. Sometimes he took a soap box and pretended it was a hand organ. Again, he wrapped a companion in buffalo robes, led him about on all fours and with a series of alarming "Woo-ahs" told the story of the *Little Boy Who Went Into the Woods to Shoot a Bear!* But when the first thrill of adventure wore off, the business seemed shabby enough and Riley soon left it to give performances of his own.

His first public appearance was in the little town of Monroeville, Indiana, and his audience was composed chiefly of the "rag-tags" of the neighborhood, a gang of rough fellows. The response to his selections was a sickening jumble of cat-calls and hisses, but he kept a stiff upper lip and finished his program. As he sat down, the village blacksmith, one of the few serious people in his audience, rose and said abruptly, "You fellows have had your fun with this young man and I think you have hurt his feelings. He has done his best to please you and has given us a pretty good show. I move we pass the hat." He dropped in two quarters for luck and passed the hat himself. When it had been the rounds and came back to Riley, it was found to contain beans, pebbles, nails, screws, tobacco quids, buttons, pieces of iron, a doorknob, a wishbone and 58 cents in money!

Thus for two years Riley went about to small towns reciting in schools and churches and generally losing money, happy and astonished if he earned enough to purchase a feast of gingerbread. For these entertainments he wrote his own poems, chiefly in the Hoosier dialect with a warmth of tender sympathy, like *Little Orphant Annie,* till at last the tide turned for him and he met with a huge success. During his later days he gave up wandering and settled down to write in his home in Indiana, one of the few gifted Americans who have created a distinctly native literature.

The Interesting History of Old Mother Goose

THE most remarkable dame in all history who was born gray-headed and yet never grows old, who perennially keeps her charm, who is ever, forever, calling out the spirit of childhood in the human heart to go gamboling with her over the green, turning somersaults, kicking up its heels, and yet learning, too, at her knee from her quaint store of sage and precious nonsense, is that beloved old creature, Old Mother Goose. Who she was, nobody knows. Her personality remains enshrouded in the most delightful mystery. But, if the truth were known, she has doubtless dwelt forever in the human heart; for her rhymes and jingles are nothing more nor less than the spontaneous bubblings of the eternal spirit of childhood, that delicious, joyous, nonsensical wisdom which is foolishness only to men.

The rhymes and jingles of Old Mother Goose are a gradual growth like the folk tales, composed at no one time by no one individual, but springing up all down through the ages, who knows how?—naturally, spontaneously, joyously, like the droll little Jack-in-the-Pulpits and Dutchmen's-Breeches of the woodland. They need no other claim to a reason for being than the pure joy of expressing that bubbling spirit (albeit sometimes by means of well nigh meaningless words) and the everlasting delight of man in rhyme and rhythm and musical arrangement of sounds. What other excuse for existence, save its beautiful arrangement of s's, is needed by that immortal line—"Sing a Song of Sixpence!"

There have been many interesting theories as to the origin of the name Mother Goose. But the one most stoutly maintained was advanced in the quaint little volume published at Boston in the year 1833 by the firm of Munroe and Frances, under the title, *The Only True Mother Goose, without addition or abridgment, embracing also a reliable Life of the Goose Family never before published.*

According to this story a certain Thomas Fleet, born in England and brought up in a printing office in the city of Bristol, came to Boston in the year 1712 when that city was little more than an over-grown village with its narrow, crooked streets still bespeaking the cow-paths from which they sprang. Here Thomas Fleet established a printing office in that street of the delectable name, Pudding Lane, where he published small books, pamphlets and such matter as came to hand. It was not long before he became acquainted with a well-to-do family of the name of Goose, and he grew exceedingly fond of the pretty young daughter, Elizabeth Goose. Under the date June 8, 1715, there appears in the record of marriages still preserved in the historic old town hall of Boston, an entry recording the wedding by the famous Reverend Cotton Mather, of Thomas Fleet, "now residing in Pudding Lane of this city, to Elizabeth Goose."

The happy couple took up their residence in the same quaint little house with the small paned windows where the printing office was situated in Pudding Lane, and Elizabeth's mother, Old Mother Goose, went to live with them. Here various children were born to the Fleets, and Old Mother Goose, being a most devoted grandmother, was so over-joyed that she spent the greater part of her time in the nursery, pouring out to the little ones the songs and ditties which she had learned in her childhood.

The industrious father Fleet, having these ditties constantly dinned into his ears, shrewdly conceived the idea of collecting the songs and publishing them. This he did under the title, *Songs for the Nursery or Mother Goose's Melodies*, and he sold the same from the Pudding Lane shop for the price of two coppers apiece. The story further goes on to relate how a goose with a very long neck and a wide open mouth flew across the title page of the book; and Munroe and Frances solemnly announced that they had merely reprinted these wonderful original verses.

This interesting, picturesque, and delightful tale may or may not be true. Certainly the grave of Old Mother Goose remains to this very day carefully marked in one of Boston's old churchyards, where it is visited by many devoted pilgrims each year; but unfortunately, no scrap of the original book has ever been found to corroborate the claim of Messrs. Munroe and Frances. Moreover, whether the tale be true or not, it still in no way explains the origin of the name Mother Goose; for in the very childhood of Thomas Fleet, more than twenty years before his supposed publication of *Mother Goose's Melodies*, there appeared in France a little prose collection of the best known fairy tales, *Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, Toads and Diamonds, Bluebeard, Sleeping Beauty*, etc. These were written by a most distinguished French writer, Charles Perrault, were published in Paris in the year 1697, and were called *Contes de ma Mere, l'Oye*, or, *Tales of My Mother, the Goose*. On the frontispiece of his book is an old woman spinning and telling tales to a man, a girl, a boy, and a cat. It is not even known whether Perrault originated the name Mother Goose, for it is said, that long before his time, the goose had been given the reputation for story telling. Instead of saying of stories the origin of which they did not care to disclose, "A little bird told me!" people used to say, "Oh, a goose told me!" And so, after all, perhaps even the name Mother Goose belongs to the people and not to any one individual.

These tales of Perrault's, however, were all in prose while it is through her rhymes and jingles that Mother Goose has won her best-deserved fame. The first known collection of rhymes under her name was published in London about 1765, having been gathered together by John Newbery, the famous publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard, and the first publisher in the world to give special attention to children's books. It was he who published *Little Goody Two Shoes*, the story generally attributed to that prime friend of childhood, Oliver Goldsmith, who undoubtedly edited the *Mother Goose Melodies* for Newbery. In Welsh's *Life of Goldsmith* we are told that Goldsmith taught a certain little maid "Jack and Jill by two bits of paper on his fingers," and that after the successful production of his play *The Good-natured Man*, Mr. Goldsmith was so overjoyed that he sang lustily for his friends his favorite song, "about an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon."

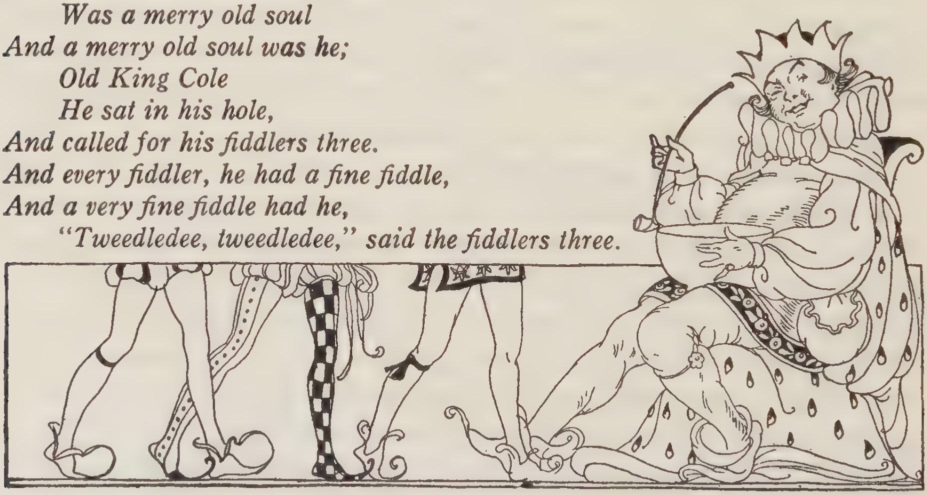
In 1785 Newbery's edition of Mother Goose was reprinted in Worcester, Massachusetts, by Isaiah Thomas, who had married one of the grand-daughters of Thomas Fleet, and a great-grand-daughter of old Dame Goose. A very beautiful copy of this book is to be found in the Boston Library, and since the story of Thomas Fleet's edition cannot be proved, John Newbery must be accepted as the first publisher, and Isaiah Thomas as the first American publisher, of our best beloved nursery classic.

Some twenty years after the Thomas edition, another collection of nursery rhymes appeared, called *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, which contained all of the *Mother Goose Melodies* and a great many more besides, but much of this material was taken from old jest books, and was worthless and coarse, and *Gammer Gurton's Garland* never attained the popularity of Mother Goose.

In 1842, James Halliwell, a man of fine scholarship, made a careful study of the nursery rhymes of England, collected principally from oral tradition. He writes that these nonsense scraps "have come down in England to us in such numbers that in the short space of three years the author has collected considerably more than a thousand." Besides Halliwell, many other men of the highest literary ability have edited Mother Goose.

It is intensely interesting to know how very old some of our best known rhymes are. In the preface to the Newbery edition, the writer, probably Oliver Goldsmith, says, "The custom of singing these songs and lullabies to children is of very great antiquity. It is even as old as the time of the ancient Druids. Charactacus, King of the Britons, was rocked in his cradle in the Isle of Mona, now called Anglesea, and tuned to sleep by some of these soporiferous sonnets." Old King Cole was certainly an ancient Celtic king of about the third century A. D., an original Briton, who lived even before the Angles and Saxons had come to conquer England. Dim and far away seem those days in the dawn of English history when the Druids still held sway with the dark mysteries of their religion in the dusky oak forests of England, but the whole flashes suddenly into light and life when we realize that those were the very days when

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
Old King Cole
He sat in his hole,
And called for his fiddlers three.
And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he,
"Tweedledee, tweedledee," said the fiddlers three.



Little Jack Horner, too, is probably early Celtic and was originally a long poem, containing the *Pleasant History of all Jack Horner's Witty Pranks*, of which the sticking of his thumb in the Christmas pie formed only an insignificant part.

Mother, May I Go Out to Swim? is fourteen hundred years old and comes from a jest book of the sixth century. Only to think that at the same time when minstrels were singing with wondrous dignity to courtly listeners in the great halls of the castles, the sonorous and heroic lines of the Beowulf, children in the nursery were snickering and giggling, just as we do today, over the ridiculous jingle,

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my darling daughter,
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water!

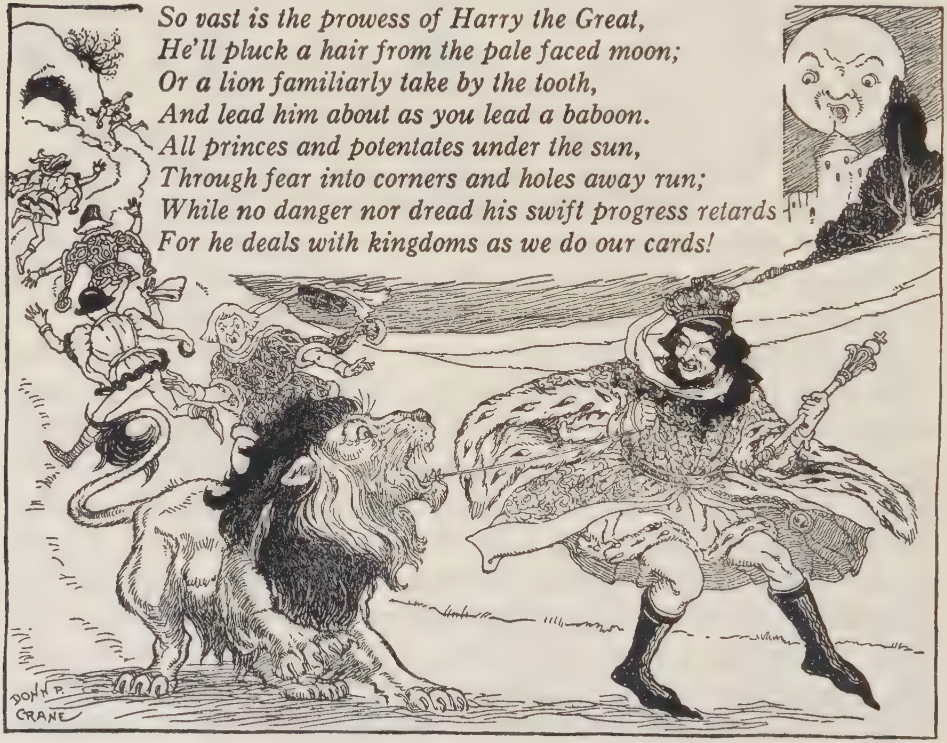
And for every man of the present time who knows the classic Beowulf, there are at least five hundred who know the jingle!

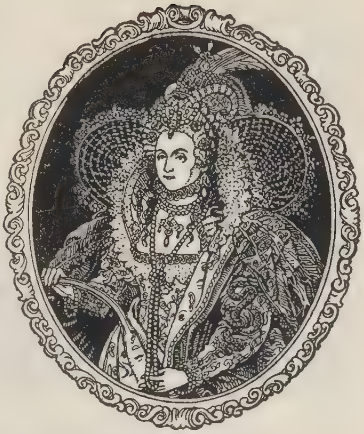
I Had a Little Husband No Bigger Than My Thumb is probably a part of Tom Thumb's History and is supposed to have originated in the tenth century from a little Danish work treating of "Swain Tomling, a man no bigger than a thumb, who would be married to a woman three ells and three quarters long."

Humpty Dumpty dates back to the days of King John in the thirteenth century. When that tyrannical gentleman was quarreling with his barons and they were forcing him to grant them the Great Charter of England, Humpty Dumpty had already begun his immortal escapade of falling off the wall, and if one were to inquire which had won the more enduring fame by his exploits, the answer would necessarily be, that granting the foundation for all the liberties of England, could never place King John in the same rank with that prime entertainer of infancy, who will apparently be performing his antics unto all generations.

The rhyme of the old woman who was tossed up in a blanket to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky was old in the days of Henry V, in the early fifteenth century. When that strong-handed monarch set out with a mere handful of men to conquer France, the faction opposed to him in his own country, used to sing the rhyme to ridicule him and show the folly and impossibility of his undertaking, representing the King as an old woman engaged in a pursuit the most absurd and extravagant possible. But when King Henry routed the whole French army at Agincourt, taking their king and the flower of their nobility prisoners, and made himself master of France in spite of his mere handful of men, the very people who had ridiculed him began to change their minds and think no task too difficult for him. They therefore cancelled the former sonnet and sang this one:

So vast is the prowess of Harry the Great,
He'll pluck a hair from the pale faced moon;
Or a lion familiarly take by the tooth,
And lead him about as you lead a baboon.
All princes and potentates under the sun,
Through fear into corners and holes away run;
While no danger nor dread his swift progress retards
For he deals with kingdoms as we do our cards!





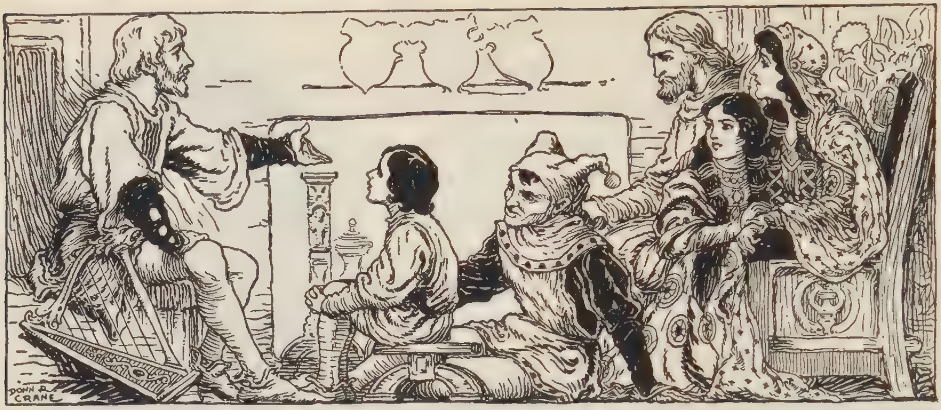
The Queen whom Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, made the famous expedition to London to see, appears to have been Queen Elizabeth, though why Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat reported nothing more interesting at court than frightening a little mouse under a chair, when she might have held forth on the subject of Queen Elizabeth in all the glory of her satins, and jewels, and stomachers, and puffs, and ruffs, and coifs, remains a secret known only to Pussy.

Simple Simon comes from a chap-book of the Elizabethan era. These chap-books, which have furnished us with a number of our old rhymes, were small volumes filled with jokes and crude illustrations and carried about from place to place for sale by wandering peddlers or chap-men, who caught the attention of the common folk by means of a song or a jig, and then sold them not only treasures of literature but buttons, and pins and jewelry besides.

Sing a Song of Sixpence was well known in Shakespeare's time.

The unfortunate Hector Protector who was dressed all in green and met with such disfavor at the hands of the King as well as the Queen, was that doughty old Puritan, Oliver Cromwell, Lord High Protector of England, familiarly called Old Noll, who ousted Charles I from his throne and could scarcely be expected, henceforth, to be any too graciously dealt with by kings and queens.

From all this account which might be lengthened still further, it appears that Mother Goose is no mere modern upstart, but belongs to the pedigreed aristocracy of literature, and in spite of a few unworthy pranks which she has perpetrated in the form of coarse and vulgar rhymes, she must be treated with the respect which is due to so worthy and lovable an old dame.



The Origin of the Folk Tales

FROM the very dawn of human history, men and women have loved to gather together in hut or castle, around the blazing camp-fire of the savage, or the homey hearth of civilization, and tell stories. Thus have arisen among all nations and peoples collections of tales peculiar to each particular folk, breathing the very spirit of their individuality and handed down orally from parents to children through generation after generation. These are the folk tales, which, at their best, in their vigor and simplicity, their vividness and beauty of imagery, the unaffected depth of their pathos and the irresistible drollery of their humor, form the largest and best part of children's reading, the characteristics that found their expression in the childhood of the human race, maintaining an eternal appeal to childhood all down through the ages. Our best known stories, *Cinderella*, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, *Sleeping Beauty* and many others are folk tales.

Although there had long ago been scattered collections of these tales, such as the wonderful *Arabian Nights*, from the Arabian and Persian and other oriental sources, first brought to the notice of Europe in the eighteenth century, and the collection of Charles

Perrault made from the French in 1697, it was during the nineteenth century that men began to be especially interested in collecting these stories, taking them down carefully from the mouths of natives, and from them studying the customs and habits of thought, even the history of the various peoples. Most notable among these collections are those made by the Grimm Brothers in Germany, and Asbjornsen and Moe from the Norse. We have collections of folk tales, however, not only from the German and Norse, the French and English, but likewise from the Gaelic, Welsh, Spanish, Scotch, Finnish, Italian, even from the Zulus and other African tribes, American Indians and Australian Bushmen. In fact we have collections from nearly every nation under the sun and most of the savage tribes besides.

From a careful study of these collections certain very interesting facts appear. In the first place, in every Aryan country, that is, every country inhabited by the white race, even those separated by the widest stretches of land and sea, the incidents, plots and characters of the tales are the very same, a few incidents common to all being put together in an endless variety of different combinations. How has it possibly come about that peoples so far apart, so long separated by space, so widely different in language and customs, as the Germans and the Hindoos for example, possess the same household tales? Everywhere among the Aryans we find legends of the ill-treated but ultimately successful younger daughter, of which Cinderella is a type. Almost every nation has some version of the Cinderella story. Cinderella herself is French, coming to us from the collection of Perrault. The real English version is the story of Catskin. In German Cinderella is Aschen-puttel; in Italian she is Cenerentola. Likewise she appears in Norwegian, Russian, Hungarian, Servian, Irish and among the tales of any number of other folk beside.

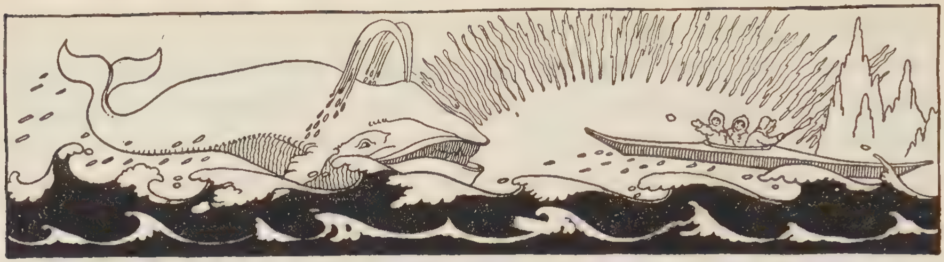
As wide spread as the story of the victorious younger daughter, is the story of the victorious younger son. He is always despised by his elder brothers, and yet succeeds at various difficult tasks where the elders fail. Such stories are *Boots and His Brothers*, from the Norse, *The Flying Ship*, from the Russian, *The Golden Bird*, from the German, *Through the Mouse Hole*, from the Czech.

Again, everywhere are stories of the wife or daughter of some powerful and evil creature, a giant, a sea-serpent, a beast, a monster, who runs away with the hero to escape from the monster. The monster pursues and the fugitives delay him by throwing something behind them, a comb that turns into a forest, the branch of a tree that becomes a river, and so on. Everywhere, too, are stories of men that have been turned into beasts by a charm and are rescued by the faithfulness and devotion of some maiden. Such are *Beauty and the Beast* from the French, *East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon* from the Norse, *Snow-white and Rose-red* from the German, etc. Beasts, birds and fishes are capable of speech, as the Fox in the *Golden Bird*, the flounder in *The Fisherman and His Wife*. Even rocks and trees and other inanimate objects are capable of speech, as in *Boots and His Brothers*, and in all is the element of magic, resistance always giving way to the spell of certain rhymes or incantations.

It is scarcely possible to suppose that the similarity of these stories among so many different peoples can be explained by conscious borrowing, that the Scotch Highlanders for example read Russian tales or traveled into Russia and so copied Russian stories, since the common people, the peasants, who are the guardians of the ancient store of legends in every land, read little and travel less. More likely it is that long, long ago in the dim beginnings of history, when the Aryan race still lived as a single people, they already possessed many of these stories, and when they scattered from their original seat to people lands as far distant from each other as Ceylon and Iceland, they bore with them the germ at least of many of their household tales. Very possible it is too, according to Mr. Andrew Lang, that far back in the unrecorded wanderings of man, these stories may have drifted from race to race. In his introduction to *Grimm's Household Tales*, Mr. Lang says, "In the shadowy distance of primitive commerce, amber and jade and slaves were carried half across the world by the old trade routes. It is said that oriental jade is found in Swiss lake-dwellings, that an African trade cowry (shell-money) has been discovered deep in a Cornish barrow. Folk tales might well be scattered abroad in the same manner by merchantmen gossiping over their Khan-fires, by Sidonian mariners chatting in the sounding loggia of an Homeric house, by the slave dragged from his home and passed from owner to owner across Africa or Europe, by the wife who according to primitive law had to be chosen from an alien clan."

Much of the similarity in household tales may be due to both these explanations, the common origin of the Aryan race and the unrecorded driftings of commerce, yet neither one entirely explains the matter, since many non-Aryan races possess the same tales and there is much similarity to the European tales in tales of races that have been utterly shut off from communication with the rest of the world, the Peruvians and the Aztecs in Mexico for example. Even the Cinderella story is not peculiar to the Aryan race. The first known version of it is the Egyptian story of *Rhodopis and the Little Gilded Sandals.*

The tale of the weak creature who runs away from a powerful and malevolent being, casting impediments behind to delay the pursuit of the monster, so common in European tales, is also particularly wide-spread in many non-Aryan countries. Among the Eskimos a girl marries a whale. To visit her, her two brothers build a boat of magical speed. In their company the girl flees from the whale. The whale discovers her flight and gives chase but is detained by various objects



which she throws at him, until at last she and her brothers escape and the whale is transformed into a piece of whalebone. In a Samoyed tale, two girls are fleeing from a cannibal step-mother. They throw first a comb behind them, as the mother is almost upon them, and that becomes a forest; other small objects become rivers and mountains. The same kind of feats are performed during flight in a story from Madagascar, and one from the Zulus. A Hottentot story tells of a woman's flight from an elephant. In Japan, the hero, followed by the Loathly Lady of Hades, throws down his comb and it turns into bamboo sprouts which check her approach.

The most probable explanation of the similarity in various folk tales that could not possibly be explained by transmission or a common origin, seems to be that this is due to the similarity of primitive man's imagination and intellect everywhere, no matter how separated by material barriers. Savages the world over, past and present, although utterly cut off from all association with each other, have invariably shared certain views of life. For one thing they draw no hard and fast line between themselves and the animal or inanimate world about them. To the simple mind of the savage, all things appear to live, to be capable of conscious movement and even of speech. The sun, the moon, the stars, the very ground on which he walks, the clouds, storms and lightning are all to him living, conscious beings. Animals have miraculous power and are supposed to be able to protect him as illustrated by the totems of the Alaskan Indians. Moreover, the savage believes infallibly in magic. Everywhere we find Australians, Maoris, Eskimos, old Irish, Fuegians, Brazilians, Samoyeds, Iroquois and the rest showing faith in certain jugglers or wizards of their tribes. They believe that these men can turn themselves or their neighbors into animal shapes, that they can move inanimate objects by incantations and perform all the other rigamarole of magic.

It is most likely therefore that the remarkable similarities in the various folk tales are chiefly due to the identity of early fancy everywhere. They originated undoubtedly while the races were still uncivilized, and the unprogressive in each race preserved the old tale, while it is probable that those who forged ahead intellectually and acquired culture began to polish and perfect these old tales until they grew gradually into the myths that became the religions of the peoples.

From this explanation of the savage origin of the folk tales it becomes apparent why, with so many gems of beauty as various collections possess, there still exist side by side with these, hideous crudities and cruelties, survivals from the barbarous days of the story's origin, step-mothers designing to eat their children, tempting them into chests and letting the lid down to crush in their heads, women cooking their step-children's hearts to eat them, mothers and fathers deserting their own children to die in the woods; and it also makes clear why no scientific edition of folk tales, that is, a collection made for purely scientific study, is fit for constant literary use.

Some of the old folk-tales, as has been contended, doubtless were told to explain natural phenomena, why the sun rose and set, how the thunder-storm came, what produced the lightning, but they were not by any manner of means all designed to do this

as some students of folk-lore have insisted, explaining *Little Red Riding Hood* and nearly every other nursery tale as a sun myth. Those that were an attempt at such explanation usually frankly declare themselves to be so. For instance the myth of the man who caught the sun and anchored it to the earth is a savage attempt to explain why the sun pursues a regular course through the sky, instead of going hither and yon at will, and is found not only in the Hawaiian, but among American Indians and New Zealanders as well.

The folk tales were rather as a whole a natural expression of primitive man's imagination and intellect, his views of life, his aims and interests, without particular purpose or meaning. Gradually as his life became better ordered and richer in experience, his intellect keener and clearer, his spirit more refined, certain simple moral conceptions began to creep into his tales. Thus men the world over in lands far, far apart began to express a natural love of good temper and courtesy by tales of the good boy or girl who succeeded in enterprises where the bad boy or girl, as a punishment for churlishness or disobedience, had failed. Such stories are *The Twelve Months*, from the Bohemian, *Toads and Diamonds*, from the French. Admiration for steadfastness and devotion began to express itself in stories of the maiden who keeps on through great hardships to free her lover from evil enchantment, as in *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon* and the Russian counterpart of the same.

More and more, simple moral and ethical ideals, shared by all mankind, with no necessity for intercommunion to impart the same, the natural expression of man's growth everywhere, his higher longings and inner urgings began to form their own stories with a certain similarity among all peoples, and no one thing gives a better conception of the universal oneness of human nature, the similarity of its line of unfoldment everywhere than a glance over its old folk tales.

What is a Myth?

A MYTH is a popular story intended to explain some natural phenomenon or some phase or problem of life. In general, a myth deals with the actions of gods, or beings possessed of divine attributes. It seems most probable that the myths were the outgrowth of the household tales and that, while the tales were preserved by the rude and uncultured among the races, the more advanced and intellectual of each folk refined these tales into the myths which gradually became the religions of the peoples.

While many of the myths are merely poetical and impossible, though beautiful, explanations of natural phenomena, as *How the Sunflower Came, Why Winter and Spring Come Every Year, etc.*, mythology as a whole means far more than that in the evolution of human thought. As men in the very beginnings of ordered thinking, began to seek for causes beneath the outward appearance of things, to question and ponder instead of blindly accepting the universe, they could not escape striving to understand the power that creates, sustains and regulates the world, from which emanates the thought and life that pervades and animates all the universe; and, being unable to conceive of that power, so diversified in the infinite variety of its manifestations and operations, as one power, one God, they conceived of it as many gods; they perceived its various attributes and qualities as these appeared in human experience, and personified each of these as a god or goddess. Thus, when they perceived wisdom, truth, beauty, etc., to be vital and powerful elements of human life that must have a source somewhere, instead of conceiving of one God who is all wisdom, beauty, truth, bountifulness, productivity, strength, life, light and love, they conceived of a god or goddess who gave wisdom, a god or goddess who gave life, a god or goddess of beauty, a god or goddess of truth, bounty, productivity, strength, etc. Instead of one God whose power embraces the universe, there was a god of the earth, a god of the sea, etc., and humanity's innate perception of its own necessity for seeking divine help, help outside its own inadequate capacities, in time of trouble, expressed itself in seeking protection from the various gods, each of which was endowed with that protective power which belongs truly to God.

Thus early man's system of gods was only human thought in a state of evolution crudely and imperfectly recognizing the various attributes of the one God, naming and classifying the various unseen elements that go to make up life, commencing definitely, if slowly, to distinguish between good and evil. And back of their manifold gods, the myth-makers nearly all dimly perceived the idea of one power in an Odin or Jove who was All-father and supreme. It is said that the early Egyptian priests, though their religion always possessed far more points of dissimilarity than of similarity to the Hebrew, still possessed very distinctly this secret of one God, one Cause and Creator of the universe, and Mr. Prescott tells us in his *Conquest of Mexico*, that even the Aztecs, evolving their religion so utterly apart from the rest of the world, recognized, in spite of their barbarous myths of many gods, the existence of a supreme creator and Lord of the Universe. "They addressed him in their prayers as 'the God by whom we live,' 'omnipresent, that knoweth all thoughts, and giveth all gifts,' 'without whom man is as nothing,' 'invisible, incorporeal, one God, of perfect perfection and purity,' 'under whose wings we find repose and sure defence.' These sublime attributes infer no inadequate conception of the true God." He tells us furthermore, in *The Conquest of Peru*, "It is a remarkable fact, that many, if not most, of the rude tribes inhabiting the vast American continent, however disfigured their creeds may have been in other respects by a childish superstition, had attained to the sublime conception of one Great Spirit, the Creator of the Universe, who, immaterial in his own nature, was not to be dishonored by an attempt at visible representation, and who, pervading all space, was not to be circumscribed within the walls of a temple."

However much men still confused good and evil, sensual and spiritual qualities, in defining the nature of their gods, early mythology represents at least a pressing forward of primitive human thought toward explanations of the universe, toward some comprehensive grasp of the unseen force behind creation, and some attempt to sort out good from evil; and however great the jumble of superstitions with which the truth was still overlaid, each nation pressed just so far along this line of discovery as its particular thought was capable of reaching, untouched by the supreme truth which came with Christianity.

Early myth-makers personified not only the qualities and elements which they perceived to be good in human existence, but also those elements which they perceived to be evil, sometimes as gods, as in the case of the Norse Loki, god of mischief and evil, father of sorrow and death, but more often as hideous monsters, giants or trolls. In the Norse, these personifications of evil were often creatures of mist and darkness, of lies and illusion, which must disappear before the light, certainly, not an unintelligent conception of evil, and the Norse not only set forth in their myths the material warfare of warmth and light against cold and darkness, but they set forth also the warfare of good against evil. In the Persian, the Children of Light war against the spells and illusions of the Children of Darkness, the Deevs, and again, the material sense of light wiping out darkness, has the deeper meaning of spiritual truth and enlightenment wiping out evil.

In many of their myths the Norsemen reached a very lofty and beautiful conception of things. In the god Baldur, they honored all that was beautiful, eloquent, wise and good. He was the spirit of activity, joy and light. Even Thor, though he was degraded into a war god, seems at his best, in his encounters with the giants from the land of mists and winter, the land of lies and illusions, rather to have stood for that strong spiritual force that gives battle to evil, than a creator of strife among men, and his thunderbolt for no destructive force, but for that beneficent power that smites the chains of winter and sets free the life-giving showers of spring. The Norse attain a high spiritual level, too, in their conception of the final disappearance of this world, with the twilight of the gods, and the appearance of a new heaven and a new earth, an earth wherein goodness only dwells, an earth filled with abundance, regenerated and purified, where Baldur will come again with light and life, with wisdom, joy and goodness, and all evil ceases, for Loki is no more.

Though all nations have had their myths, and many, the East Indians for example, have an enormous jumble, the Greek and Norse mythologies are the most complete and orderly. The Greek myths show a love of beauty and brightness, of warmth and color, that makes the Norse look somewhat dark and somber by contrast, yet the Greeks retained far more of the sensuous element and attained far less of the spiritual than the Norse. There are, nevertheless, many very beautiful Greek myths. There are the story of Hercules, his patience and his labors to free mankind from the various monsters, the myth of Echo and Narcissus, wherein the youth who loves only himself finds nothing but misery, unsatisfied longing and final death, the beautiful story of that dear old couple, Baucis and Philemon. All these and many others show true and right conceptions of things, and indicate that mythology, though it always remained a confused mixture of barbarism and beauty, with far more superstition than truth, and though it could never possibly have attained anything like the moral and spiritual height which a wholly consecrated, inspired, and persistent demand for truth did attain on the hills of Judea, holds nevertheless, much of beauty and lasting truth.

THE LATCH KEY

The World's Great Epics

AN EPIC is an heroic narrative, sometimes in prose, but most often in poetry, treating in heroic style a theme of heroic proportions. Its unity generally consists in the fact that all the incidents are grouped about one central hero. These stories were told and sung by wandering bards in hall and castle from generation to generation, until at last some poet appeared, of sufficient genius to write down the tale and give it permanent form in the peculiar style and rhythm of his own country.

THE greatest of all the world's epics, the *Iliad** and *Odyssey**—are attributed to Homer, who is said to have lived between 1050 and 850 B. C. For centuries they were publicly recited in the stately marble porticoes of Greek dwellings or on the dappled lawns of temple groves overlooking the blue Aegean. The *Iliad* or *Achilliad* relates the story of the Trojan War, and centers about the hero, Achilles. The *Odyssey* is the tale of the wanderings of Ulysses, or Odysseus, after the fall of Troy. Very like the Greek epics is the *Aeneid* of Virgil, the story of the wanderings of the Trojan, Aeneas.

*THE ADVENTURES OF ODYSSEUS *by Padraic Colum.* THE ILIAD FOR BOYS AND GIRLS *by A. J. Church.*
THE ODYSSEY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS *by A. J. Church.* THE AENEID FOR BOYS AND GIRLS *by A. J. Church.*

Next in antiquity to the Greek epics is the Persian epic, *Shah-Nameh**, or Book of Kings, of which Rustem is a hero. This book was composed by the poet Abul Kasim Mansur about 920 B. C. Abul Kasim sang so sweetly that his master, the Shah, termed him Firdusi, or Singer of Paradise.

*THE STORY OF RUSTEM *by Renninger.*

Following the Persian we have the two great East Indian sacred epics, the *Mahabharata** and the *Ramayana.** The *Ramayana* was composed in Sanscrit some five hundred years before Christ,

and is a strange mixture of the wildest and most preposterous legends with the truest and deepest philosophy. The poem is generally attributed to Valmiki, a hermit who dwelt on the bank of the Ganges. One day it chanced that Valmiki saw one bird of a happy pair slain, and he made use of so strange and expressive a meter in singing the pity stirred in his heart at the sight, that the god Brahma, the one supreme God of the Hindus, immediately bade him employ the same meter in narrating the adventures of Rama, who is supposed to be one of the seven appearances in the flesh of the god Vishnu, the preserver of men.

*THE INDIAN STORY BOOK (*Tales from the Ramayana and Maha-Bharata*) by *Richard Wilson.*

THE oldest epic in Europe is the Finnish* *Kalevala, Land of Heroes.* Although the *Kalevala* was not written down until the first half of the nineteenth century, when Topelius and Lönnrot painstakingly took it from the mouths of the people, it incorporates within it poems that doubtless date back some three thousand years into Finnish antiquity. The *Kalevala* relates the ever varying contests between the Finns and Laplanders, Light and Darkness, Good and Evil, the Finns signifying Light and Good, the Laplanders Darkness and Evil. The chief beauty of the poem is its wonderful rhythm and its splendid flights of imagination.

The poet who sang the song somewhere in the dim past says,

> "*Nature was my only teacher,*
> *Woods and waters my instructors,*"

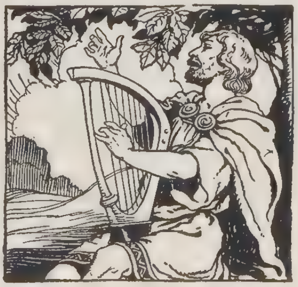
and certainly, the rhythm of the poem does ring and trip and ripple with the very spirit of winds and waves and woodlands. Longfellow copied the strange rhythm of *Kalevala*, its alliterative use of words and its delightful repetitions, very perfectly in *Hiawatha.*

*THE SAMPO, *Hero Tales from the Finnish Kalevala, by James Baldwin.*

The best known of the Norse epics is the *Volsunga Saga**, the tale of Sigurd and Sigmund, descendants of Volsunga. It tells the famous story of how Sigurd slew the dragon, Fafnir, and how he broke through the ring of fire to rescue Brynhild, the Valkyr, from her long doom of sleep. The *Nibelungenlied*, the German story of the accursed golden hoard of the Nibelungs or dwarfs, was taken from the *Volsunga Saga*. A more beautiful Norse epic is the *Saga of Frithjof*.

*SIEGFRIED, THE HERO OF THE NORTH *by Ragozin.* THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED *by James Baldwin.*
SIGURD THE VOLSUNG *by Morris.* FRITHJOF, THE VIKING OF NORWAY *by Ragozin.*

IN ENGLISH the *Beowulf* is our oldest epic. It was doubtless composed before the Angles and Saxons left Europe and settled in Britain. Among the Angles and Saxons the art of poetry was very generally cultivated and the harp was passed around at feasts that every guest might play and sing. Besides this, there were professional poets called in Old English, "scops or gleomen," who either travelled from place to place, or held permanent positions at the courts of chieftains or kings. These poets set out to sing of real events, but gradually they magnified the deeds of which they sang, and as the true event on which the poem was founded, receded into the past, the hero came to be pictured as enormously greater and stronger than he actually was, his deeds as infinitely more wonderful, until he became a sort of demi-god. Beowulf is held to have been a real person thus magnified, and stories about him arose among the Angles and Saxons in Europe in the seventh century A. D. These poems were originally heathen, which accounts for the mingling of heathen and Christian elements in the epic as we have it, for it was brought by the Anglo-Saxons to England, gradually transformed as they be-



came Christian, and written down at last by some Northumberland monk.

Though the scene of the poem is not England, the social conditions it depicts, the style in which it is written, and the virtues which it exalts, are thoroughly English.

Like all Old English poetry, *Beowulf* is not in meter. The characteristic of Old English verse was a line divided in the middle by a pause and marked by alliteration, two words in the first half of the line beginning with the same letter as one word at least in the second half of the line, as for example: "How deeds of daring were done by their athelings." Another interesting characteristic of Old English verse is the use of a phrase to imply a thing instead of the direct name for the thing, as, for example, calling the sea the whale-path or swan-road, and the sword the battle-friend, which makes for a lively descriptive style and lends an interesting variety to the whole.

Next in the story of the English epic is the Arthurian Cycle, a number of epics or romances about King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table. Arthur was probably a noble Celtic King of Britain in the early days of the Saxon invasion, but his original character was gradually transformed by story-tellers until, by the end of the twelfth century, he had become merely an ideal king by means of whom chivalry could express its highest aims and ideals. The best known English version of these tales was by Thomas Mallory and was written in prose. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* are the Arthurian legends still further idealized and put into poetry.

The beloved Robin Hood story was compiled from some two score old English ballads, some going as far back as the year 1400, and all full of the Englishman's love for merry humor.

THE BOY'S KING ARTHUR *by Sidney Lanier.* THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD *by Howard Plye.*
NORTHLAND HEROES (BEOWULF AND FRITHJOF) *by Florence Holbrook.*
UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT *by Royde Smith.*

In Ireland there were three great cycles of poetry sung by the old Gaelic bards long years ago when Ireland was still pagan and had her own Irish gods. These cycles consisted of scattered poems never put into one great whole, and the finest and most Irish of them all is the one dealing with Cuculain or Cuchulain and the Knights of the Red Branch. Cuculain and his friends are historical characters, seen as it were, through mists of love and wonder. The large manner of this antique Gaelic literature wipes out all littleness in its presence. Nothing small in the heart of man can stand before real sympathy with the enormous simplicity of this heroic tale of primitive Irish life.

THE CUCHULAIN *by Standish O'Grady.*
THE BOY'S CUCHULAIN *by Eleanor Hull.*

The national epic in France bears the characteristic name, *Chanson de Geste*, or *Song of Deeds*, because the *trouveres* and the troubadours wandered from castle to castle singing the deeds of their lords. The greatest cycle of these chansons, of which there were three, dealt with Charlemagne, the champion of Christianity, and his twelve faithful paladins or peers.

THE STORY OF ROLAND *by James Baldwin.*
FRITHJOF AND ROLAND *by Ragozin.*

In Spain the great epic poem is the *Cid*, written about 1200 A. D., a compilation from ballads already in existence. Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the Cid, was born about 1030 A. D. and his heroic deeds were performed at a time when Christian kings were making special efforts to eject the Moors from Europe.

THE STORY OF THE CID *by Wilson.*

LIVES OF AUTHORS
DONN P. CRANE

More Short Stories from Life

ALDEN, RAYMOND MACDONALD (*American*, 1874-) Author of *Why the Chimes Rang.*
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM (*Irish*, 1824-1889) *Day and Night Songs, Rhymes for Young Folks.*
ALMA-TADEMA, SIR LAWRENCE (*Belgian-English*, 1836-1912) Painter of antique life.
ASBJORNSEN, PETER CHRISTEN (*Norse*, 1812-1885) With Jorgen Moe, the first collector of Norse Folk Tales. *Norwegian Popular Stories*, translated by Sir George Dasent.
BACON, JOSEPHINE DASKAM (*American*, 1876-) Writer of stories. *Biography of a Baby, On Our Hill, The Imp and the Angel, Smith College Stories.*
BAILEY, CAROLINE SHERWIN (*American*, 1877-) Kindergarten teacher, writer and lecturer. *For the Children's Hour, Stories Children Need, Tell Me Another Story.*
BATES, CLARA DOTY (*American*, 1838-1895) Writer for children.

WILLIAM BLAKE (*English*, 1757-1827)

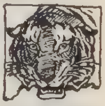
William Blake was the first English poet to know the thoughts and feelings of little children. In his *Songs of Innocence* he saw straight into the heart of the little child and for the first time uttered what was there in poetry. Blake was an engraver, and he decorated his poems with beautiful designs which were afterwards colored by hand. But he did not see as other men saw. To him all outward things seemed but a veil to hide some living Presence that always trembled through it. All earth and air seemed to quiver and palpitate with living wings. He said he saw the spangled wings of angels in a tree at Peckham Rye and Elijah walking in the haying fields. Then, alas, men said he was mad; he lost the joyousness with which he had written *Songs of Innocence* and wrote the sad and bitter *Songs of Experience.*

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Little lamb, who made thee,
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bade thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead?

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE

Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?



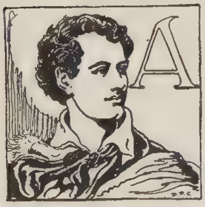
BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL (*American* contemporary) *The Lonesomest Doll, John of the Woods.*
BROWNE, FRANCES (*Irish*, 1816-) Blind, yet described most vivid scenes. *Granny's Wonderful Chair.*
BURGESS, GELETT (*American*, 1868-) Author and Illustrator of whimsical children's books. *The Lively City o' Ligg, Goops and How to be Them.*
BURGESS, THORNTON (*American*, 1874-) Writer of animal stories for children. *The Adventures of Peter Cottontail, The Burgess Bird Book.*

John Burroughs (*American*, 1837-1921)

John Burroughs lived on a nine-acre farm on the Hudson River about eighty miles from New York City. Once he had been a clerk in the treasury department at Washington but he loved to study nature too well to prosper in an office. And so he bought a farm and built himself a cabin which he called Slabsides. The outside of this cabin was covered with chestnut bark in which Burroughs used to stick bits of food and nuts for the birds to feed upon. Here he spent many happy hours and wrote many articles and books on birds and nature lore. Here, too, President and Mrs. Roosevelt came to visit him and, afterwards, many times, Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford. In 1908 Burroughs forsook Slabsides for Woodchuck Lodge, a little farm house on the home farm near Roxbury in the Catskills where he was born. Woodchuck Lodge took its name from the little woodchucks that darted in and out of the barn and made friendly visits to the gentle, white-haired old man as he sat at his work. The names of his books flash across one's fancy beautiful and vivid pictures of the nature he loved, *Wake Robin*, *Fresh Fields* and *Winter Sunshine*.

Bynner, Witter (*American*, 1881-) Poet, conspicuous as a writer of free verse.

George Gordon, Lord Byron (*English*, 1788-1824)



A STORMY life was that of the handsome little Lord Byron, an English boy with a hot-tempered Scotch mother, who was capable of tearing a dress to bits if she fell into a fit of anger. His father had wasted both his own fortune and his wife's, though Mrs. Byron was a lady of the highest rank, claiming descent from the kings of Scotland. The boy was brought up in poverty in a little Scotch town with a nurse both cruel and neglectful. At ten years of age he inherited the title and the ruined estate of his great uncle, Lord Byron. A shy and lonely lad he was, yet capable of the fieriest attachments. If he loved animals, it was of a ferocious kind. A bear, a wolf and a bull dog were his pets at different periods. From his birth he had been lame, and he let this misfortune poison his soul, unlike the sweet tempered Sir Walter Scott who was also lame from babyhood. When Byron began to write, he slashed and cut at life savagely. In most of his work is a scowling brow and a curling lip, yet his poetry was much admired in his day in England.

In spite of his lameness, Lord Byron was a good sportsman. He excelled particularly in swimming, and once, like Leander, he swam across the Hellespont. So headstrong was he, however, that his whole life was darkened by his own ungoverned passions. His restlessness often drove him to travel and he described his travels in Europe in the poem *Childe Harold*, which made him famous. Having wasted his youth, he determined to redeem himself in 1823 by going to help the Greek people who were struggling to free themselves from the outrageous rule of the Turks; but while he still labored for the Greeks he was taken ill and died.

Carman, Bliss (*Canadian*, 1861-) Poet, author of *Songs from Vagabondia*.

Cather, Katherine Dunlap (*American* contemporary) Author of *Educating by Story Telling* and *Boyhoods of Famous Men*.

Cawein, Madison Julius (*American*, 1865-1914) Poet, born in Kentucky.

Chamisso, Albert von (1781-1838) Noble French boy brought up in Germany, wrote in German.

Chapman, Arthur (*American*, 1873-) Poet, born in Rockford, Illinois. Lived in Denver. *Out Where the West Begins*, *Cactus Center*.

Conkling, Grace Hazard (*American* contemporary) Poet. *Afternoons of April*.

Cooke, Edmund Vance (*Canadian*, 1866-) Poet, author of *Chronicles of a Little Tot*.

COOKE, FLORA J. (*American* contemporary) Author of *Nature Myths for Children.*

COOLIDGE, SUSAN (*American,* 1848-1894) Author of *The Katy Did Series.*

COOPER, GEORGE (*American,* 1840-) Writer of songs and poems for children.

COX, PALMER (*Canadian,* 1840-1924).

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCH (*English,* 1827-87) *Adventures of a Brownie, The Little Lame Prince.*

CRANDALL, C. H. (*American,* 1858-) Editor of *New York Tribune.* Author of *Wayside Music.*

CROKER, THOMAS CROFTON (*Irish,* 1798-1854) Author of *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland.*

DASENT, SIR GEORGE WEBB (*English,* 1817-1896) Scholar and Author who wrote chiefly of the Norse. *The Norsemen in Ireland, Heroes of Iceland, Story of Burnt Njal, Vikings of the Baltic.*

DICKINSON, EMILY (*American,* 1830-1886) Poet. Born and lived all her life at Amherst, Mass.

DODGE, MARY MAPES (*American,* 1836-1905) Author of *Hans Brinker* and *Donald and Dorothy.*

DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN (*American,* 1795-1820) Poet, of the same family as Admiral Drake.

EATON, WALTER PRICHARD (*American,* 1878-) Author of *Boy Scouts in Glacier Park* and *On the Edge of the Wilderness.*

EELLS, ELSIE SPICER (*American*) Author *Tales of Enchantment from Spain* and *Fairy Tales from Brazil.*

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO (*American,* 1803-1882) Essayist, Philosopher and Poet. See *Little Women,* Page 43.

EWING, JULIANA HORATIA (*English,* 1841-1885) Writer of children's stories. *Jackanapes, Lob-lie-by-the-fire, Jan of the Windmill.*

FAULKNER, GEORGENE (*American,* 1873-) Author of *Old Russian Tales* and *Italian Story Book.*

FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS (*American,* 1862-) For years secretary to Oliver Wendell Holmes. Author of quaint, homely New England stories. *In Colonial Times, Young Lucretia.*

GALSWORTHY, JOHN (*English,* 1867-) One of the most distinguished novelists and dramatists in England.

GARLAND, HAMLIN (*American,* 1860-) Author of *Boy Life on the Prairie* and *The Long Trail.*

GAUTIER, JUDITH (*French,* 1850-) Daughter of the famous novelist Theophile Gautier, and wife of Pierre Loti, another noted writer. Author of *The Memoirs of a White Elephant.*

GRAHAME, KENNETH (*Scotch,* 1858-) *The Golden Age, Dream Days, The Wind in the Willows.*

GRIFFIS, WILLIAM ELLIOT (*American,* 1843-) Author of Japanese, Korean, Dutch, Swiss and Welsh fairy tales.

GRIMM, WILHELM (1786-1859) and JACOB (1785-1863) Collectors of German folk tales.

HALE, SARAH JOSEPHA (*American,* 1788-1879).

HARRISON, ELIZABETH (*American* contemporary) One of the founders of the National Kindergarten College and author of *In Storyland.*

HEADLAND, ISAAC TAYLOR (*American,* 1859-) Missionary and Collector of Chinese nursery rhymes.

HERFORD, OLIVER (*English-American* contemporary) Author of *Artful Anticks.*

HOGG, JAMES, "The Ettrick Shepherd" (*Scotch,* 1770-1835) A shepherd poet befriended by Scott.

HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT (*American,* 1819-1881) Founder of *Scribner's Monthly* now the *Century Magazine.*

HOOD, THOMAS (*English,* 1799-1845) Poet.

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN (*American,* 1837-1920) Born in Ohio. Editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* for many years and founder of that school of writers which portrays commonplace American life. *The Flight of Pony Baker, Christmas Every Day.*

INGELOW, JEAN (*English,* 1820-1897) Author of *Mopsa, the Fairy* and *Stories Told to a Child.*

JACOBS, JOSEPH (*British,* born in Australia, 1854-) Editor of *English Fairy Tales, Celtic Fairy Tales.*

HELEN HUNT JACKSON (*American*, 1831-1885)

Helen Hunt Jackson, impetuous and big of heart, once heard two Indians in Boston telling the story of their unjust treatment at the hands of the white men. At once she determined to make her life work the bettering of conditions among the Indians. She thought she would write a novel which should strike home to the hearts of the American people and rouse them to sympathy for the sorrows of the Redmen. Accordingly, she began *Ramona.*

She spent six months in Southern California, making friends with the old Spanish families, seeking their aid in her just cause. She visited the Missions themselves and sought to live over again in fancy the sorrowful history of the Indians. So full of her subject was she that her book fairly wrote itself and aroused all America. The Indians themselves adored her, and she did not rest till she had appealed to the government at Washington to preserve for them some part of their beloved home-land, so much of which had been wrested from them by the white men. Her work resulted in many reforms in the policy of the Indian bureau at Washington. *Nelly's Silver Mine, Ramona, Cat Stories.*

JEWETT, SARAH ORNE (*American*, 1849-1909) A Maine woman who wrote stories of New England. *The Country of the Pointed Firs, Betty Leicester, Deephaven.*

JOHNSON, CLIFTON (*American*, 1865-) Editor of *Oak Tree Fairy Book, The Birch Tree Fairy Book.*

JORDAN, DAVID STARR (*American*, 1851-) Born in New York. The first president of Leland Stanford University and a scientist of renown. *The Book of Knight and Barbara, True Tales of Birds and Beasts.*

JOYCE KILMER (*American*, 1886-1918)

Joyce Kilmer's days were long, long days of real work in the office of the *New York Times*, and his home in a greenery suburb was a place full of babies and boundless week-end hospitality. He was an active young fellow, full of mirth and keen zest in life, and above all, he was a man. The more of a poet he became, the less like a poet he acted. When the United States entered the World War, he enlisted at once as a common soldier and went to France. It was the "pleasantist war he had ever attended," he wrote back on a post card. "Nice war, nice people, nice country, nice everything." But in spite of his joking he felt to the heart the meaning of that great struggle. And so he wrote of the soldier over-seas:

For Freedom's sake he is no longer free,
It is his task, the slave of liberty,
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.
That pain may cease he yields his flesh to pain,
To banish war, he must a warrior be;
He dwells in Night, Eternal Dawn to see,
And gladly dies abundant life to gain.

He was constantly in the thick of the fighting, spending his days in dug-outs with star-shells bursting around, and the tattoo of machine guns ever in his ears. One day he reported that a little wood harbored some enemy guns and he was sent in the lead of a patrol to establish their exact location. A couple of hours later a battalion advanced into the woods to clear the spot of the enemy and several of Kilmer's comrades caught sight of him lying as if still scouting with his eyes bent over a little ridge. So like himself he was that they called to him, but he never answered. They found him with a bullet through his head. Reverence, enthusiasm, simplicity, faith—these were the stuff of his poems.

The Peacemaker
Main Street
Lullaby for a Baby Fairy

CHARLES KINGSLEY (*English*, 1818-1875)

ON THE rocky coast of Devonshire lies the queer little fishing village of Clovelly that goes tumbling down from the top of the cliff to the bright blue waters of the bay below, its little cobblestone street so steep that mules can scarcely climb it, and its tiny white cottages clinging, goodness knows how! to the rock, each peering curiously over the roof of the one below. In Clovelly a group of old fishermen may always be found, sunning themselves on benches, looking far out to sea and telling wild tales of the ocean. Here the rector's small son, Charles Kingsley, used often to come to hear the old tars tell their stories, and the life of the hardy fishermen, their toils and dangers stirred him deeply. Indeed he loved all Devonshire—its moors and fens, its fragrant country lanes.

But by and by, young Charles had to leave his beautiful Devonshire and go to King's College in London. How he hated life in the city! Often he dreamed of leaving the University and going to America to be a trapper and hunter in the west. Just then, however, he fell deeply in love with a certain young lady whose parents could not welcome a penniless student. So he made haste to finish his schooling and became the curate of Eversley.

Full of boyish fun and overflowing vitality was the young curate of Eversley though he was deeply religious, too, and worked with tireless enthusiasm. Soon he began to write pamphlets and books on all the great topics that stirred men's minds in his day, and so vigorously did he write that his influence spread far beyond the limits of his parish. Slowly he rose to be one of the great men of his time and Chaplain to Queen Victoria.

Water Babies *The Heroes* (Greek Fairy Tales) *Westward Ho!*

LA FONTAINE, JEAN DE (*French*, 1621-1695) *Fables in Rhyme*, illustrated by John Rae. *La Fontaine's Fables*, illustrated by Boutet de Monvel.

RUDYARD KIPLING (*English*, 1865-)

In India the sun pours down on miles of yellow desert sand, dotted here and there by the blue waters of a sparkling lake or river. Whirling dust-clouds rise high in the air, making it necessary for the traveler to bind his face for protection.

There are forests where monkeys chatter among the bright colored trees the live-long day. Little striped squirrels whisk merrily about, green parrots perch on distant boughs, and tigers, leopards and wolves abound. There are cities with street bazaars, ragged urchins, beggars, and holy men always in evidence.

In this enchanting land of gypsies and camels and bullock carts, Rudyard Kipling spent the first six years of his life, for his father was a professor in the Bombay School of Art. When Rudyard was six years old, he and his younger sister were sent to England to live with relatives, and he carried with him many a tale learned from his native Indian nurse.

At thirteen he entered the United Services School in Devon where he experienced the joys and hardships related in *Stalky & Company*.

Then followed seven more years in India at Lahore, where his father was curator at the Government Museum—the "Wonder House" mentioned in "Kim." Here he drank deeply of the spirit of India which he has so charmingly revealed in the *Jungle Books*. He made leisurely journeys through India, Japan, South Africa and the United States. In Brattleboro, Vermont, he labored with his own hands to build himself a house which he christened "The Naulahka;" and in this pleasant, green mountain retreat he wrote the *Jungle Books* and *Captains Courageous*.

Later he moved to a beautiful country estate near Burwash in England, and there news was brought him in 1907 that he had won the Nobel Prize for literature.

LARCOM, LUCY (*American*, 1826-1893). *Poems for Children.*

EMMA LAZARUS (*American*, 1849-1887)

Emma Lazarus was a young Jewish girl, shy and sensitive. As a child she lived in a world of poetry and books and she was only fifteen when she published her first volume of verse. Sombre, tragic poems they were, breathing the tragic spirit of her race. The girl worshiped Emerson; he was deeply interested in her and wrote her what books to read and study. After the outrages against the Jews in Russia and Germany in 1881, she threw herself heart and soul into the movement against such barbarism. Not only did she write poetry in a crusade of protest but she worked untiringly among the terror-stricken immigrants who flocked into this country and began studying the language, literature and history of her race. Such a woman could well understand what America meant to the poor and oppressed of Europe.

LEAR, EDWARD (*English*, 1812-1888) Author of the child classic *Nonsense Rhymes.*

MAUD LINDSAY (*American*, 1874-)

Way down south in Alabama, one trudges up a red clay hill over a queer little road through friendly woods and then at last he catches a glimpse of the Florence Free Kindergarten, founded by Maud Lindsay. A few little children, brown as the falling leaves from their healthful life in the open, are playing about the school, but it is Aunt Julia who first introduces the visitor into the ways of the Kindergarten, for Miss Maud has gone tramping off over the hill to take the morning groups of children back to their homes in the Cherry Cotton Mills district. Aunt Julia is a comfortable old black mammy. If any child is hard to handle he is turned over to Aunt Julia, for Aunt Julia herself has the heart of a child. If one is shy and afraid of the other children, Aunt Julia plays with him until he has forgotten all about himself and entered into the others' interests.

"Me an' Miss Maud been teachin' up hyar fo' twenty-five years," says Aunt Julia.

So in a little corner of Alabama, far away from the fashionable kindergartens of the east, this gentle Alabama lady, founder of the first free kindergarten in the state, devotes her days to starting the little children of the cotton mill workers on the way to education and right living. Here they are gently surrounded with beauty, courtesy, kindness and love, with constructive play and wholesome stories, for Miss Maud has given much of her time to writing the right kind of stories for children. Here in her kindergarten are nourished the simplicity, courtesy, and sincerity so characteristic of the old South.

Little Missy
Silverfoot
Mother Stories
More Mother Stories

LOTHROP (Margaret Sidney) (*American*, 1844-) Author of *The Five Little Peppers* series.

LOWELL, AMY (*American*, 1874-1925) A poet conspicuous for her use of free verse.

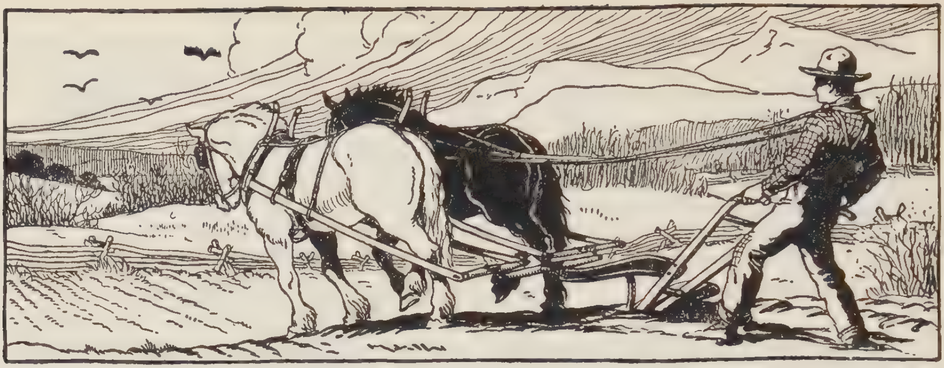
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL (*American*, 1819-1891) Poet. *The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

GEORGE MACDONALD (*Scotch*, 1824-1905)

George MacDonald was a minister, teacher, and writer whose heart overflowed with charity for all. He was never very well off and his house was full with eleven children, yet he frequently added to his family by taking in children in need. From the letters of his name he once made this anagram in Old English, "Corage, God Mend Al." These words he used as a motto on his book-plate, and they became the battle cry of his life. Plenty of troubles assailed him; but whatever the tragedy, he would say "Corage, God Mend Al," and with his wife's help start afresh. His best works are his beautiful stories for children.

At the Back of the North Wind
The Princess and Curdie
The Princess and the Goblin

MARE, WALTER DE LA (*English*, 1873-) One of the foremost modern poets, noted for his child-rhymes and his fairy rhymes. Author of *Peacock Pie* and *Down-adown-derry.*



CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM (*American*, 1852-)

A five-year-old boy went from Oregon City to live with his widowed mother and deaf and dumb brother on a lonely ranch in California. Here he worked at farming, blacksmithing, herding, and for a long time the only books he had were Byron's poems and Pope's translation of the *Iliad* which he read and reread as he lay wrapped in a blanket by the fire till sleep overcame him. His mother was poor and stern. She seemed to care little about his education. So one day the boy ran away from home to work with a band of threshers in the hope that he might earn enough to go to school. One day a strapping, six-foot member of the threshing crew with jet black hair and keen glance said to Edwin: "Wait a minute, young man. I've studied you for six weeks. You've got the head on you and just the grit of the fellow I want. I hold up stages!" Edwin listened with all his ears. "I want a man of nerve to hold the gun. I've watched you and you can do it. Up to this time I've had to do it alone,—hold the gun in one hand, take the coin and jewelry with the other and dump the booty into the sack tied around me. All you've got to do is to hold the gun!" Needless to say, Edwin refused the invitation, but he felt a real thrill at being judged a boy of grit, with a good head on his shoulders. At this crucial moment Mrs. Markham appeared to claim her romantic boy-adventurer, and joy to his hungry heart! ordered him home to prepare for school. Since the money was still lacking, however, Edwin hired out to a neighbor to plough twenty acres of land at a dollar an acre, and so at last the coveted school books were secured.

In college Markham supported himself by teaching Freshman classes while doing Sophomore and Junior work, and he and four other students lived in a bare room high up under the college bell-tower, cooking their own meals which consisted chiefly of beans, and now and then writing poems. When he left college he taught school and worked for a year as a blacksmith.

When he began writing verse for the California papers he met with great success and he lived in an eyrie hillside retreat beside a little canyon on the slope of Redwood Peak in California. His best known poem is "*The Man With the Hoe*" written after he had seen Millet's famous picture of that name. Like the picture, the poem is a tender portrait bringing out all the simple dignity of toil. At length Markham proceeded alone to New York where he was so well received that he telegraphed his wife at once in a characteristic message. "Sell everything but the baby and the books and come on." To New York he brought all the love of men and nature, which he had learned as a thresher and blacksmith in California.

MEREDITH, GEORGE (*English*, 1822-1909) One of England's greatest novelists. *The Shaving of Shagpat* (An Arabian Nights Tale).

JOHN MILTON (*English,* 1608-1674)

John Milton was a Puritan, a born rebel from his boyhood, a lover of liberty and a hater of tyranny in an age when the Stuart kings were assuming more and more power for the crown of England. Milton was a comrade of Oliver Cromwell when he forced Charles I from the throne and had him beheaded. When Cromwell became Protector of England, Milton was his Secretary for Foreign tongues and during that time became totally blind.

With Cromwell's death and the return of the Royalists to power, Milton was in disgrace and was forced for a time to go into hiding.

Blind, poverty-stricken, hated, he lost the joyousness with which in his youth he had written the trippingly gay and light hearted *L'Allegro.* Indeed he grew stern, almost hard, but he never gave up his work. Out under the trees in his garden he forced his three daughters to read to him hour after hour, long, tiresome books, sometimes in a foreign tongue of which they understood nothing. With that tremendous spirit of his, he wrote the most powerful of all his works, *Paradise Lost,* one of the greatest epic poems in the English language.

NEKRASSOV, NIKOLAI (*Russian,* 1821-1878) A famous Russian editor, poet and patriot.
NESBIT, EDITH (*English;* 1858-) Writer of children's stories.
NEWELL, PETER (*American,* 1862-) A most original humorist. Author of *The Topsy Turveys.*
NOYES, ALFRED (*English,* 1880-) One of the foremost poets of the day.
PAINE, ALBERT BIGELOW (*American,* 1861-) *The Arkansas Bear, Hollow Tree & Deep Woods Book.*
PERRAULT, CHARLES (*French,* 1628-1703) Collector of French fairy tales, *Tales of Mother Goose.*
POE, EDGAR ALLAN (*American,* 1809-1849) One of the greatest American poets.
POULSSON, ANNE EMILIE (*American,* 1853-) *The Runaway Donkey, Through the Farmyard Gate.*
PRENTISS, ELIZABETH (*American,* 1818-1878).
PRINGLE, THOMAS (*Scotch,* 1789-1834) Poet who traveled extensively in Africa.
PYLE, KATHERINE (*American* contemporary) *As the Goose Flies, The Christmas Angel.*
RAMÉE, LOUISE DE LA (*French,* 1859-1908) Called Ouida from her childish attempt to pronounce her own name. *The Dog of Flanders, The Nuremberg Stove, Bimbi, Moufflou.*
RANDS, WILLIAM BRIGHTY (*English,* 1823-1880).
RANSOME, ARTHUR (*English* contemporary).
RICHARDS, LAURA E. (*American* contemporary) Daughter of Julia Ward Howe and a noted writer for children. Author of *Captain January* and *The Joyous Story of Toto.*
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G. (*English,* 1830-1894) A poet of Italian ancestry, sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Author of *The Goblin Market* and *Sing Song,* beautiful verses for children.

JOHN RUSKIN (*English,* 1819-1900)

There was once a small boy who deeply loved beauty. His parents were very well to do, so they sailed with him frequently, even when he was a very little fellow, to the Continent of Europe, in search of all that was lovely. By the time he was three years old he was already so fond of nature, that, when an artist who was painting his portrait asked him what he would like to have for a background behind him, he piped up and answered, "Blue hills."

When he grew to be a man, Ruskin began writing books about all the beautiful pictures he loved, eagerly aiming to show others how to see as much beauty in them as he did. He was a friend, too, of Kate Greenaway's. He loved her quaint little figures and wrote her many letters which she answered with interesting notes illustrated by her drawings. Later Ruskin's interest in beauty advanced beyond pictures and he began turning all his enthusiasm to seeking the way of beauty in life itself. Then he wrote about how people could bring out more beauty in their lives by being more charitable, loving, earnest, honest and kind.

Ruskin loved boys and girls, and while he was still a student at Oxford, he set himself to please a little girl by writing a fairy story. It was all about the *King of the Golden River,* with his twinkling eyes, his coppery nose, and his hair of spun gold, and of how he helped the kind-hearted lad Gluck and turned the wicked brothers into stones.

CARL SANDBURG (*American*, 1878-   )

A boy driving a milk wagon in Illinois prairie blizzards, working in brickyards and potteries, swinging a pitchfork beside the threshing machine in Kansas wheat fields—that was Carl Sandburg. As a youth he worked his way through college at Galesburg, Illinois, the town where he was born; he washed dishes in Denver hotels, shoveled coal in Omaha and served as a soldier in Porto Rico. During the World War he worked as a newspaper correspondent in Sweden. Today he is one of the most important of modern American poets, poet of the sunburnt Middle West, of smoke and steel and Chicago streets, flashing vivid impressions in short lines of free verse. He has three little daughters and he remembers very well the boy he used to be; so he once amused himself by writing some fairy stories, as American as green corn and sweet potatoes. These tales are called *Rootabaga Stories* and *Rootabaga Pigeons.*

SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON (*English*, 1860-) A well-known writer of true stories about animals. He was born in England, but lived in Canada and on the western plains in boyhood. Author of *Wild Animals I Have Known* and *The Biography of a Grizzly.*

SETOUN, GABRIEL (Thomas N. Hepburn) (*Scotch* poet, 1861-).

SHEPARD, ODELL (*American*, 1884-) Poet and literary critic.

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND (*American*, 1841-1887).

SOUTHEY, ROBERT (*English*, 1774-1843) Poet of the Lake District. A friend of Wordsworth and Coleridge. See *A Wizard of the Twilight*, page 173.

SPYRI, JOHANNA (*Swiss*, 1829-) Writer of beautiful children's stories of life in Switzerland. *Cornelli, Heidi, Mazli, Grittis' Children, Moni, the Goat Boy, Rico and Wiseli.*

STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE (*American*, 1833-1908) Poet and critic.

STOCKTON, FRANCIS R. (*American*, 1834-1902) Novelist. Author of *The Bee Man of Orn, Fanciful Tales* and *The Adventures of Captain Horn.*

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE (*English*, 1837-1909)

There was once a gentleman living near London who quite forgot London. Day by day, through all the changing year, he gave himself up to surprising nature on the neighboring heaths and commons, in comradeship only with those creatures who with him were content with green grass and blue sky. He would discover with all the ecstasy of an explorer in lands afar, the new-come lustre of a hawthorne tree blossoming on Wimbledon Common. The long solitary morning walks over two commons that gave him these delights were seldom interrupted. Of later years his rambles were always alone and during them he saw nothing but the grass—the trees—the sky, and his fellow rhapsodists, small children. To him there was nothing so beautiful as the laughter of a child. It was sweeter than all the birds and all the bells of heaven.

If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

He did not recognize his friends even if he passed them. Once a lady, an old friend of his, purposely stood directly in his path to see if he would stop and speak to her. But he simply bowed his head without noticing who she was, and quietly passed her by.

Algernon Swinburne was one of the great poets of the age of Queen Victoria.

A Child's Laughter   *In a Garden*   *White Butterflies*

TAYLOR, BAYARD (*American*, 1825-1878) A writer of poetry for children.

TAYLOR, JANE (*English*, 1783-1824).

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (*English*, 1811-1863)

There was once a small boy sent alone on a great ship from Calcutta where he was born and where his mother and step-father still lived, to be educated in England. William Thackeray was not very happy at school, for the boys were rough and he was not overly clever.

As a young man Thackeray studied drawing in Paris, but he could not support himself by drawing so he began to write. *The Book of Snobs* published in *Punch*, brought him great success. Unfortunately, Thackeray's young wife became insane and his two little daughters were henceforth his constant companions, now in his study helping him with wood blocks for his drawings, now off with him to visit certain great ladies in the costumes they were to wear at Queen Victoria's fancy dress ball.

In his novels, which are accurate pictures of the fashionable life of his time, Thackeray makes all manner of fun of the snobbery he detested. He wrote one book for children, the deliciously funny *Rose and the Rings*.

When he traveled in America a certain admirer honored him with a jingle.

Ah! blest relief from pages soft and sacchary,
Give me the writings of that foe to quackery,
The bold, the keen-eyed, entertaining Thackeray.

Which rhyme caused the mock poet-laureate among the boys at Eton College to burst forth with:

Marshal Thackeray,
Dressed out in crack array;
Ain't he a whacker, eh?

Henry Esmond   *The Newcomes*   *The Virginians*

CELIA THAXTER (*American*, 1836-1894)

Just off the coast of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the sea beats up on the rocky shores of the Isles of Shoals. There lived little Celia Thaxter, the daughter of the lighthouse keeper, and it was in Portsmouth that she had been born. On this tiny bit of land the child spent her days, awed by the splendor of the sea, yet delighted with all its changing colors, launching her fleets of musselshells in the still pools among the rocks, filled with unspeakable joy to find a flower growing in some rocky ledge, running along the beach, and dancing after the sandpiper at the edge of the foam. Sometimes she was allowed to light the great lamps of the lighthouse which sent their beams far out to sea to guide the sailors, and she thought, "So little a creature as I, might do that much for the great world." But ever she longed to give a voice to the things that made life so sweet to her, to speak the wind, the cloud, the bird's flight, the murmur of the sea. By-and-by she began to write in poetry all the delights of the little island she loved.

THORNE-THOMSEN, GUDRUN (Editor of Norse Tales) *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.*
TOPELIUS, ZACHARIAS (*Finnish*, 1818-1898) Poet and novelist.
TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND (*American*, 1827-1916) *Cudjo's Cave, The Jack Hazard Series.*
VAN DYKE, HENRY (*American*, 1852-) *The First Christmas Tree, The Blue Flower.*
WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY (*American*, 1829-1900) Editor and writer. Author of *Being a Boy.*
WHITE, STEWART EDWARD (*American*, 1873-) *The Adventures of Bobby Orde, The Magic Forest, Gold.*
WILDE, OSCAR (*English*, 1856-1900) Dramatist and novelist. Author of *The Happy Prince.*
YONGE, CHARLOTTE (*English*, 1823-1901) Author of *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest.*
ZANGWILL, ISRAEL (1864-) A great Jewish novelist and dramatist of England.
ZWILGMEYER, DIKKEN (*Norwegian*, 1859-1913) *What Happened to Inger Johanne.*

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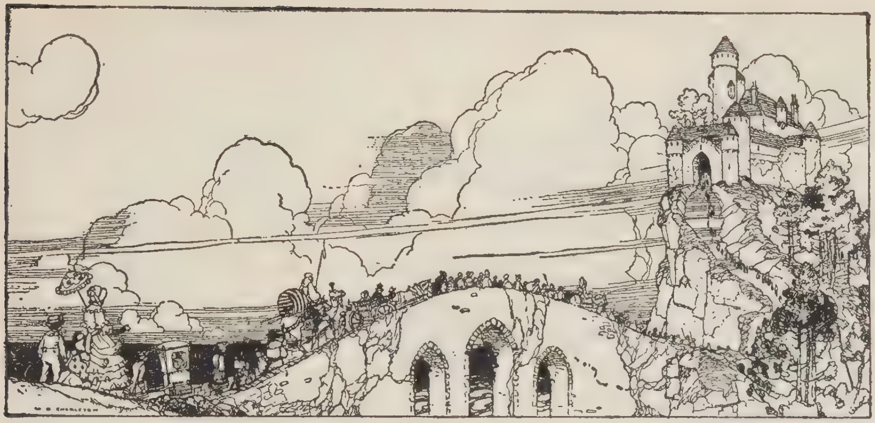

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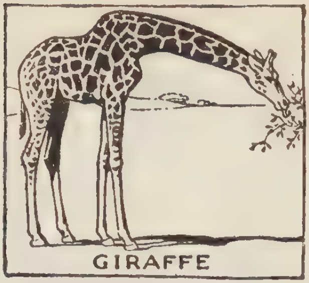
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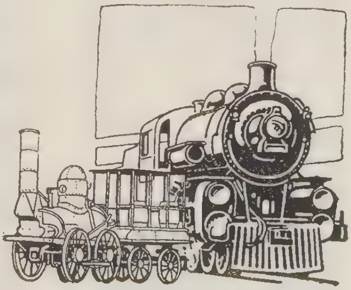

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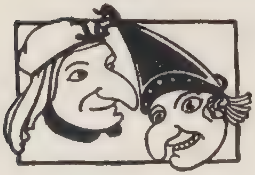

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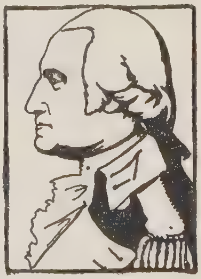

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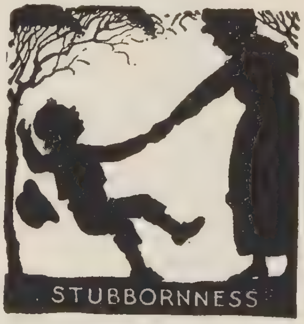

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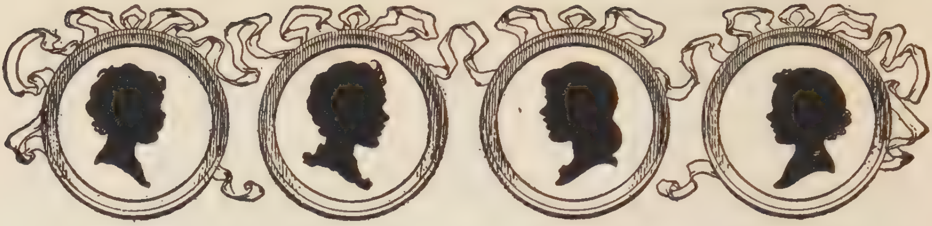
TIMIDITY
TEMPER
WISDOM

MY BOOK HOUSE



A GUIDE TO THE PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES IN MY BOOK HOUSE

THE DIACRITICAL MARKS USED ARE THE SAME AS GIVEN IN WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

ā as in *cane*
ă as in *mat*
ä as in *arm*
â as in *care*
ȧ as in *ask*
ē as in *be*
ĕ as in *met*
ẽ as in *her*
ī as in *fine*
ĭ as in *tin*
ō as in *hope*
ŏ as in *not*
ô as in *song*
o͞o as in *cool*
o͝o as in *look*
ū as in *cube*
ŭ as in *tub*
û as in *urn*

ABDALLAH, *äb däl′ lȧ*
ABUL KASIM MANSUR, *ä′ bo͞ol kȧ sēm′ män so͞or′*
(Pseud.) FIRDUSI, *fẽr do͞o′ sē*
AENEAS, *ē nē′ ăs*
AEOLIAN, *ē ō′ lĭ ăn*
AGINCOURT, *ăj′ ĭn kōrt* (English); *ȧ zhăn ko͞or′* (French)
AHMED, *ä′ mĕd*
ALLEGRA, *äl lā′ grȧ*
ALMA-TADEMA, *ăl′ mȧ tăd′ ē mȧ*
AMRITSAR, *ŭm rĭt′ sȧr*
ANNOWEE, *ăn nō wēē′*
APOLLYON, *ȧ pŏl′ ī ŏn*
ARIEL, *ā′ rĭ ĕl*
ARUMAN, *är ū′ măn*
ASBJORNSEN, *äs byûrn′ sĕn*
AVON, *ā′ vŏn; ăv′ ŏn*
BAHMAN, *bä′ măn*
BALLANTRAE, *băl ăn trā′*
BANGKOK, *băng kŏk′*
BARTIMÆUS, *bär tĭm ē′ ŭs*
BAUCIS, *bô′ sĭs*
BAYRISCHERWALD, *bī′ rē shĕr väld*
BEAUMAINS, *bō mȧn′*
BEAUMONT, *bō môn′*
BECHUAN, *bĕch′ o͝o än*
BEOWULF, *bā′ ō wo͝olf*
BIKKU MATTI, *bĭk′ o͝o mät′ tĭ*
BJÖRNSON, BJÖRNSTJERNE, *byûrn shẽr′ nĕ byûrn′ sŭn*
BLOIS, *blwä′*
BOIS DE BOULOGNE, *boi de bo͞o lōn′* (English); *bwä dė bo͞o lōn′ y* (French)
BOSEPHUS, *bō sēph′ ŭs*
BOWDOIN, *bō′ dn*
BRUSSELS, *brŭs′ ĕlz*
BUDDHA, *bo͝od′ ȧ*
BURGOS, *bo͞or′ gōs*
BYSSHE, *bĭsh*
CANDIDE, *kŏn dēd′*
CASA GUIDI, *kä′ sä gwē′ dē*
CASHMERE, *kăsh mēr′*
CATHER, *că′ thẽr*
CAWEIN, *kā wīn′*
CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE, *sẽr văn′ tēz* (English); *mē gĕl′ thĕr vän′ tās* (Spanish)
CHAMISSO, *shȧ mĭs′ sō*
CHAMPS ELYSEES, *shān′ zā lē zā′*
CHANSON DE GESTE, *shän sôn′ dē zhĕst′*
CHANSON DE ROLAND, *shän sôn′ dē rō län′*
CHARLEMAGNE, *shär′ le mān*
CHAUCER, *chô′ sẽr*
CHINON, *shē nôn′*
CHULAIN, *ko͞o′ lĭn*
CIANNE, *chän′ nĕ*
CID, CAMPEADOR, *sĭd* (English); *käm pā ä thōr′, thēth* (Spanish)
CINQUE PORTS, *sĭnk pōrts*
CLOVELLY, *klō vĕl′ ĭ*
CLYMENE, *klĭm′ ĕ nē*
CLYTIE, *klī′ tē*

Colossus, *kō lŏs′ ŭs*
Compiegne, *kôn pyĕn′ y*
Comyn, *kŭm′ ĭn*
Conestoga, *kŏn ĕs tō′ gȧ*
Cordova, *kôr′ dō vä*
Cortes, *kôr′ tĕs*
Croesus, *krē′ sŭs*
Cuchulain, *kŏŏ hōō′ lĭn; kŏŏ kōō′ lĭn*
Czech, *chĕk*
Czecho-slovokia, *chĕk′ ō slō vä′ kĭ ȧ*
Dagobert, *dă′ gō bĕrt* (English); *dä gō bar′* (French)
Damascus, *dȧ măs′ kŭs*
Dasent, *dā′ sĕnt*
Dauphin, *dô′ fĭn*
Deborah, *dĕb′ ō rȧ*
Diego gonzales, *dē ā′ gō gōn thä′ lĕs*
Doges, *dōj′ ĕs*
Dona Elvira, *dō′ nȧ* (English); *dō′ nyä ĕl vī′ rȧ* (Spanish)
Dona Sol, *dō′ nyä sŏl*
Dona Ximena, *dō′ nyä hē mān′ nä*
Donegal, *dŏn′ ē gôl*
Donuil Dhu, *dŏn′ ĭl dōō′*
Don Quixote of La Mancha, *dŏn kwĭt′ sōt ov lä män′ chä* (English); *dŏn kē hō′ tā* (Spanish)
Dracul, *drā′ cōōl*
Dulcinea del Toboso, *dŭl sĭn′ ē ȧ del tō bō′ sō*
Dunois, *dü nwä′*
Eliab, *ē lī′ ăb*
Eloi, *ā′ lwä*
Elvira, *see* Dona Elvira
El yunque, *ĕl yōōn′ kā*
Eridanus, *ē rĭd′ ȧ nŭs*
Euripides, *ū rĭp′ ĭ dēz*
Fabre, Henri, *ôn′ rē fȧ′ br*
Faenza, *fä ĕnt′ sä*
Felez Munoz, *fĕl′ ĕth mön yōth′*
Ferdinand, *fēr′ dĕ nănd*
Ferrando, *fĕr rän′ dō*
Fidelia, *fĭ dē′ lĭ ȧ*
Figaro, *fē′ gä rō*
Filipino, *fĭl ĭ pē′ nō*
Firouz Schah, *fē′ rōz shäh*
Foulke, *fōlk*
Fradubio, *frä dūb′ ĭ ō*
Fraelissa, *frā lĭs′ sȧ*
France, Anatole, *ăn′ ȧ tōl fräns*
Fuegian, *fū ē′ jĭ ăn*
Fujiyama, *fōō′ jē yä′ mȧ*
Gaelic, *gāl′ ĭk*
Galapagos, *gä lä′ pä gōs*
Galuppi, *gä lōōp′ pē*
Ganelon, *gä′ nĕ lôn*
Garamantes, *găr ȧ măn′ tēz*
Gargantua, *gär găn′ tū ȧ*
Gautier, *gō tyā′*
Geat, *yĕ′ ät*
Gitchie Gumee, *gĭt′ chī gū′ mē*
Goethe, *gû′ tē*
Golgotha, *gŏl′ gō thȧ*
Gotham, *gŏt′ ăm; gō′ thăm*
Grethel, *grĕt′ ĕl*
Grodner Thal, *grȯd′ nĕr täl*
Gudrun, *gōōd′ rōōn*
Harlequin, *här′ lē kwĭn*
Haroun Alraschid, *hä rōōn′ är rȧ shēd′*
Hawaiian, *hä wī′ yăn*
Hiawatha, *hī ȧ wô′ thȧ*
Himalayas, *hĭ mä′ lȧ yȧz; hĭm ȧ lā′ yăs*
Hirschvogel, *hĭrsh′ vō gĕl*
Hjalmar, *yăl′ mär*
Iduna, *ē dōō′ nă*
Ikwa, *ick′ wâh*
Ingelow, *ĭn′ jē lō*
Iranistan, *ī răn′ ĭs tăn*
Jataka, *jȧ′ tä kä*
Jotun-heim, *yō′ tōōn hām*
Juan Fernandez, *jōō′ ăn fēr năn′ dĕz* (English); *hwän fĕr nän′ dȧth* (Spanish)
Juan Perez, *jōō′ ăn pēr′ ĕz*
Judea, *jōō dē′ ȧ*
Kabul, *kä′ bōōl; kȧ bōōl′*
Kalevala, *kä lā vä′ lä*
Kazan, *kȧ zän′*
Khosroo Shah, *kŏs rōō′ shä*
Kishineff, *kē shē nyôf′*
Laeg, *lāāg*
La Fontaine, *lȧ fôn tĕn′*
Lagerlof, *lä′ gēr lûf*
Laos, *lä′ ōz*
Lazarus, *lăz′ ȧ rŭs*
Lefèvre, Félicité, *fā lē sē tā′ lē fĕv′ r*
Leicester, *lĕs′ tēr*
Levite, *lē′ vīt*
Lodore, *lō dōr′*
Longchamps, *lôn shän′*
Lope de Vega, *lō′ pȧ dā vā′ gä*
Louis Philippe, *lōō′ ī fē lēp′*
Louvre, *lōō′ vr*
Lucerne, *lū sûrn′*
Luxemburg, *lŭk′ sĕm bûrg*
Lynette, *lĭ nĕt′*
Lysippus, *lī sĭp′ ŭs*
Magdalene, *măg′ dȧ lēn*
Magellan, *mȧ jĕl′ ăn*
Mahabharata, *mȧ hä bä′ rȧ tȧ*
Mahmoud, *mä mōōd′*
Mambrino, *mām brēn′ nō*
Maoris, *mä′ ō rĭz*
Marienplatz, *mä rē′ en platz*
Marquesas, *mär kā′ sȧs*
Marshalsea, *mär′ shăl sē*
Meissen, *mī′ sĕn*

Moe, Jorgen, *yėr′ gĕn mō′ ē*
Monte Video, *mŏn′ tē vĭd′ ē ō*
Mustapha Ben, *mo͞os′ tä fä bĕn*
Naiads, *nā′ yădz*
Naseby, *nāz′ bĭ*
Nevrouz, *nau rŭz′*
Navarre, *nȧ vär′*
Nazareth, *năz′ ȧ rĕth*
Nekrasov, Nikolai, *nĭk′ ō lī nyĕ krä′ sōf*
Nereids, *nē′ rē ĭdz*
Nereus, *nē′ rūs*
Nibelungenlied, *nē′ bĕ lo͝ong ĕn lēt*
Nicaragua, *nĭk ȧ rä′ gwȧ*
Nigel, *nī′ jĕl*
Nitokris, *nī tō′ krĭs*
Nuremberg, *nū′ rĕm bûrg*
Nushagak, *no͞o′ shȧ găk*
Odense, *ō′ thĕn sā*
Odyssey, *ŏd′ ĭ sĭ*
Ojibway, *ō jĭb′ wā*
Ole-Luk-oie, *ō′ lĕ lo͝ok oi′*
Ormuzd, *ôr′ mŭzd*
Panza, Sancho, *săn′ kō păn′ zȧ* (English); *sän′ chō pän′ thä* (Spanish)
Pentapolin, *pĕn tăp′ ō lĭn*
Perrault, *pĕ rō′*
Pertelote, *pärt′ lĕt*
Phaedrus, *fē′ drŭs*
Phaethon, *fā′ ē thŏn*
Pharaoh, *fā′ rō*
Philemon, *fĭ lē′ mŏn*
Philistines, *fĭ lĭs′ tĭnz; fĭl′ ĭs tĭnz*
Phoebus Apollo, *fē′ bŭs ȧ pŏl′ ō*
Pierrot, *pyĕ rō′*
Pinta, *pĭn′ tä* (English); *pēn′ tä* (Spanish)
Pogany, *pō′ gä nĭ*
Portsmouth, *pōrts′ mŭth*
Portugal, *pōr′ tū găl*
Pouce, *po͞os* (French word for thumb)
Poulsson, *pōl′ sŭn*
Punta Arenas, *po͞on′ tä ä rā′ năs*
Punta Concha, *po͞on′ tä kŏn′ kȧ*
Pyrenees, *pĭr′ ē nēz*
Quai Voltaire, *kē vōl târ′*
Quixano, *kwix sä′ nō*
Ragnar Lodbrok, *răg′ nȧr lōd′ brōk*
Ramayana, *rä mä′ yȧ nȧ*
Rheims, *rēmz* (English); *răns* (French)
Rhodopis, *rō dō′ pĭs*
Romola, *rŏm′ ō lȧ*
Roncesvalles, *rōn thĕs väl′ yās*
Rossetti, Christina, *krĭs tē′ nȧ rō sĕt′ ē*
Rouen, *rwän*
Roumania, *ro͞o mā′ nĭ ȧ*
Rozinante, *rŏz ĭ năn′ tē*
Rudabah, *ro͞o dä bä′*
Rue Notre Dame des Champs, *ro͞o nō′ tr′ dȧm′ dā shän′*
Ruy Diaz, *rwē dē′ äth*
Salzburg, *zälts′ bo͝ork*
Samoyed, *săm ō yĕd′*
San Juan, *săn hwän′*
Santa Maria, *sän′ tȧ mä rē′ ȧ*
Satyrane, *săt′ ĕr ān*
Scaramouch, *skăr′ ȧ mouch*
Scone, *skōn*
Sebastopol, *sē băs′ tō pōl*
Seine, *sân*
Selim, *sē′ lĭm*
Shah-Nameh, *shä nä′ mȧ*
Shechem, *shē′ kĕm*
Simeon Stylites, *sĭm′ ē ŏn stī lī′ tēz*
Slieve Fuad, *slēv fū′ ăd*
Sol, *see* Dona Sol
Sophocles, *sŏf′ ō klēz*
Sphinx, *sfĭnks*
St. Cloud, *săn klo͞o′*
St. Vladimir, *sānt vlăd′ ĭ mĭr*
Stamboul, *stăm bo͞ol′*
Steppes, *stĕps*
Stuyvesant, *stī′ vĕ sănt*
Tagore, Rabindranath, *rȧ bĭn′ drȧ nȧth tȧ gōr′*
Thoreau, *thō′ rō; thō rō′*
Tigris, *tī′ grĭs*
Titania, *tī tā′ nĭ ä*
Titian, *see* Vecelli
Topelius, Zacharias, *zăk ȧ rī′ ȧs tō pā′lĕ o͞os*
Tolstoy, *tŏl stoi′*
Tuileries, *twē′ lĕr ĭz* (English); *twēl rē′* (French)
Tyrol, *tĭr′ ŏl*
Tyrolean, *tĭr ōl′ ē ăn*
Ultonians, *ŭl tōn′ ĭ ȧns*
Vachel, *vā′ chĕl*
Vailima, *vä ē lē′ mä*
Valencia, *vȧ lĕn′ shĭ ȧ*
Valhalla, *văl hăl′ ȧ*
Valkyrs, *văl′ kĭrz*
Valparaiso, *väl pä rä ē′ sō*
Vecelli, Tiziano (Titian), *tēt syä′ nō vā chĕl′ lē tĭsh′ ăn*
Volsunga Saga, *vŏl′ so͞on gä sä′ gä*
Warwickshire, *wŏr′ ĭk shĭr*
Worcester, *wo͞os′ tĕr*
Ximena, *see* Dona Ximena
Yarmouth, *yär′ mŭth*
Yasnaya Polyana, *yȧ′ snȧ yă pŏl yä′ nȧ*
Yedo, *yĕd′ ō*
Yucef, *ū sĕf′*
Yvetot, *ēv tō′*
Zal, *zôl*
Zerubbabel, *zĕ rŭb′ ȧ bĕl*
Zuleika, *zo͞o lā′ kä*
Zwilgmeyer, Dikken, *dĭk′ ĕn zwĭlg′ mīr*